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TEN MINUTES TO TWELVE.

CHAPTER I.

THEY all noticed him, even in the flurry of settling into their places, adjusting hand-luggage, and attending to the requirements of children. The conductor brought him in with great care, as one would handle fragile china, and settled him in a seat on the left-hand side. A brakeman followed with hand-luggage, and the two men bestirred themselves to make their charge comfortable, lowering the blind to keep the sun from his eyes, folding a railway-rug over his knees, and unlocking and turning the seat in front in case he should wish to put up his legs.

When the conductor and his satellite had betaken themselves to their various vocations in other parts of the train, the invalid turned his face to the window and his fellow-passengers took note of him. His height was medium, but seemed greater by reason of pallor and emaciation, his eyes had circles under them, and the droop of his figure indicated physical weakness. Evidently a man just out of a serious illness and hardly yet in a condition to travel. At least such was the dictum of the lady on the opposite side, given with emphasis to a girl on the same seat.

"I wonder his people allow him to go about alone," she commented. "It seems positively brutal. He can hardly hold himself upright, and, I'm sure, the very look of him will keep me racked with anxiety as long as I sit here. He may give up the ghost at any moment."

The girl glanced across. "Perhaps he hasn't any people," she suggested, "or is on his way to them." Then she added, sympathetically, "Poor man! he does seem dreadfully ill. I wonder who he can be."

So did the elder lady,—so much, in fact, that, being of decided character and prone to get that which she wanted, were it only in-

formation about her fellow-creatures, she put questions to the conductor the instant he returned to her vicinity. The facts elicited were few; but they served to deepen her interest and at the same time to divert her thoughts into a more personal channel. The sick man was a Dr. Royal and on his way to his people somewhere in the mountains of Virginia. He had been badly damaged in a New York railway-accident several weeks before, and, although he had escaped with life and limb, it would probably be many months before he would be his own man again. So much the conductor disclosed, in a burst of unofficial confidence, which he was made keenly to regret by having to combat womanly fears and prognostications, and also to pledge the honor of a railroad-man that no accidents of any size or description had ever occurred in the past, or would be likely to occur in the future, to any train under his administration.

Meanwhile, Dr. Royal sat quietly in his place, with his knees well covered and his travelling-bag beside him. At intervals he would glance at his watch and administer to himself medicines from bottles which he manipulated with emaciated but steady fingers. From time to time the conductor would come to him with offers of service; but he appeared averse to giving trouble or making a stir in any way, and, on the whole, kept himself so quiet that the interest of the other passengers waned; although each new-comer would treat him to a stare of sympathetic, or stolid, curiosity according to each individual nature. And so the day wore on, eventless, into afternoon.

"Gibson's Landing!"

The brakeman dashed open the door of the rear car and sent his voice along the aisle. Nobody evinced other than passing interest, and it was apparent that the information concerned nobody present. The door closed with a bang, and the brakeman stepped back to the platform of the forward car. The engine gave a premonitory *toot-toot*, the train rolled forward a little way and then came to a stand-still. The invalid lifted himself and leaned on the window frame. Away in front he could see the dingy red round of the water-tank, and so satisfy himself as to the cause of the delay. He let his eyes wander listlessly here and there over the prospect spread out before him.

It presented the rather poverty-stricken aspect of the hill-country in December,—a stretch of hills in the background, clothed with forest for the most part, but diversified by cliffs and the jutting forth of granite boulders. At one point, nearly opposite the sick man's window, a red clay road circled and sidled down the hill-side to the river at its foot,—its objective point, apparently, a small ferry-house upon the bank. The embankment on which the track lay was lifted above the low-grounds, so that the view was unobstructed to the river, the landing, and the hills beyond.

On the low-grounds the corn-stalks stood in straggling rows, upright, or inclined at various angles according to the wind's good pleasure; and the furrows, surcharged with overplus of moisture, showed long slushy puddles half hidden, half revealed, by tangles of cuckle-burrs, Spanish needles, and frost-bitten pumpkin- and bean-vines.

Dr. Royal looked about with dissatisfied recognition in his glance.

Six years had made no appreciable change in the aspect of Upper Virginia, he thought. The soil was as good,—witness the crop of weeds,—the system of cultivation as inadequate, and the general look of things as peacefully thriftless, as ever. Had he been gifted with eyes in the back of his head and a focus through the opposite window his opinion would have been fully borne out by the dilapidation of the buildings near the station, the stretch of broomsedge- and sassafras-covered land around, and the joyous improvidence of a couple of negro boys, who, with apples to sell and a train-full of possible customers at hand, suffered themselves to be seduced into inattention to business by a dog-fight.

Debarred from this additional evidence, there was still enough within the sick man's range of vision to produce a feeling of discouragement, which in a well man, fresh from different conditions, might have developed into exasperation.

"Even the roads are as bad as ever," he mused, glancing along the track which led across the low-grounds to the broad opening on the willow-fringed bank of the river.

In an instant his attention was arrested by a boat nearing the bank,—a long, unwieldy, flat-bottomed affair, presumably the ferry-boat,—guided and propelled by a couple of negroes with long poles. In the end of the boat nearest the shore sat a man on horseback. His reins were gathered up, his body bent slightly forward, and his knees clamped the sides of his horse. Even from a distance there was an alertness, an eager precipitation, perceptible in his air and attitude.

"That fellow wants to make the train," quoth the passenger occupying the seat just behind Dr. Royal. "He can't, though,—without wings. They must be about through watering. Great Scott! what a jump! Standing jump, too. I'll bet a hat that's a fox-hunter."

"He'll get left!"

"No, he won't!"

"Here he comes,—pelting!"

"There goes the engine!—confound it!"

These and other comments flew about the car, and every neck was craned for a better view.

As the boat neared the bank the horseman had lifted his steed, touched him with the whip, and cleared the remaining feet of water at a bound. The horse staggered and slipped, his hind legs splashing into the water, but recovered himself with the vigor and address of an animal used to rough scrambling, and, laying back his ears and stretching his limbs, raced forward towards the station and the train. Excitement thrilled through the car. All the windows on the side next the river were open, and heads were thrust out with the faces set in one direction. Exclamations, conjectures, contradictions, and offers of bets passed freely: the passengers on the eventless side stood in the aisle and bent forward, striving to peer over the shoulders of their more fortunate companions. Fifty yards—thirty—fifteen—one more effort, and he would make it! In their eagerness the men hung far out of the windows and prepared to cheer.

The engine was getting up steam,—vibrating and twitching; the conductor, unwitting of the excitement, waved his hand to the engineer;

the cars were in motion :—he had been left behind ! he had missed it, after all !

By no means : there he stood on the rear platform, swaying with the motion of the train, and gazing back to where his horse stood, like a statue, in the middle of the track. How had he managed it ? Everybody questioned everybody else, and a man who stood with his face flattened against the glass of the end door supplied the information that it had been "a regular circus."

As the train moved, the horse had bounded on the track close behind it, the rider had thrown himself from the saddle, caught the hand-rail, and, with a swerve and spring worthy of his quadrumanous ancestors, had landed himself on the step of the platform. It had been a reckless thing to do, rash and foolhardy ; but the success of the feat appeared to modify its risk in the minds of the spectators and leave room for nothing but admiration of its agility. That is, everybody applauded except the inquisitive lady whose imagination had been set working along accident lines earlier in the day, who observed with asperity that "*men* might consider that sort of thing fine and spirited, but it was *not*. It was idiotic foolishness, and its legitimate reward should be a cell and a strait-jacket."

The horse, satisfied with his inspection of the retreating train, whinnied loudly, kicked up his heels, as one who exults in past prowess, and trotted down the embankment towards the stalk-field, oblivious alike of duty and the alluring calls and whistles of the negro advancing towards him from the ferry. The train rounded a bend, and the gentleman on the platform turned and tried the handle of the car door. It was locked, as the passengers had discovered to their annoyance quite early in the action, and by the time the conductor came along and opened it matters had relapsed into a normal condition in the car, and the new-comer was allowed to find himself a seat without other comment than curious glances.

He was a muscular, broad-shouldered man, with a clean-shaven face, blue-gray eyes, a brown moustache, and close-cut hair. His clothes were trim and set to his figure, his linen was above reproach, and his hat the regulation structure with which fashion had crowned the male populace ; but there was that about him, whether in the capable look of the hand and forearm, the alert glance and decisive movements, or all taken together, which caused the beholder, involuntarily, to strip from him civilized accessories, invest his sturdy frame with flannel and corduroy, clap a pistol in the rear pocket of his trousers, a horse between his knees, and set him on a prairie, with a lariat on the saddle-peak, a storm growling along the horizon, and an unruly bunch of cattle close at hand. The man's whole atmosphere suggested action, and ability to cope with physical forces.

The place he selected was directly behind that occupied by Dr. Royal, and he slipped out of his overcoat and threw it across the back of the seat with the gesture of a man who considers the garment a superfluity. As he settled himself, he opened his window, letting a rush of cold air into the car.

For half an hour the monotony was unbroken, save by the usual

trivialities of travel. Then the new-comer bent forward and scrutinized the man in front of him intently, muttered an exclamation that sounded like "*The devil!*" rose, and came swiftly round to the adjoining seat. Dr. Royal was huddled against the window, with his head drooped forward on his breast, apparently asleep; but when the stranger lifted him gently into a more comfortable position and turned his face to the light its pallor was ghastly and the eyes had a semi-conscious expression of pain.

"Has anybody got a pillow?—and another rug?" The young man raised his voice and looked about him, reaching over at the same time for his own overcoat.

With instant helpfulness both articles were supplied, a woman depriving her sleeping child of its pillow. The tide of sympathetic interest set towards the sick man once more, and even the lady opposite rose superior to the natural exultation of a prophetess whom the event has justified, and tendered her shawl and a tiny silver flask with no thought save for the sufferer's relief. The conductor hurried forward followed by a brakeman with some bits of board, procured in the baggage-car, which they laid across the seats and heaped with rugs and overcoats, improvising as comfortable a resting-place as circumstances would permit. The train was a local, and had no sleeper attached. The conductor seemed troubled, and repeated the story he had given earlier in the day.

"The fellow has no business travelling," he averred, impatiently. "He's been badly smashed up, and is only just out of the hospital. He seems in the devil of a hurry to get where he's going to. A brother Mason handed him over to me this morning, with orders to look after him and help him all I could. He seems to need taking care of, if ever a man did."

"Is he a Mason?" questioned a by-stander, then added, superfluously, "How do you know he is?"

"How do you know I'm a man?" was the sharp counter-query.

The passenger stared.

"The signs point that way, don't they?" pursued the conductor, elaborating from sheer vexation with the other's inconsequence. "Well, I'm a Mason myself, and that gentleman was given into my charge by a Mason,—as I said before,—and he's got the badge of the order pinned on his breast. That's as good evidence as a beard and trousers, I reckon. It passed, anyway."

There was a smile at the questioner's expense. The young man bending over the invalid moved his coat aside and glanced at the badge on his breast. He had been working away with professional skill and promptitude, and his instant assumption of authority and responsibility, as well as his evident ability to cope with the situation, suggested in the minds of the other passengers a surmise that he was practising within his own bailiwick even before an abrupt announcement changed conjecture into certainty.

"We all thought——" the lady across the aisle commenced, then paused, smiling.

"That I was a ranchman? Everybody makes that mistake, madam.

I come from out there, and, doubtless, have a look of the plains, so it's very natural. Ranching isn't my trade, however. I'm Dr. Hart Royal."

The sick man's eyes opened: his mind was torpid, but struggled to perform its functions. His lips moved, and he muttered, slowly, "That is my name, sir. Who wants me?"

Dr. Royal No. 2 was bending forward with his fingers on the sufferer's wrist, his ear inclined for the feeble words. He straightened himself, a trifle puzzled; then his expression changed to one of half-quizzical amusement. He had known very ill men before acknowledge their own names: even in a semi-conscious condition a name is a mental anchor. The sick man's travelling-bag stood open near at hand, and in it was a silver brandy-flask. Royal turned it so as to read the name engraved on the side, then his hand went to his pocket for his own flask. They differed in size and in other trifling particulars, but both flasks were labelled with the same name,—John Hart Royal. It was a queer coincidence. Dr. Royal felt it so, and regarded his namesake with a whimsical sense of confused identity. He wondered whether they could resemble each other.

The other man lay with his white face and closed eyes thrown vividly out by the dull-red background of the seat. Beyond the facts that both men were of medium height and had brown hair and moustaches and blue-gray eyes, there was no resemblance whatever. Even in health the face on the pillow must have differed materially in cast and expression from the one bending over it. It was older, and there were in it lines of thought and care which neither life nor experience had traced upon the other. Dr. Royal No 2 leaned back in his corner and let his thoughts run somewhat in this wise:

"A queer sort of happening, this,—a fellow with my full name, and profession besides, my double, in short, and cast on my hands in this overwhelming fashion. I'll be hanged if I can make it out! Out yonder I'd cut loose from him as quick as lightning,—pass him on to the next lodge. A double would have to be the right sort of Mascot to make it pay to tie to him out there. But here in Virginia——" He paused, the association of ideas producing a new thought. "Good Lord! suppose it should be! A similarity of names is no more a sign of kinship than a paper collar is a sign of a shirt; but it's safe to presuppose an indication in both cases. When that fellow pulls together I'm going to ask him who his grandfather was. If he's Virginia-born he'll have plenty, and trot 'em out on small provocation. Royals are, or used to be, as plentiful as cuckle-burrs here-away. My father—God rest him!—claimed to be one of a large family. It's comical, though!—my almost breaking my neck to catch this train for the apparent purpose of playing Good Samaritan to a kinsman in a tight place."

His ruminations were interrupted by a mountaineer in the next seat. The man had come in at the last station, and was slowly taking stock of his surroundings. He slouched forward, with both arms on the back of Dr. Royal's seat, and glanced curiously at the sick man.

"Pretty bad off, your friend thar, I reckon," he suggested, cheerfully.

"My stranger, you mean. Yes, he's a bit shaky. He's been over-taxing his strength, but he'll be better presently,"—with professional mendacity in the presence of the patient. "Some of you keep an eye on him, will you? I must speak to the conductor."

He addressed nobody in particular, and his glance swept the car, but he knew he could depend on his fellow-passengers to attend to his request. The young lady opposite turned an interested, sympathetic face in his direction at once, and the elder one assumed an alert attitude and held herself ready for emergencies.

Dr. Royal went forward into the smoking-car. He had assumed control of the case with constitutional impetuosity, and now set about ordering it in accordance with his own judgment. The important—nay, the imperative—step, to his mind, was the removal of his patient, as speedily as might be, from the jolting discomfort of the train to some place where rest and quiet might be obtained. He questioned the conductor as to the capabilities of their next station, and learned, to his satisfaction, that twenty minutes would put them in Matoacca, a good-sized town among the mountains. When, however, he announced his determination to remove the sick man to a hotel and stop over with him until his people could be summoned, the official demurred and suggested that the patient himself should be consulted.

"What for?" demanded Royal. "Every mile he travels is another nail in his coffin. He's bound to know that as well as I do. Didn't you say he had been smashed up? I don't know the extent of the damage yet, but I guess it's considerable; and he has lessened his chances by this journey. That fellow shall be undressed, overhauled, and put to bed before two hours have passed, as sure as my name is Hart Royal. That's all there is about it. He'll have a tough fight for his life, anyhow,—and a losing fight, without some help."

The conductor caught at the name. "Royal," he repeated: "that's the name on his traps. He was put under my care special, you know. Are you kin to one another?"

"God knows!" Royal replied, with a smile. "It isn't at all unlikely, if his people should be native Virginians. Mine came from here-away, and we have the same name all through, which don't seem natural for mere coincidence. I'll look after him a bit on the chance that it may be so. Blood's said to be thicker than water."

The man still hesitated.

"He was in the devil of a swivet to get on," he objected. "It looks sort o' mean to balk him, without giving him a show."

Royal struck in imperiously: "Something a damned sight more serious than delay is going to happen if he isn't balked. I ought to know what I'm talking about, I reckon. I've been at the trade long enough to diagnose a case." Then he added, more pacifically, "I know what's on your mind. I heard what you said to the fellow in the other car, and saw the man's badge, too. It's all right. This affair is as much my business as 'tis yours, and on the same ground,—more, perhaps, if he joined the lodge in Philadelphia. Most 'meds' do."

Then followed certain communications between the men which resulted in the complete withdrawal of the official protest.

"All right, sir," he assented, cordially. "You are the best judge, of course, and, as you say, it's as much your business as 'tis mine. You understand why I was obliged to hold back at first. The poor fellow seemed so set on gettin' on, and I'd been charged to help him."

Royal nodded. "He's too used up to be set on anything now," he remarked. And then he went back into the other car.

CHAPTER II.

To precipitate one's self into the lives of other people, while in itself a simple matter, not infrequently involves consequences sufficiently complex to form a puzzle the disentanglement of which will constitute a life-work. It may fall naturally into the order of things to board a train like an acrobat, and, when there, to assume control and direction of any stranger whose mental or bodily condition may appeal to human, or professional, sympathies; but when the life thus touched turns, octopus-like, and clamps one with insistent and coercive arms and threatens to incorporate one with its own organism, the universally admitted fact of human interdependence loses some of its beauty, and most people prefer to treat it as a simple abstraction.

Should an exception prove the above rule, it is dubbed "a survival" or "a bit of knight-errantry," and the perpetrator is regarded as an anomaly, and imposed upon as though he were a fool.

The change from the train to a hotel bedroom was made as speedily and deftly as possible, and the sick man stood it, on the whole, better than his self-constituted protector had dared to hope. That his namesake possessed unusual strength of will Dr. Royal had been quick to recognize, and his sympathies were touched by the gallant endeavor the poor fellow made to second every outside effort for his relief.

"By George!" he inwardly commented, with the unconscious egotism which leads us to appropriate likeness in aught that seems to us admirable, "the fellow has good grit. He must be kin to me, after all."

In taking upon himself such arbitrary direction of a stranger's affairs, Dr. Royal established his position, both to himself and to his patient, by setting forth, in addition to the professional bond between them, the brotherhood engendered by common membership of a sacred Order. Either fact furnished, to his mind, both a reason and an excuse for conduct which, he smilingly admitted, might strike a superficial observer as uncommonly like officiousness.

"It's fortunate that I'm occasionally justified by professional and other considerations," he pursued, as he made his patient comfortable, "for I'm a born intermeddler. Other men are satisfied with poking a finger or two into neighboring pasties. I grab the dish."

"A good thing for the original dish-holder too, sometimes," the patient responded, weak enough to feel the relief of divided responsibility. "I've a lonesome sort of conviction that my pasty will turn out a

sodden failure without pretty vigorous stirring from an outside spoon. The fact is, I'm in an uncommonly deep hole, and shall be thankful for a friendly hand to pull me out. You must not let me interfere with your own plans, however. It seems I've got to rest temporarily or else eternally; but that's no reason you should be inconvenienced."

"That's all right," Royal declared. "Don't vex your mind on my score. I'm holiday-making, and my time is at my own disposal. There's nothing to prevent my stopping over a week, if I want to. Then I don't mind telling you that I'm interested in your case,—would like to watch it a bit, in short. Force of habit, you see; there's nothing like it, eh, doctor? You know how it is yourself."

He talked cheerily, kind words overlying a kind intention, and both carrying soothing to the sick man, as he meant that they should. The rules of the Order enjoined assistance in cases like the present, and he was, moreover, in a mood for being helpful, or, as he might have dubbed it, officious. Since the partial examination to which he had subjected the patient his interest and sympathy had deepened. The outlook was more serious than he had supposed,—was so serious, in fact, that all thought of continuation of the journey must be put aside. As he talked, Dr. Royal turned over in his mind the advisability of summoning the sick man's friends without loss of time, and only awaited an opening to request the necessary information concerning them casually, as it were.

A clear coal fire burned in the grate: night was drawing in, and outside it was cold and dark. The flames danced up and down, violet where the fuel was only half ignited, and pale yellow down in the hollows where the heat was greatest: shadows played on the walls and the sick man's bed, for there was no light in the room save that given by the fire. The face on the pillow was well-nigh invisible, save when the flames flared up, when it would start out, distinct and prominent, the eyes wide open and watchful.

"Doctor, will you make a light?"

Royal started: he had thought the patient asleep. As he complied with the request he remarked, quite carelessly,—

"By the way, friend, won't your people be expecting you? It may bother them, not understanding about the delay, you know. Women always put themselves in a fret. If you'll give me the address before you go to sleep, I'll wire for you."

The answer was irrelevant:

"What time is it?"

Dr. Royal gave the desired information.

"Half-past six," the sick man repeated. "And the train leaves at 4.30. A.M. Nearly eight hours to rest and pull myself together. No: it won't be worth while to telegraph, thank you. They couldn't get it in time to make new arrangements. There's no telegraph-office at their station, and a message would go past and have to be sent back by mail. It would reach them too late to do any good. I'll just rest a bit and go on by that 4.30 train. It's the only way."

He spoke slowly, as one who figures out a situation.

Royal faced round to the bed.

"Are you aware of your condition?" he demanded, gravely.

"Perfectly," the other replied. "I've watched the case from the beginning."

It seemed hideous, this turning of one's science upon one's self; but neither man appeared to find it so. The one doctor made the statement and the other received it quite as a matter of course.

"You know, then," Royal proceeded, speaking plainly because of the urgency of the case, "just what your chance is worth, even with all the help you can get from rest and quiet. To continue this journey will be suicide."

The eyes on the pillow met his resolutely and the jaw squared itself;

"I know that I'm to be married before twelve o'clock to-morrow, and that I've got to be on hand, dead or alive."

Here was an unlooked-for complication. Royal's brows swept together in perplexity. It was an awkward situation, he was willing to admit; but with him the professional instinct was dominant.

"It can't be done," he announced, decidedly. "Your life won't be worth an instant's purchase if you quit that bed. It's an ugly tangle, but it won't help matters to invite death in to untie it. Delay may mean an hour or two of anxiety and mortification for the lady, but it means a deuced deal more for you. And it would be a poor sort of woman who wouldn't gladly submit to the one for the sake of the other. In short, the case is in my hands, and I don't choose to have it wrecked. Give me the address, and I'll telegraph at once. I'll write, too, if that will make your mind easier. Anything else is out of the question. I'm going to give you an opiate now, and you must compose yourself and go to sleep."

The sick man smiled, but his expression lost none of its resolution. It amused him to hear the tone taken with him which he himself was prone to take with his own patients: it was like an unexpected glimpse of his own reflection. As for his chances, he could estimate their worth far more accurately than could his monitor: his opportunity for observation had been greater, and, as he had stated, he had followed the case from the beginning. To his mind, the question involved was less one of choice between life and death than an estimate of endurance under diverse conditions and of hours ere death should come. His pain had been lessening for several hours, and a torpor was gradually stealing over his lower limbs whose significance was unmistakable. His brain was clear and abnormally active, and he involuntarily trusted to his strength of will to clinch his grasp on life until his purpose should be accomplished. Like most forceful men, he cut his margins close, and sometimes neglected to make sufficient allowance for nature.

He waved the opiate aside.

"I don't intend to sleep yet," he declared. "Prop me up a trifle, please, and give me something to fight this cursed weakness. You look a fellow to be trusted, aside from the Order, and I want you to help instead of hindering me. My marriage before twelve o'clock to-morrow isn't simply a question of anxiety or mortification to a woman; though that would be bad enough. It's a question of food, raiment,

hope, joy, all the things which go to make life full and, in a measure, satisfying, as set against the devil's grind of poverty and dependence; and for a woman physically incapacitated for holding her own in the scramble."

Royal put the rejected opiate aside, and did as the patient requested. Then he drew a chair to the bedside and composed himself to listen. There would be no rest for the bruised body, he knew, until the mind should be at liberty to rest also. He must get the load, whatever it might be, transferred to his own shoulders, or the case would be beyond his skill. It must be done quietly, too, for excitement might bring on internal hemorrhage, of which there was imminent danger.

"Take it easy," he said, gently. "I'm going to help you. Put what you've got to say in as few words as possible, and then leave the matter to me. You've overtaxed your strength already; but there isn't any hurry now. We've got eight hours before that train goes. But first I want to suggest something. Wouldn't a will set the matter right for the young lady?"

The patient shook his head.

"Not mine," he answered. "I'm worth nothing outside of my profession. It's a worse tangle than you think. Listen. This is how the affair stands."

Divested of all superfluity of detail, for which there was neither time nor strength, the facts of the case were these. Some fifty years before, there had been a quarrel in one branch of the Royal family over the disposition of certain property vested in Northern securities. The family consisted of two brothers and a sister, and the property belonged to a maiden aunt who made her home with them. The aunt's affections had seemed pretty equally divided between nephews and niece, and, without overt declaration to that effect on her part, the family feeling had been that the young people would share and share alike in the property. When therefore, on the old lady's death, it had been discovered that the entire estate had been willed to the niece without reservation, the nephews not unnaturally suspected, and, what is more, being men of choleric temper, proclaimed aloud, that there had been undue influence.

It is true that, while the men disported themselves according to their pleasure, the woman had nursed and tended her relative with loving care and patience. But this did not strike the brothers as affording sufficient reason for the will being made so unequivocally in their sister's favor, since anxiety and care and household pains and troubles fell naturally within a woman's province. Perhaps they recognized the family foible, too, and the fact that to those who love dominion the possession of wealth is apt to secure it. They forbore from suit to break the will, first because the family lawyer assured them that they had not a leg to stand on, and furthermore because their very souls abhorred a public scandal. They made evident their sense of wrong in forcible and intemperate language, giving their sister to understand that they were distinctly disappointed in her, and then leaving her to her conscience.

For many years family relations were somewhat strained, and then the war broke out and all smaller fires were extinguished in the national conflagration. Miss Royal, by that time a woman past her first youth, and saddened by a dead romance, retired to a lonely plantation in the mountains of Virginia, where she led an isolated life, filled only with old books, old influences, and old imaginings. Such neighbors of her own caste as were accessible were people with views as primitive and experience but little larger than her own. Her life and environment interplayed to foster conceptions of duty and of moral obligation such as to the world at large would be untenable, and, as time went on, her views became more and more unpractical, conservative, and romantic. She was a woman of sturdy will and domineering spirit, and, while kind of heart by nature, prone to let that kindness flow only along channels of her own making. Her Northern property, safely invested and well cared for, suffered no change by the chances of war, and gave her, in her own eyes and those of other people, a fictitious but readily-admitted value.

Whether her conscience smote her about the money or not, the family feeling, so strong in the South, thrived, in spite of wrong and insult, and when the war brought troubles and financial straits to the brothers the sister rallied to them, helping them through many a tight place, and only stipulating that she should have her own way in regard to time and method. Her influence in her family increased in ratio proportionate to her ability to play Providence to them, and playing Providence, ordering the procession for other people in accordance with her own ideas of that which would be best, was, as has been stated, the rôle for which the self-willed lady considered herself peculiarly adapted.

When one brother died, leaving behind him a motherless and only daughter of tender years, Miss Royal adopted his child and brought her up as her own. She also displayed vivid interest in the son of her other brother, not only because he was a lad of parts and promise, but also because he had been called "John Hart," after a beloved first-cousin whose untimely death had caused her to pass mateless through life. She had the boy with her continually, and charged herself with his education and establishment in a profession. That the idea of a marriage between the cousins should develop in her mind was only to be expected. Consanguinity was not considered an objection to marriage in the Virginia of her day, and she had contemplated such a union for herself. This nephew and niece formed her strongest emotional outlet, and she was not willing to let their lives diverge from hers or from each other's. She wanted to blend her past with their future so that, in some occult way, they might live out the life she had pictured for herself ere John Hart had passed into the infinite. Her motive was the highest of which she was capable. She yearned for happiness for them, and it never occurred to her that it could be secured in better ways than those of her own devising. Her idiosyncrasy is not remarkable: human love in its manifestations is apt to be compelling and coercive.

Matters went smoothly, for the boy's choice of a profession fell in

with her wishes for him. There had always been physicians in the Royal family,—some distinguished ones. The love of healing might be said to run in the blood.

At one-and-twenty John Royal returned from Philadelphia with his diploma in his pocket, and further fulfilled his destiny by falling in love with his cousin Phyllis, then a girl of sixteen. A boy-and-girl marriage was no part of Miss Royal's plan for the young people. She wanted John to become a distinguished surgeon; and, as his whole heart—or rather mind—was set on his profession, she yielded readily to his wish for a few years in the Vienna and Paris hospitals. An engagement between the cousins was sanctioned, and the understanding was that the marriage should take place as soon as, in her aunt's opinion, Phyllis should be old enough.

Of the reasons for six years' delay of his marriage, and of his residence during that time abroad, John Royal did not speak: they were not germane to the matter in hand. His wish was to present the main facts of the case and to force upon his listener the necessity for immediate action.

At the end of the six years, news had come of his aunt's sudden death, and with it a letter from her executor informing him of the terms of her will. These were a little singular, and more than a little arbitrary,—which, however, was in accordance with the character of the testatrix. The property, of considerable value and duly enumerated, with the exception of a small legacy or two, was left absolutely to John Hart Royal and Phyllis Royal *as a marriage-gift*, provided their marriage to each other should take place between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock on the 28th of December, 18—. In the event of the marriage not taking place on the day and during the hour appointed, there were restrictions laid upon the property which would prove a serious annoyance to the legatees; and in the further event of the marriage not taking place at all, the entire property was to be converted into money and divided, share and share alike, among her kindred of Royal blood from the first to the third degree, Phyllis and John to have an equal portion with the rest, but not a stiver more on behalf of nearer kinship.

The story was given in short sentences, with rests between to spare the patient's strength. The energetic brain of the listener grasped the situation in its entirety, and his sympathies were more than ever aroused. To him it appeared a terribly mean advantage to take of the power which the possession of wealth confers. His first restive impulse was to say, "Let the money go to the devil, and marry the young lady to suit yourself;" but a glance at the face before him sent back the words unspoken. A well man, hale and strong, could afford to assert his independence, to take his own life and that of another into his own hands. But when a man lay dying the case was different: he must do that which he *could*, not that which he *would*, to secure the future of the woman thrown so absolutely upon his honor and protection. Royal's pity for the pair grew apace, and he felt that there was not much he would stick at to circumvent the misery entailed by that "iniquitous will," as he styled it in his thought.

"Are there many kindred?" he queried, forgetful that his own name might entitle him to a position as residuary legatee.

"Legions of 'em," John Royal responded, irritably. "My aunt had forty-five first-cousins, and the bulk of them of Royal blood. I've heard her say so scores of times. In the second count, God and the census-taker alone know what the tally may be. 'Tisn't worth while even to wonder about the third. It's a good property; but the sands of Egypt wouldn't divide up handsomely among the Royal clan."

After a moment he went on: "I feel like the veriest scoundrel that ever drew breath! But for her determination to bring about this marriage, my aunt would have left her money to Phyllis. The only thing I can do for her now is to marry her before twelve o'clock to-morrow; and God only knows how it's to be managed! That cursed accident!" His eyes were filled with yearning pain.

The doctor smiled cheerily and looked at his watch. "Don't fret," he said: "it's bad for you. The marriage is the main thing, and we can secure that. I'll take that 4.30 train and go after the young lady, and you can be married at once. The conditions, whatever they may be, must be put up with. It's a case of half a loaf or no bread. By the way, what are the conditions?" He rose as he put the question.

"That neither Phyllis nor myself shall touch one cent of the money for ten years, dating from mid-day to-morrow."

"The devil!"

"You may well exclaim!"—speaking fast and bitterly. "The marriage before twelve o'clock to-morrow would leave my poor girl comfortable and cared for; after twelve, as good as a pauper. And she's helpless,—helpless——" His voice broke, and he turned his head away.

Royal felt something hot and stinging rush into his own eyes; his heart ached for the pain he could not mitigate.

The head on the pillow turned again; the eyes sought Royal's appealingly, coercively:

"Man, have you no help for me? Haven't you science or skill enough to put vitality into this miserable carcass sufficient to enable me to drag it a few miles further? Can't you do anything for me?" The sense of impotence was strong upon him; his voice was hoarse and feeble, his eyes showed that he knew beforehand what the answer must be.

Royal put out his hand to him pitifully, but shook his head:

"My poor fellow, God himself couldn't help you that way. Stop a minute and let me think. There ought to be a way out of it,—there *must* be a way out of it, if only I were smart enough to see it. Don't fret, please. It exhausts vitality and does no good. Try to rest."

The closing phrases were born of professional instinct and delivered mechanically. His mind was busy with the problem he had set himself to solve. He was a man quick to trust his own judgment and to form new plans. Emphatically a man of action, prompt in conception, prompt also and untiring in execution, Dr. Royal's mind worked habitually along positive lines. To rush at a difficulty and carry it by assault was the method which most recommended itself to him, and the active

practical life of the frontier had fostered his natural proclivities. There was little of the "shivering and shaking on the bank," so condemned of the English wit, about Hart Royal: to "jump in and scramble through" as well as he could, might be reckoned his rule of conduct.

The plan he elaborated within the next half-hour might, as a legal measure, be open to question, but it possessed the merit of tangibility and could be put into immediate execution. It was, in brief, that John Royal, flat on his back on that which might well be his dying bed, in Matoacca, should at the appointed hour on the following day marry his cousin, on the other side of the mountains, by proxy.

"I don't know how the law stands," the originator of the scheme admitted, "and there isn't time to look it up. I never heard of a marriage by proxy, outside of a novel, to be sure; but if a man can marry by telephone I don't see why he can't be married by proxy. To me it looks as though it would give a fighting chance for immediate possession of the money. You can have the marriage re-celebrated, if the lady should prefer it. She will join you at once, of course."

The sick man caught at the plan. His own knowledge of the laws of the commonwealth in regard to marriage was nebulous, but to him also the scheme proposed seemed to offer a fighting chance; and even that appeared of priceless value. His eagerness was pitiful, his insistence almost aggressive. The poor fellow, drifting into the shadow of the inevitable, yet holding back with terrible earnestness, with yearning tenderness, not for his own sake, but for that of the woman left to his care,—the pathos of it dimmed Royal's gray eyes more than once, and acted as a spur to his helpful, sympathetic nature.

There was no question in the mind of either man as to who should be the representative. The bond of the Order had done away with all strangeness or sense of obligation between them, even before the recognition of the deeper, human brotherhood had come. Royal made the necessary arrangements for the care of the sick man during his absence, and also provided himself with the wedding-ring which he found in his namesake's pocket. The license would be waiting at the other end of the line, John Royal said: he had written about it from the hospital to the gentleman in whose family his cousin had lived since their aunt's death.

In the urgent need of haste it occurred to neither man that Dr. Royal, being a stranger, should have some sort of credentials, or that it might be necessary for a proxy to have a written power of representation, as it were, from his principal. Nor did the thought that the similarity of name might cause a complication suggest itself. The sick man was unaware of the coincidence, and the mind of the other was filled with weightier matters. There was little time for detail.

CHAPTER III.

WHETHER or not malevolent spirits have power of interference in human affairs is an open question; but certain it is that, to *prima facie* view, events can at times arrange themselves with a malignant disregard

of individual needs and desires which would leave nothing to the invention of the most perverse devil the imagination could conjure up. Also certain is it that everlasting truths anent the inexorable interplay of circumstance and environment and the operation of unchangeable laws fail of the recognition and reverence they merit when interplay and action combine to knock the foundations from under a man's personal calculations. And the individual thus stranded is a good deal more apt to blaspheme like a stevedore than to accept the situation like a rational and scientific gentleman.

The train which left Matoacca at 4.30 pulled into the little mountain-station at 10.55, when, according to a perjured schedule, it should have been there at 10 sharp. There was no reason, that Royal could discover, for such flagrant breach of contract save the unhastefulness of a single-track road with no competition and few connections. Passengers, employees, and even the engine appeared content to take it easy over the mountains, and when Royal, in a frenzy of impatience, entered protest, he was met by the conductor with intolerable good humor and the assurance that matters might be much more unsatisfactory.

"We used to aim to be on time," the official observed, cheerfully, "but these here grades are tremenjeous heavy, an' the curves sharper 'n common. The hind coach jumps the track once in a while if she ain't humored, an' it takes a durned sight longer to h'ist her back with fence-rails 'en it does to run keerful."

"The schedule oughtn't to say one thing and the road do another," rebuked Royal. "It's an imposition on the public."

"Well, it don't look considerate," acquiesced the conductor, then added, with the *esprit de corps* of all railway-men, "We *do* make it most in general. Sometimes, like to-day, we gets bothered. It don't happen more'n once a fortnight we lose over fifteen or twenty minutes."

He walked away with uplifted shoulders, which gave to the back of his coat an expression of protest against intemperate haste. And Royal, as though that could expedite matters, established himself on the platform.

He was vexed and tormented by a delay which threatened shipwreck to his scheme by depriving him of the time necessary for explanations and readjustments. His sympathy and interest had become so involved that he had come to feel a personal pride in carrying the affair through to a successful issue,—to feel that he had heralded himself to enter the lists against caprice and injustice, and was in danger of failure, not through lack of prowess, but through extraneous and exasperating circumstances. So completely did the matter absorb and possess him that obstacles, instead of daunting his resolution and causing him to reconsider the situation, only aroused and concentrated his forces as though they had been obstructions in the path of his individual hopes and fortune.

He was anxious also about the patient he had been compelled to leave in the care of an inexperienced young fellow, downy with graduation-honors and self-confidence, whom he had picked up in the office of the hotel. The case was so serious that the least mismanagement might precipitate the result.

Held aloof by preoccupation, Royal failed to appreciate, or even note, the grand uplifting of the country round about, the exquisite tracery of the winter forest, the delicate hue of the sky, or the wonderful harmony of tone given by the shading of earth and rocks, tree-stems and fading vegetation. Even the quick leap of a brook escaped him, and the grace of the curve with which, like a queen's obeisance to a rival power, it turned aside from the embankment of the railway and pursued its lovely, murmurous journey down the mountain. Higher up, the road ran at the foot of cliffs covered with laurel and scrub pine and cedar, whose gray boulders jutted up through dark mould and the brownness of fallen leaves, relieved and brightened, here and there, by patches of partridge-berry and teaberry-vines, which grew low, and showed vivid scarlet against dark green, where birds and rabbits had left the fruit ungathered. Against the rocks, in sheltered nooks, where the wind could not despoil them, were long trails of bramble-vines and poison-oak holding bunches of dark-purple berries and tufts of crimson leaves.

Through a long cutting, whose sides showed the presence of iron ore, the train steamed out into a broad valley and drew up at a small station with deceitful briskness and a self-laudatory whistle of accomplished duty. Royal lost no time in transferring himself and his impatience to the station platform.

"Anybody here for Dr. Royal?"

The question was, impersonally, addressed to a little knot of loungers, and Royal paused for reply, wondering what the dickens he should do if thrown on his own resources.

A thick-set man in a gray overcoat copiously patched with blue—a relic of Secession reconstructed—advanced to meet him.

"You're Dr. Royal yerse'f, I reckon. Ain't you?" he questioned.

Royal nodded, and the man extended his hand with great cordiality.

"Done forgot me, I reckon, doctor; but I ain't forgot you. We-all used to hunt an' fish together back yonder befo' you went to school. My name's Jim Dodson: that'll fix you, I reckon. Hurry right along. You ain't got time to talk now, I know, an' we'll hitch up them six years arter while. Come this a-way. Squire Brandon sont the buggy, an' Spot driv; but that mar' o' his'n can't abide engines, nother she don't like strangers, so Spot he hilt her here behind the dépôt an' axed me to look out fur you."

He tilted up his hat-brim and cast an observing eye skyward. Royal perceived the man's mistake, but had not time to rectify it. Behind the station stood a buggy, mud-splashed and untidy, but strong and serviceable; between the shafts was a dark bay with a good deal of white to her eye, and, apparently, considerable *go* in her. A gentlemanly lad of fourteen or thereabout stood at her head and glanced anxiously towards the train. At sight of Royal his countenance cleared, and he accosted him cheerily:

"All right, doctor! How are you? Jump right in. I thought judgment-day would beat that train coming. Halloo! I forgot about the accident! Here, Jim, stand by her head, please, while I help Dr. Royal in. We've got to make tracks."

"You have that!" observed a by-stander. The whole group had followed Royal round the station, and appeared fully aware of the situation and deeply interested in it.

Filled with amusement, and feeling hypocritical, Royal declined the boy's proffered shoulder and took his place in the buggy. Spotswood sprang in beside him, gathered up the reins, and they were off, followed by a shout from Jim Dodson:

"Make her everlastin' toddle, Spotswood! The sun's a-clamberin' up to'ards the j'ist mighty rapid. If you don't step out peart, twelve o'clock will ketch you-all gwine."

"I reckon not," the boy shouted back. "Clipper knows how to travel."

Then he turned with a reassuring air to Royal: "Don't you fret, doctor. We'll make it, now I've got you behind Clipper. I shook in my shoes, though, awhile back, that confounded train dawdled so. It looked like fate was dead against you."

"Why don't somebody report those train-men?" demanded Royal, still incensed over the delay, and longing to punish somebody.

The boy laughed. "Where's the use?" he demanded, in his turn. "They've got a monopoly, and complaints would go in at one ear and out at the other. They aren't often so much behind as they were to-day, though, and I don't wonder you wanted to lay on the whip. We'd have made better time from the station on horseback, but Phyllis was afraid the ride would knock you up. The road isn't bad, however, and we can make it driving, if we look sharp." He whistled to his horse and touched her lightly with the whip.

"How far is it?" Royal questioned, glancing at his watch.

"Half an hour's drive to the house, and fifteen minutes to the church,—for Clipper," the boy replied, concisely. "The road's been altered since you used to know it, I reckon; but you'll remember where the church is,—the one Miss Royal built just after she came to the old place, in memory of John Hart. She's buried there, you know, under that big oak near the vestry window. She told Phyl once, a long while ago, that she wanted her to be married there. Phyl has been with us ever since Miss Royal died, but the church is close by, and mighty convenient. Phyl wanted to be married from the old place, but my mother wouldn't hear of it. The house has been shut up for nearly four months, you know: it's bound to be damp and stuffy."

"Where are we going now?" Royal questioned, the demand for new plans making itself disconcertingly apparent.

"Straight to the church. If the train was on time, I was to drive you out home; if it wasn't, right to the church. Phyl and the rest will meet you there."

The road had entered a skirt of woods, and was firmer and more free from ruts and mud-holes. Clipper responded to the improvement in a style which won Royal's admiration. Young Brandon listened with the air of personal merit mingled with assumed deprecation with which the creature masculine always hearkens to praises of his horse. He was in high feather, filled with pride in his mission, and chatted away merrily. His father—old Squire Brandon, as he was called—had

intended meeting the train himself, but had been prevented at the last minute. Just the scurvy sort of trick fate had been playing John Royal all through, the sick man's representative thought, as he heard it. Here was more time irrevocably wasted; for it would be useless explaining matters to this boy.

The boy, meanwhile, considering himself, evidently, not a deputy to be despised, put his horse along with a deft avoidance of stones, mud-holes, and other impedimenta which, to Royal, unaccustomed to mountain-roads, seemed little short of marvellous. He increased Royal's perplexity, too, with every word he uttered, and, with every intention of being agreeable, forced more and more absolutely upon that gentleman the consciousness that things were at a dead-lock.

"It was all right about the license," Spotswood gleefully assured him. "Tom had attended to that: Tom was to be best man, as he doubtless knew. The preacher would be up to the notch also: Uncle Jeff—Miss Royal's old carriage-driver—had gone for him at daybreak. The wedding was everybody's wedding, Phyl said. And it looked like it; for the whole neighborhood wanted to take a hand. Phyl was mighty popular; and then people felt so sorry for her."

Royal, curiously enough, felt nettled, through all his perplexity, and then realized, with an inward touch of amusement, that he was appropriating not only John Royal's position, but what might naturally be John Royal's feelings under the circumstances.

At a point where the road forked, young Brandon suddenly drew up his horse and handed the reins to his companion.

"Hold her a minute, please," he said, and faced about to the wood on the right, put both hands to his mouth, and gave vent to a long-drawn eddying howl which echoed and re-echoed among the trees with a peculiarly penetrating cadence. It was like nothing which Royal, for all his experience of Indians, "loavers," and coyotes, had ever heard in his life before, and, had he but known it, was simply a differentiation of the old "rebel yell," still used among the mountains as a signal.

In a second it was answered, and the lad dropped back to his seat and put out his hand for the reins.

"What was that for?" demanded Royal, feeling that he was getting all of adventure he could possibly desire.

Spotswood laughed, and turned his horse into the road to the left. "To let 'em know it's all right and we've gone on to the church," he explained. "We were afraid something might happen to prevent your coming, in spite of what you wrote Phyl. And it wouldn't have done for her to go to the church and no wedding after all, you know. She'd have been mortified, even if you couldn't help it. Women are different from us,"—with protective assumption. "Their feelings have got to be allowed for. Tom and I put up that job. He had a little nigger on horseback in the woods there, and when I whooped he was to gallop back to the house and tell 'em. There's a short cut that way. If you hadn't come I'd have howled twice. They'll get to the church almost as soon as we will."

The lad's consideration touched Royal. In his frontier experience

the life had been too free from conventionality, and human interdependence had been too readily and practically recognized, for him to wonder over the interest these people appeared to take in each other's concerns and the trouble they voluntarily put themselves to in each other's behalf. That seemed to him legitimate and natural, but at the same time it increased the difficulty of the position. In their love and care for the girl these people would doubtless demand not only elaborate explanation of his plan, but some sort of credentials for himself, before they would allow so unprecedented a thing as a marriage by proxy to take place. The bucolic mind did not assimilate ideas readily, nor was it avid of experiment. And what could they know of the anguish, the insistence, of the poor fellow dying down there in Matoacca? If only he had *time* to make them feel the pathos of those last words John Royal had uttered as they shook hands ere his own departure: "Man, see to it that you do your work well! I'm trusting you with what I value more than life. Don't fail me! Help me to save her from poverty,—from dependence."

They seemed to ring in his ears, to beat on his heart, to grasp and hold and compel him like sentient things.

He looked at his watch. Three-quarters of an hour to expound his scheme, combat objections, satisfy curiosity, allay scruples, and get through the marriage ceremony. It could not be done. No thought of abandoning his plan crossed his mind: he simply readjusted it. He would marry the young lady first and make the explanation afterwards. So far he had been accepted as John Royal's self, instead of John Royal's representative,—any changes in appearance apparently accounted for by the lapse of six years in intercourse. He must carry out the deception until the ceremony should have been performed, after which, of course, must come the explanation. The spirit of adventure was strong in him, and he was conscious of the thrill an actor knows when his cast is on the razor-edge between success and failure and may be made or marred by an expression or a gesture.

The lad, busy with his horse and intent on speed, was silent. The road left the woods and emerged on to a lovely plateau, gently rolling and studded with groups of superb trees,—oak, hickory, maple, and sweet gum. It was sheltered by hills and carpeted with short grass which showed green even in December. Near the centre, amid a clump of oaks, stood a quaint, picturesque stone church, with pointed windows and ivy-covered walls. It was enclosed by a stone fence, and the space inside was evidently used for a burying-ground. Under the trees, outside the enclosure, a spring gushed forth, near which were racks for horses and a place where the animals might drink. Royal noticed several vehicles, spring-wagons mostly, standing about, and horses, a dozen or so, some tied to the racks and some to swinging limbs, according as their dispositions were sedate or nervous.

Spotswood drove round to a side gate, and a negro came and took the horse. He looked smiling and important, and bowed affably to Royal, half extending his hand, which Royal grasped and cordially shook, not knowing him, of course, but dissembling.

"Many folks inside, Uncle Jeff?" the boy questioned, indicating at

the same moment by a gesture to his companion the spot where Miss Royal had been buried.

"Tol'r'ble smart, sir: de body's fullin' up, an' dar's a right smart sprinklin' in de gall'ry. Dar come mo' folks now. Dey been practisin' de music over, sir, an' hit soun' mighty pretty an' consolin'."

This last was addressed to Royal, who dumbly felt that before he should get through with the affair he might be in need of consolation.

In the vestry they were received by two gentlemen, who were introduced by Spotswood as his brother Tom and the Rev. Carter Braxton. Both men shook hands with Royal with enthusiasm, and Tom Brandon helped him off with his overcoat, remarking that he "looked a trifle off color, but, on the whole, fitter than they had expected."

Royal, who felt that twenty-four sleepless hours, two sketchy and insufficient meals, and a tremendous strain of anxiety and excitement lay between his present self and the man who had boarded the train so tumultuously the day before, did not wonder that he should look his part, at least, sufficiently to pass muster.

With the climax so close upon him, a strange, still, all-powerful excitement seized on Royal and thrilled through every nerve and tissue like an electric current. His pulses quivered, his heart beat thick and rapidly, and the blood rose to his brain. He replied to their inquiries like a man in a dream, and was conscious of a vague sense of confused identity. As he stood before the mirror placed in a corner for clerical convenience, he caught himself dimly questioning his own existence as apart from the existence of that other John Royal, dimly seeking to identify his own features with those of the man from whose sick-bed he had come. Life and circumstance, for the time, became unreal to him, and he accepted the sequence of events as impersonally as a somnambulist could have done. Individual will seemed, as it were, in abeyance, held under and dominated by a force with which it was powerless to cope. He seemed himself, and yet other than himself, more than himself.

The minister, in his robes, stood, book in hand, within the chancel rail; the wedding-march burst forth with joyous invitation; a group of black-coated men, and maidens all in white, came up the aisles, crossed each other, and ranged themselves about the chancel. And Royal, still like a man in a dream, advanced from the vestry door, with Tom Brandon at his side, and received from the hands of a white-haired gentleman the lace-enveloped figure of his unknown bride. Her hand lay on his arm, the folds of her shining robe brushed against him, the lace which covered her drooping head almost touched his shoulder, but he did not look at her, nor manifest, by so much as the quiver of a muscle, consciousness of her proximity. His individuality seemed lost, merged in that of the man whose part he had assumed: his imagination was strained, his pulses beat with excitement; but his brain was clear, his perceptions preternaturally acute. He could hear the snap of a watch-case somewhere among the audience, and the stamping of the horses outside, distinctly through the rhythm of the music. The interest of the spectators thrilled him, but failed to renew recognition of being other than he seemed.

Then, amid the hush which followed the cessation of the music, came the minister's solemn statement of the purpose for which the people were there assembled, and his impressive charge to them that if any man knew aught which should prevent this union he should set it forth, followed by the pause which is so seldom broken. Then, in tones that sounded in his ears as the voice of another man, Royal found himself repeating words which, with the strange sense of duality which oppressed him, seemed to bind *him*, as well as that other, to the woman beside him, as with bands of steel; and when, her answering vow breathed forth, he received the ring, it was as though another hand was with his hand, guiding it, as he placed the circlet on her finger. And a terrible sense of irrevocability and powerlessness, for a moment, overwhelmed him, turning him faint and sick, as one on whom a heavy blow has fallen.

Then he realized that everything was over, and that the people had glanced at their watches for the last time and were pressing forward with congratulations. He moved aside, and involuntarily took out his own watch and noted the time. It wanted ten minutes to twelve.

CHAPTER IV.

CURIOUSLY unnerved for a man of robust physique and, ordinarily, normal imagination, Royal let these strangers have their way with him, thankful for the respite which their quiet acceptance of him gave. He avoided looking at the bride, dreading to meet her glance, lest it should unfit him for his part, for with the sight of the crowd his desire to explain matters withdrew into the background. This was not the time, nor was it the place. The affair had developed complications for which he was totally unprepared, and he wanted time to think, to assimilate and readjust. The sequence of events had been so different from his own preconceived arrangement of them that his mind, for the moment, was thrown out of gear, and stood supine, accepting that which came as though it were a finality.

The thing most evident to him was that he had ensnared himself with a net-work of egregious blundering, and that egress from it, to be graceful, or even endurable, would require more skill of management than he had any right to accredit himself with possessing. The terms in which he apostrophized himself summed up the case, and were none the less hearty and comprehensive for being inwardly given. "Of all the intermeddling, dunderheaded fools in this world," so ran his thoughts, "you are entitled to the lead, Hart Royal. And a beautiful mess you've gotten yourself into this time, with your damned officiousness!"

The preoccupation of his manner and the care-worn expression of his face caused the people to surmise that he must be in acute physical pain. For the few moments allowed to friends at country weddings—even church weddings—they crowded round him, striving to recall themselves to his memory, and speaking pitifully of the accident, and enthusiastically of his pluck in not allowing it to interfere with his marriage. They were so kind and cordial that Royal could have

gnashed his teeth and shouted out at them that he was no better than an impostor. Instead of which, he nailed his false colors to the mast, as it were, and smiled and bowed and shook hands with everybody.

His brain worked with feverish rapidity, and by the time they had shut him into Squire Brandon's carriage for the short drive to the house, where the young lady would change her dress for the wedding-journey, a sense of the grotesqueness of his own position touched him, bringing with it a sudden strong desire to laugh, and creating a reaction which restored equilibrium. He had made a mess of it, he was willing to admit; but circumstances had seemed to wall him into a narrow track along which he had cantered like the most obliging of donkeys. At this stage of the proceedings "hind-sight" did little good and was provocative of exasperation, and of reliable foresight he was fain, in all humility of soul, to confess himself destitute. There was nothing for it but to face the situation in the present and endeavor to adjust it with the minimum of pain and discomfort all around. The only solution which suggested itself was to carry out the plan as originally proposed, striving to blunder less in the end than he had done in the beginning. He would take the young lady straight to John Royal, making such explanation to her as would insure her recognition of the love and anxiety for her future which had been the main-spring of a scheme which he now denounced as idiotic.

In the presence of the dying man all personal pique, all womanly sensitiveness, would shrivel and vanish before the majesty of love and the awful mystery of that which was to come. A strange journey it would be, with a strange ending. For the first time came realization of the matter from the woman's stand-point, and with it a great pity for her and a strong desire to shield her from the comment, curiosity, and multiplicity of detail to which his story must give rise, at least, until this travesty of marriage could be made real by the true man's acknowledgment of it. He would keep his own counsel until he should have given the wife into the keeping of her husband, and then it would be time enough to admit the outside world, to enter upon explanations and self-justification.

Arrived at a definite conclusion, he squared his shoulders and put aside that strange sense of irrevocability and personal implication which had oppressed him during the ceremony. In truth, there was little time for thought, less for analysis: the need for action was still omnipresent. He turned to look, for the first time definitely, at John Royal's bride.

As he did so, a low laugh startled him, and a hand was thrust out to touch his arm and then withdrawn. It was gloveless, and on the third finger gleamed the marriage-ring. She was enveloped in a heavy wrap which concealed her white dress, and her head and face were hidden under folds of soft dark tissue, from which, at throat and crown, the lace of her bridal veil peeped forth, like white clouds under gray ones. Her face was completely concealed, from perverseness or girlish coquetry, he thought, and he could only guess that she was fair because that would increase the pathos of the situation.

Her amusement nettled him; and then a swift sense of their relative

position, as it must appear to her, thrilled through him, producing a jumble of emotions which made chaos of his mind. He longed to put aside the soft gray folds that hid her face, to possess himself of her hand, to speak words which should testify appreciation of the situation,—to commit some sort of folly or madness, in short, to prove that he was a man, and sentient. What a brute she must think him, he chafed, what a soulless, senseless block of wood he must appear! How could she understand, or do him justice, ignorant as she was—and must remain for hours—of the true state of the case? Then he comforted himself with the reflection that when the matter should be made plain to her she would appreciate his conduct.

"Are you tired, John?"

It was the young lady who broke the silence.

"No," he answered, surprised.

It seemed odd to him, at the moment, that the woman should put that question to the man.

"You were so quiet that I had to laugh. It seemed so funny to sit up like two owls, never saying a word to one another," she proceeded. "We are *cousins*, you know, John, just the same as we used to be. But perhaps you are in pain?"—with a quick change of voice. "Are you? Tell me at once. Ought you to have come? I know it was the money and that foolish clause in the will about to-day. But for that, we might easily have waited until you were strong again. Isn't travelling bad for you?"

"Not at all bad," Royal hastily responded. "On the contrary, it is the very best thing in the world for me,—indeed, for us both. I'm much stronger than you suppose." He could hardly restrain a smile as he made the assertion. "The plans must not be changed. We must leave by that 2.20 train. It is imperative that we should. You are ready, I suppose?"

He intended to take her whether she should be or not, but put the question from sheer nervousness. Anything was better than sitting beside her in a state of absolute passivity.

"Oh, yes. My trunks were packed some days ago, and all the arrangements made. You were so explicit,—so—so masterful,"—with another rippling laugh. "You have not changed in that, John. You love your own way still. Is it not so? But the arrangements need make no difference. We can stay over a day or two to rest, if it will be better for you. You will like to see the old place, and to visit Aunt Anne's grave. She was so fond of you. We could stop over for that."

But Royal would not hear of stopping over for anything. His private feeling towards the deceased lady was one of distinct animosity. He hoped orthodoxly and vengefully that she might be doing spiritual penance for the trouble and distress likely to be entailed by the acts of her material life, and would gladly have known that she was aware of the miscarriage of her plans and greatly tormented thereby. He generalized for a moment in regard to the old home and the desire to see it which he was expected to feel; but he made it evident that he intended to leave by the first down-train.

Unlike brides in general, this young lady appeared docile and amenable to an exceptional degree. Royal, in the midst of his anxiety, wondered over her, and felt the soul within him moved to gratitude. Then his professional experience reminded him that women are usually submissive to the power conferred by suffering. In the eyes of this woman he, perhaps, appeared a wounded hero.

Her next words made evident that such was indeed the case.

"That horrible accident," she murmured, and a quick shudder ran through her frame. "I can't help feeling that half has not been told me,—that you have all conspired to keep the worst back and make light of it, in order to spare me pain. You poor fellow! how you must have suffered! It was terrible,—a home-coming like that, after six years' exile. When I think of it all,—of what you have done for me,—of what you are doing for me and enduring for my sake,—and then think of the anxiety in store for you,—for us both,—I feel that a lifetime of love and devotion will hardly pay interest on the debt I owe you. Am I worth it to you, John? Will I ever be worth it to you?"

Her voice trembled a little, and Royal had an intuition that she was holding back tears. He felt a sudden stricture of the heart, as though the blood had been drained away. This was not the happy chatter of a girl-bride, loving and beloved. Through this woman's voice pulsed an undercurrent of pathos, thrilling its sweetness, like minor chords in music. He felt, somehow, that, in spite of his best endeavor, he was taking unfair advantage of the man who had trusted him, was getting a glimpse into arcana which no stranger, unauthorized, should penetrate. His pity grew apace, and beside it developed a devouring curiosity, until his very breast seemed strained by stress and complexity of emotion. He yearned to speak to her, but durst not, for lack of proper words and an assured position, and so dumbly waited, feeling that if she should continue to talk in that strain during the rest of the drive he could not be held accountable for his actions.

She did not appear to notice his silence, or to be hurt by it; perhaps she was, in some subtle way, conscious of the tension of his mood; or she may have been preoccupied by her own thoughts. For a little space there was silence.

"That old time is so long ago that you can't love me in the old way, John. It isn't possible. There has been so much in your life,—change, adventure, and quantities of new and interesting people. Not quite in the old way, but enough still to enable me to develop a new and stronger love. They say a love increases with the strain put on it; and in that case yours will grow as compact and firm as the heart of an oak. That's pretty to think of, isn't it?" Then, with a sudden change of tone, "It is six years since we have seen each other, John. Just think of it! They say that I have changed very little; and I suppose you would have known me anywhere. Have *you* changed, I wonder? Let me see."

Royal involuntarily turned his face away and drew his breath hard. This was the moment he had dreaded; for if she should detect the imposture there would be the end of his scheme for sparing her

still a little while. And how would it be possible for her not to detect it? She must have had a series of photographs of the other John Royal during those years, pictures that would have chronicled each gradation of change. There was no help for it, however, so he braced his nerves and faced round, half defiantly, towards her.

The veil still covered her face, and she made no effort to withdraw it. She had taken off her other glove, and her hands lay together in her lap. She seemed to feel that he was bending towards her, that his eyes were on her, and lifted her hands and touched his face and his hair gently and lingeringly with the tips of her fingers. With a suddenness as overwhelming as would be the extinction of light on a fair day, the conviction came to Royal that the girl at his side was blind.

For a moment he was staggered; then came the memory of the sick man's words, "She must not be left to poverty and dependence. She is physically incapable of making her own fight with the world." In the light of this development many things which had puzzled him grew clear. All the nobler instincts of manhood awoke within him. The woman beside him was invested, on the instant, with a sacredness other, and greater, than that which had enveloped her as the possession of another man confided to his honor: she was, in his eyes, set apart as an object of tender care and consideration for all men.

Yielding to the impulse that was in him, he clasped the gentle wandering hands in his and raised them to his lips,—touching them softly, reverently, as a man might touch the sleeping form of his little child.

CHAPTER V.

THE arrangements had been made with care and forethought,—the sick man, from his bed in the New York hospital, having been "explicit and masterful," as the bride had laughingly declared. And the good, kind people with whom Phyllis had made her home had aided him to the best of their ability, meeting his wishes half-way, and grudging no trouble to which they might be put in furthering them. Royal found, to his unspeakable comfort, that they were to be accompanied as far as Alexandria by a relative of the young lady's, who had been down in the mountains of Virginia on a visit and had remained over for the wedding. She was introduced to Royal as his "cousin Mrs. Hart," and his liking went out to her at once: there was a largeness in her atmosphere, a sympathy in her fine, intelligent face and frank, cordial manner, to which his nature instantly responded, and he felt that her going with them would be like a crack of daylight along a dark horizon. Perhaps the tide would turn at last and run for a while in poor John Royal's favor. For himself the arrangement would, at all events, bring divided responsibility.

That Mrs. Hart was a widow he surmised from her mourning-gown and a certain *unattached* air about her. His prepossession seemed fully justified by the treatment accorded her on every hand; for young and old clustered around her and persistently ignored the dignity of her conjugal appellation. She seemed to be "Nina" to everybody.

"It will be a comfort being with Nina until you can get a suitable maid for Phyllis," Mrs. Brandon remarked, in a motherly way. "The dear child needs a good deal of attention, you know, and some help in dressing. She would never consent to have her pretty hair cut, because she heard you say once that short-haired women were your abomination. You wrote about her Mammy; but that wouldn't do at all. The old woman is hopelessly rheumatic, and would be miserable if taken away from home. You must have forgotten how old she is. Nina thinks it would be better to get Dr. Tasewell, the oculist, to recommend a woman,—somebody you could rely on."

"She is under treatment." Royal put his query in the form of an assertion.

"The very strictest. And she is so good and patient, so anxious for a cure for your sake as well as for her own. She would not wear anything over her eyes in church this morning. I couldn't blame her, although I scolded her for her vanity, and made her promise to keep the lids closed, and doubled the lace so that one could scarcely distinguish her features. A girl naturally wants to look well on her wedding-day,—particularly when her lover sees her for the first time in six years. We wrapped her up well, both going and returning: so I don't think she can have taken harm."

The squire, an energetic and impatient old gentleman, speeded the parting in a manner which Royal felt he could never sufficiently applaud. He had fresh horses put to the carriage as it stood before the door, and bustled about and hurried the women with their preparations, laughing and joking with the utmost joviality. This was not farewell at all, he cheerily declared, only that French thing the pronunciation of which he could never remember, and which meant just nothing worth mentioning. The schedule did not admit of extra kissing on the down-grade, and the party would certainly be left unless a limit was put to embraces. As for recommendation to take care of Phyllis and himself, he would scorn to name the thing to a man who could defeat death and the doctors and come hundreds of miles to be married two months after he had been reported broken all to pieces.

So the journey commenced amidst merriment and kindness, and, overwrought as he was, even Royal lost sight, for a moment or two, of the grim fact that through him darkness and death had joined hands.

When he had his charges safe in the car and felt the train in motion, he drew a long breath: he was another step nearer the end, at all events. The strain on him was beginning to tell.

Phyllis was in the gayest spirits, and laughed and chatted merrily. Her face was closely covered, the heavy veil doubled across her eyes, for which Royal knew there must be reason, but forbore to inquire into it just yet. He had gathered that the young lady's case was far from hopeless, and the knowledge that it was so brought more relief and thankfulness than his position towards her would seem to warrant. He could realize the intense importance which immediate possession of the money must have had for John Royal,—importance so great that he had been willing to risk his life to secure it. It might mean sight to the eyes as well as food and raiment for the body of the woman

he loved. It made the conditions of the will more difficult of comprehension than ever; but he forbore to trouble his mind with that question. Other matters were more pressing than could be the solution of an, apparently, impracticable woman's vagaries.

They would make better time on the down-trip, the conductor informed him: the grade would help instead of hindering them.

Royal, cognizant of the inevitable pain to which each revolution of the wheels brought them more near, set himself to prepare the minds of the women, in a measure, as best he could. The girl's cheerfulness smote on him with a sense of discord, as though one should encounter mirth at a death-bed. And yet to sadden her seemed to him just then the hardest task he had ever been compelled to put his hand to. His pity pulled him both ways: he could *not* let the calamity fall on her like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky, and still, even to turn her mind in the direction of the coming disaster, to his overwrought nerves appeared like drawing a child into the already wavering shadow of a rock which would presently fall and crush it. It took all the courage of which he was master to follow the lines laid down for himself.

He was as adroit as it is in the nature of a straightforward man to be, and there had been nothing to arouse the suspicion of his companions or make them doubt his sincerity. To them he was the master of the situation, the grand male creature who had just proved possession of manhood and puissance to an unprecedented degree. They hearkened to him graciously, and treated him with the subtle suggestion of trust and dependence which is spontaneous with all womanly women. After a little, the talk, insensibly guided by Royal, drifted to serious things, and he told them, as of a strange and pitiful happening, of his meeting on the train the day before with a poor young fellow, ill unto death and in sore trouble. He told how he—Royal—had noticed him, fainting in his seat, and, being a physician, had gone to him to do what he could, and then had discovered that the sick stranger had a claim on his care, being a brother Mason. He spoke of the interest which this discovery had aroused, and of how it had deepened in view of the other's courage and patience, and of how he had been obliged to leave him at last in the strange hotel, without friend or kinsman near, fighting his battle with the grim destroyer alone. He made a little story of it, and gave it to them as simply as he could, hoping to arouse their interest and sympathy. And they asked questions in hushed voices, and were sorry in a sweet impersonal way, as women will be over tales of sorrow.

"Did you find out his name?" Mrs. Hart inquired.

Royal replied in the affirmative. That was the reason he had troubled them with the story, he explained, thinking they might help him, perhaps, since they must spend the night in the very hotel where the sick man lay. The name was the same as theirs,—Royal. He might be a kinsman. Who should say?

"Might!" repeated Mrs. Hart, her interest all aflame. "Why, of course he is a kinsman: he *must* be. All the Royals are related, and Virginia is full of them. How very strange, your meeting him

that way! I wonder to which branch of the family he can possibly belong."

Phyllis also manifested interest and concern about this "stranger cousin," as she dubbed him. But her mind appeared to dwell most on Royal's own share in the business, and she whispered sweet words of commendation in a low voice which thrilled through Royal—who had not sought to produce this effect—and made him more bitterly conscious than ever what a tangle the matter had become.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hart appeared to be mustering all the Royals, dead and alive, who had inhabited the commonwealth in the past, or were inhabiting it in the present, in her efforts to satisfactorily place this new Royal.

"You don't know his Christian name, I suppose?" she observed, and then saved him from a dilemma by answering herself, "No, of course you wouldn't think to inquire at a time like that, and in such a hurry as you must have been, too. Still, I wish I knew it. A Christian name nearly always locates the branch. It's apt to give an inter-marriage."

After a moment of reflection, during which she fastened this scion on every Virginia root of the Royal tree and plucked it away again, she continued meditatively,—

"There was a Royal who went West when I was a child. His name was Philip, which is a family name in both genders. He married Pauline Hart, a first-cousin of my husband's, and a sister of that very John Hart to whom Anne Royal was engaged. I wonder if this young man could be Phil Royal's son! You must find out, John, because if he should be he is doubly related to you two, and also a close connection of my own. How strange and romantic it would be! Just think of it, Phyllis! The nephew of your aunt's old lover, and for John to have met—nay, more, to have befriended—him, on his way to be married to you on the fiftieth anniversary of that which was to have been Anne's own wedding-day to John Hart! I never in my life heard anything like it."

Nor had Royal. He had wondered why such stress had been put on the 28th of December. He understood it now for a woman's sentiment about the day which was to have crowned her own love-story with fruition. As much trouble as this sentiment had already caused him, and was likely to cause him in the future, he had no impulse to mock at it. He was too real a man to be devoid of reverence for romance.

When they plied him still with questions, he said that he did not believe that the sick man came from the West: he was convinced that he must be a native-born Virginian. A whimsical thought would obtrude itself relative to the greatness of their bewilderment when they should be confronted with the necessity for transposing his identity with that of the other John Royal. He himself was the son of Philip Royal and Pauline Hart.

When they reached their destination, Royal hurried them to the hotel, secured rooms, and established them comfortably. Then he left them, to see after his patient, he said, and to attend to other matters. Mrs. Hart followed him into the corridor to say that if there should be

any service for the sick man which she could perform, he must not fail to let her know; and both ladies bade him send them news of the poor fellow's condition.

Royal walked down the corridor with a step quickened by anxiety. He had hurried the ladies in, not daring to make inquiries in the office nor to interrogate the servant. The hotel-people were aware that he had gone for the sick man's friends; he had himself informed the proprietor of his intention, explaining the impossibility of immediate communication with them by telegraph. The ladies under his charge would be received as appertaining to John Royal.

At the door of the sick-room he paused, to compose his countenance, and to shake off, if possible, the weariness which oppressed him. Then he opened it and entered.

The shutters had been closed, and there was no fire in the grate. The outside air entered freely, but it could not dispel the strange odors in the room: about the place there was a look of neatness that was unmistakable; every chair was in place, and the white covering of the bed hung straight and smooth over the sharp outlines of that which lay beneath.

Royal crossed the room and folded back the sheet from the dead man's face. It was very peaceful, with all the lines of care and pain smoothed out, and that strange reflection of a light that never was on land or sea touching and brightening the still features into a look of youth, a look of hope. Royal replaced the covering with a pain at his heart which his brief acquaintance with the dead man would hardly justify. It was as though a part of his own life had been suddenly swept into the infinite. That silent form would be a barrier forever separating his future from his past.

He touched the bell.

It was answered almost immediately by a colored man, one of the hotel waiters, whom he, in the urgency of the case, had installed as nurse that very morning. How long ago it seemed looking backward through the full hours,—the hours so few in number, so plethoric with events, so pregnant with change which would affect his whole life! It almost seemed as though an ordinary lifetime must have intervened since he had given his hurried directions to the man now standing before him. He pointed towards the bed.

"When did it happen?" he inquired.

The man, a civil and intelligent fellow, stepped to the bureau and brought the dead man's watch. "'Twas mighty easy an' peaceful at de las', sar," he said, as he handed it. "He suffered mightily arter you lef', an' t'other doctor he look like he couldn't give him no res'. 'Twa'n't in his limbs, sar,—all feelin' had gone out'n dem; 'twas in his body an' back. Den de inside hemo'ages come on, an' he sunk rapid, an' at las' jus' drapp'd off like a chile gwine to sleep. De doctor had got 'feared an' gone for 'nother doctor, or somebody, so 'twa'n't nobody wid him 'ceptin' me an' Lucy, de 'ooman whar waits on dis passage. I 'lowed you mout be partic'lar 'bout de time, bein' a doctor yo'self, an' my mem'ry ain't good like it used to be, so I jus' stopped his watch arter breath had lef' him good."

Royal opened the watch in his hand. It had been stopped at ten minutes to twelve.

He replaced it on the bureau and signed to the negro to leave the room. Then he sat himself down beside the dead man and tried to think.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT thought, in his then physical condition, was an impossibility. The more he endeavored to muster ideas into line, to pursue suggestions and to reach definite conclusions, the more elusive did each and all become. The affair was at a dead-lock which his wearied brain refused even to strive to break, busying itself perversely, instead, with the requirements of his wearied body. Nature had been pushed to the point of resistance and doggedly demanded her rights.

Had the case been that of another man, Royal would have recognized the futility of his effort at once, but, for himself, he persisted fully half an hour in the totally useless experiment of trying to force nerve and brain-tissue to work of which, for the time, they were incapable,—thereby proving that knowledge and experience admit of more ready application to general than to particular cases, and also the truth of the proposition that a man has usually one rule for his neighbor and another for himself. However, he gave it up at last, forced, like his betters, to admit that so long as spirit shall be incorporate in matter it must submit to the limitations of matter. He made such temporary explanations to the ladies under his charge, and such arrangements for their comfort, as would relieve him of anxiety on their account for the hours necessary to secure needed rest for himself.

When he awoke, the light was struggling through the shutters with the gray pallor peculiar to winter dawn. The great hotel and the streets around it were as still as the heart of a desert. Royal dressed himself and went to the window. All along the street, in places, shadows lay, as sharply defined as silhouettes by the electric glare, which deals little in the soft shading and witchery of the moonlight which it simulates. It was too early even for the rattling of milk-carts or the matutinal billingsgate of sparrows; but away in the distance, beyond the voiceless thoroughfares and expressionless houses, the sky was faintly coloring, for joy in a coming good.

Royal drew a chair to the window, and grappled anew with the situation, taking it externally, and as apart from himself, after the manner of a man of action whose intuitive position relative to circumstance is that of an extraneous, coercive force, rather than one which is inherent and, insensibly, regulative.

It did not take him many moments to decide that a disclosure of the true state of the case was inevitable, and must be made as speedily as possible. In spite of the intimate connection with the affairs of the dead man which had been thrust upon him, he knew next to nothing of his family relations or circumstances. He might have brothers and sisters, even parents, living, with whom it would be necessary to communicate at once by letter or telegram. There would be funeral

arrangements to make, and explanations of some sort to give to the curious. A man dying amid a hotel-full of people cannot be carried to a cemetery and incontinently buried without further cognizance being taken of the matter than such as would be involved in the settlement of hotel and undertaker's charges. None knew better than Royal the impossibility of avoidance or escape from the omnipresence of human curiosity.

The question in point was, to whom should the story first be told? Under ordinary circumstances it would have seemed to him most fitting that the person most nearly concerned in an affair should be the one earliest made intimate with its ramifications; but the present circumstances were anything but ordinary, and the communication he was called upon to make might easily be reckoned unprecedented. Royal's instincts revolted from the straightforward method: it seemed to him rough and brutal. He still hoped, in some as yet misty and mysterious manner, to be able to spare Phyllis a little, or at least to soften things for her. Knowledge of her affliction had aroused his interest in a way totally apart from, and yet strangely commingled with, the interest awakened by the peculiarity of his own position towards her.

To this last, indeed, he gave little thought, for in his mind she was still too closely associated with John Royal to admit of identification in any way with himself. He was simply conscious, as a man, of an infinite pity for her, and, as a physician, of the fact that here was a case which would require delicate handling.

His thought hovered around Mrs. Hart with an ever-increasing sense of relief and satisfaction. Here was a beacon amid the rough waters for them. He had been brought too frequently into juxtaposition with the creature feminine under various and trying circumstances not to recognize a sensible and helpful woman whenever he beheld one. If there should be worse breakers ahead, she would indicate their presence and also show him how to shape his course so as to avoid more damage than would be imperative. Of his own unaided efforts in this matter he had come to feel profound distrust.

The event proved that he had not reckoned without his host, for, when the natural consternation and bewilderment incident to an upheaval of accepted conditions had passed away, Mrs. Hart rallied to his assistance with all the gallantry of a large-natured woman. Her acquaintance with John Royal had been so slight that her regret for his death was without the poignancy of personal bereavement, while her admiration, sympathy, and comprehension of his motives and character rendered the process by which she set him apart and exalted him into a chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche* a simple evolution of sentiment.

Her most active and dominant thought in the matter was for Phyllis.

After some moments given to meditation, during which Royal watched her, conscious of naught so much as the relief of divided responsibility, she turned a troubled face towards him.

"It's positively awful, this happening just now," she declared. "I mean, it's more disastrous than if it should have happened at any other

time. You haven't got at all the complications yet; but you're a doctor, and a member of the family, so I can speak quite freely, and can depend on you, I'm sure, to help me decide what will be best for that poor child in the other room. This calamity ought to be kept from her; and, yet, how we are going to contrive to keep it I can't see. Perhaps you may be able to suggest a way."

In her anxiety she ignored the fact of the marriage by proxy having really taken place, or rather she unconsciously allowed for it on a wrong premise. Dr. Royal himself she accepted pretty much as his namesake had accepted him, as a man who inspired trust and might help her out of a difficulty. The fact that, so far, he had proved himself more adroit at complicating difficulties than at furnishing solutions for them somehow failed of its proper impression. John Royal's death, for the time being, appeared to nullify all that had preceded it.

Royal now learned that for more than a year the girl had been under treatment for the disease which obscured her vision; that she had spent months at Mrs. Hart's house in Alexandria during the previous winter, in order to be near the celebrated oculist who had charge of her case, and who divided his time between New York and Washington. The case had progressed so favorably that the great man had appointed a day within that month—indeed, within the next fortnight—for the final and all-important operation which would restore her sight or leave her hopeless forever.

Meanwhile, the strictest care had been enjoined to keep the patient bright and hopeful, to surround her with cheerful influences and auguries of promise. Nature must be induced to co-operate with science to effect a cure. Any sudden or overwhelming emotion, any violent change of conditions, either mental or physical, was to be specially guarded against. That was the reason why she had not been taken to the hospital to be married after the accident. Royal had feared contact with his own pain for her. For the same reason they had, with one consent, made light of the accident; for it had been necessary to tell her of it, guardedly, because of a word or two she had overheard, and also to account for the fact of Royal's enforced delay.

It had not seemed worth while to postpone the marriage. Immediate possession of the money had been a matter of grave importance; and both parties were fully aware that it could be a marriage only in form until the great question for Phyllis should be decided. After the accident, indeed, John Royal had been more than ever insistent that the arrangements should stand. They had yielded to him, and had kept Phyllis bright and interested about her plans, and so prevented her from thinking too much, or growing anxious.

She had wonderful self-control, poor child, and knew the paramount importance of absence of pronounced emotion; but what woman's self-control would be equal to the strain which knowledge of her lover's death must put on hers? Then, too, she had been sustained in her efforts by consciousness that happiness for John, as well as for herself, was involved in her preservation of equanimity. And what will not a woman do, and endure, to make herself worthy in the eyes

of the man who loves her? If this incentive and restraint should be removed, who could tell what disastrous consequences might ensue?

Mrs. Hart well-nigh wrung her hands in her sympathetic appreciation of the difficulty of the situation. To be so near the goal and then have hope balked of fruition! And now when the loss of the money would make the recovery of sight more than ever a priceless boon! What could a blind woman, without money, be save a dependant all her days? And what a fate was that to contemplate from the standpoint of two-and-twenty! If only John Royal could have accomplished his purpose! If only the broken frame could have obeyed the heroic will! Mrs. Hart's tears fell fast from very pity and a swift realization of human impotence.

Royal's words surprised her:

"Was she much attached to her cousin?" He put the question in a low voice.

For attachment in the sense of lovers Mrs. Hart could not answer, but thought it improbable that that sort of ardor could now be a factor in the engagement. The pair had been separated for six years, and during that time it was reasonable to suppose that the youthful emotion which had drawn them together should have evaporated. That there existed, however, strong love between the cousins their conduct towards each other had proved. John Royal had been a quiet man, she had always heard, absorbed in his profession and ambitious of distinction therein; not a man of much worldly wisdom, nor much addicted to society. Phyllis had doubtless nursed her romance as much through force of circumstances as aught else: she had been brought up in the knowledge and belief that her cousin would be her matrimonial destiny; and during her most impressible years she had been held apart from forming any other attachment by the blight which had slowly and insidiously crept over her.

"It was that which prevented Miss Royal from summoning John home before," Mrs. Hart explained. "She was so anxious that Phyllis's sight should be restored before he should see her; and the disease was obliged to run its course. Anne liked to arrange the procession for her people down to the most minute details. She kept full knowledge of the child's condition from him, and I believe it was only just before her last illness, when the possibility of cure was at hand, that she took him into true confidence. And, as ill luck would have it, that letter did not reach John for months after it was written."

"Why did she make that iniquitous will?" demanded Royal, who felt that here he also had cause of complaint.

"God knows! I think, however, that it was made just before John sailed for Europe, and while the engagement was fresh with them all, and the young people very much in love. Perhaps her idea was to keep John true by making his cousin's future dependent on his constancy. When a copy of the will was sent him, after his aunt's death, and some indignation was expressed, John wrote us that he had been aware of its contents for years. None of the other friends were. They might have coaxed some reason and justice into Anne Royal if they had been. Like a great many women, she never talked about

wills : she seemed to have a feeling that to make, or even mention, such a thing would be to prop the door open for death."

No one more than Hart Royal could appreciate the importance of satisfactory adjustments between physical and mental relations in cases like the present. He talked the matter over with Mrs. Hart, and, out of their pity for the girl and an unconscious adaptation of their thought to the lines indicated by John Royal's conduct in regard to her, they decided that they would continue to shield her from knowledge of her bereavement until the operation should have been performed. It would be but for a short time, they thought, and no living being would be injured.

Of the property there would be no occasion to think for three months yet, as that time must elapse ere the executor would render his account. And of Royal's kindred there was none, accessible, more near than Phyllis. His parents had entered into rest many years before, and of his two sisters one had died in childhood, and the other had married a missionary and gone away with him to some impossible place where a letter would be months in reaching her.

They removed Phyllis to another hotel, where there would be no chance of her accidentally acquiring more knowledge than they desired for her. She had been told of the death of the stranger, and also that he was really a kinsman, and alone in the world ; which sufficiently explained the fact that John and Nina should decide to remain in Matoacca until after the funeral.

They followed him alone, those two, well knowing that if the still heart and quiet brain could respond to sentient thought or emotion John Royal's decision would be that it were better the guerdon of tears should be withheld from his memory forever, than that the falling of the drops should dim one chance of light for the eyes of his beloved.

CHAPTER VII.

ROYAL had about completed his arrangements for leaving the hotel in which so much of import had occurred, when a chance remark caused his own position in this affair of his namesake to assume proportions and a complexity which well-nigh overwhelmed him.

He was standing in the hotel office, near the clerk's desk, on which lay the open register. The young doctor stood at his elbow, the same to whose fledgling care John Royal had been committed. They had been speaking of the case and of its untoward ending, and had gone into details of interest and importance to no mortal soul save members of the profession. Suddenly the young fellow put a question :

"Were you brothers? Excuse me for asking, but the name is the same for both on the register," laying his hand on the book. "They've put the same initials, too. But that's a mistake, I reckon."

No, Royal explained, there was no mistake. The names were the same, and they were kinsmen, but not brothers. He cast his eye on the register, as he spoke, and read beneath the name of Mrs. Walter Hart that of Mrs. John Hart Royal. It surprised him, for he had no

recollection whatever of having placed it there. Then he remembered that in the excitement and hurry of the arrival he had neglected to register the ladies at all. It was probable that the clerk had supplied the omission from information obtained at the fountain-head.

"His wife, I suppose," the young physician hazarded.

In the second which elapsed before he replied, Hart Royal's mind seemed to work over the whole case, from start to finish, like an electric flash. He appeared suddenly confronted by a point of view the instantaneous absorption of which by his consciousness made it seem something which he had known all along, only failed to give it due prominence. The pause ere he spoke was so slight that it passed unheeded by the by-standers; but during it Royal's whole mental position, and a good part of his external circumstances, had been shifted.

"No," he made answer, quietly. "The young lady is his cousin and next of kin. She is my wife."

CHAPTER VIII.

"POOR child! Poor Phyllis!"

Mrs. Hart's face wore a compassionate expression, and her voice had tender, commiserating inflections. She stood by the window, looking out into the street with eyes which conveyed to her mind no image of that on which they rested.

Royal paused in his restless walk and silently gazed at her. Her tone made him wince, like the touch of a nettle. He was too much oppressed by the result of his own precipitation not to be sore and irritable. Involuntarily he resented the implied depreciation.

"I'm not a bad man, as men go," he remonstrated. "A blundering fool, if you will, but no villain. Your tone implies that I have been both."

Mrs. Hart turned towards him. As she did so she caught an expression on the young man's face which reminded her curiously of her husband. Her eyes softened, and a smile came to her lips. She had seen the look before, during the days that they had been together, and always with mute, wistful acknowledgment of the tie between them. After all, he was Phil Royal's son, and of their own people,—which fact, in the lady's mind, considerably ameliorated the situation. What would have been her attitude towards Royal if, instead of being a member of the family with blood right of interference, he had turned out simply a blundering stranger whose tender nature had ruled his reason to such disastrous effect, it is difficult to imagine. Fortunately for Royal, she was not put to the test. A kinsman, like the shape of a nose, can be accepted and endured with the pleasing consciousness that, externally, the worst is known of him; while the introduction of a stranger into one's life may be attended with as grave risks as those incident to the French notary's experiment.

Mrs. Hart loved romance with a Southern woman's love, and, moreover, she was gifted with a subtle sense of humor. Interwoven with the tragic and pathetic elements of the affair there was comedy as well, for those sufficiently disengaged to appreciate it. And, for the life of her, Mrs. Hart could not forbear imaginative pictures of the self-complacent soul of her kinswoman, assertively comporting itself in the infinite, suddenly confronted with a view of the situation as it now stood. Even a disembodied spirit, in such case, could not escape recognition of limitations and acknowledgment of the futility of all arrangements for pulling stroke in the life-boat of other people after this mortal shall have put on immortality. The pithy old Scotch proverb recurred again and again to Mrs. Hart's secretly-diverted mind with a relishing sense of its applicability.

"What did the lawyers say?" she questioned, coming towards him, and tacitly ignoring her own discourteous exclamation and his impatient reception of it.

Royal pushed a chair towards her, but declined one for himself. In his nervously excited condition it pleased him better to tramp about the room. They had been in Alexandria a week, coming directly home with Mrs. Hart after John Royal's funeral; and during that time the dead man's substitute had devoted himself to discovering what might be his legal status in the affair. Of his case in equity he had no shadow of doubt.

"There hasn't been time enough for anything like research yet, and a lawyer is nothing without precedent," he answered. "I've seen a couple of fellows here and stated the case hypothetically; and I've talked to a man or two in Washington besides. Of course I've only gotten horseback opinions as yet. Nobody I've seen has ever gone into a thing like this. One fellow told me plainly that he didn't believe such a case had ever been imagined before."

"But the general impression was—what?"

Royal paused beside her chair, and stood looking thoughtfully down at her:

"As far as John Royal is concerned, the case has but one point of view. They all agree on that. The proxy marriage was no marriage. Under the circumstances it couldn't be. A man *in articulo mortis*, as John Royal was at the time of the ceremony, cannot enter into a contract: the law wouldn't recognize such an act as conscious and voluntary. Even if he had lived it is doubtful whether the proxy marriage would have stood. It would have given us what we wanted, though,—a fighting chance for the money. Marriages by proxy are so unusual that the law don't provide for differentiations of them."

"Then the marriage with John is null and void?"

"It's non-existent."

"And with *you*?"

Mrs. Hart looked searchingly up at him: she put out her hand to prevent him from resuming his restless pacing backward and forward.

"The marriage with me was genuine. Listen, and I'll try to make it clear to you."

With allowance made for inaccuracies of understanding and state-

ment due to lack of legal knowledge and a, perforce, *prima facie* reading of the case, the gist of that which Royal had gathered was this. Marriage was the special charge of the law, and by it regarded as the prime pillar of civilization, therefore every possible facility had been afforded people for entering the matrimonial state; the notion being, apparently, that the more marriages the more props,—*ergo*, the more civilization.

In the present case the names of the two men being identical and age and appearance sufficiently similar to cause the license to fit either indifferently, and the woman having consented to *marry the man she was with*, the marriage ceremony, it was declared, had constituted them man and wife, and nothing short of a divorce could change the relation. The woman had designed and intended to marry her cousin John Hart Royal, and she had married her cousin John Hart Royal, and the fact that the man she had espoused was not the man to whom she had engaged herself could not militate against the stronger fact that she had considered the man with whom she had gone through the ceremony as the contracting party. This no subsequent declarations would change.

That Hart Royal by suppression of the fact that he was acting as proxy should have invested himself with entire responsibility as principal appeared to follow as a logical sequence. And any *ex post facto* effort to free himself from the consequences of his blundering might justly be considered as treacherous evasion, and would certainly be accredited to a discovery on his part that his impersonation of the dead man would be barren of financial results,—would place him, in short, in the position of a baffled and malignant impostor.

"You see how it is," the poor fellow fumed. "I'm caught in the trap by both legs. If I hold to my marriage, I'll be foisting on a woman a husband she don't love and don't want, and that, too, when she thinks she's married to somebody else. And if I get a divorce in order to free her, she may think, and the world will say, that I do it because I can't get hold of the money. Nobody had a hint of the proxy business at the time, and nobody is going to believe in it now. I wouldn't myself, if I were outside of it all. People will swear the whole thing was a plant from beginning to end, and that I'm shaking the bag because I've got found out. There never was such a confounded mess since the world began!"

He actually stamped on the floor in his impotence and bewilderment. Mrs. Hart's face was turned from him, but a suspicious gurgle and movement of her shoulders attracted his attention and changed the current of his thought.

"Oh, it's tremendously funny, I dare say!" he growled. "I don't see the joke myself, but to an outsider I suppose it's exquisite. 'Tisn't often one has the chance of rejoicing over a man wriggling in a dilemma like a worm in a woodpecker's beak. I'd laugh outright, though, if I were you. It's more decent than sniggering in corners."

A handsome face, in which amusement struggled with contrition, was turned towards him, and two hands were cordially extended:

"Forgive me, John; and don't be cross! I'm going to help you, I am indeed, with wits and will both. Only I couldn't forbear a quiet

chuckle. You looked so preternaturally concerned and solemn and—and caught."

Royal was mollified. Few people could resist the charm of Mrs. Hart's manner; it was invigorating and comforting, like sunshine. Catching her eye, he experienced a sudden and delicious revulsion of feeling, like that produced by a bit of commonplace in an abstruse volume. He bit his lip to keep from smiling.

"Nina," he rebuked, "the way you are taking this affair is positively subversive of morals. Instead of howling at me with indignation, and hounding on the populace with tar and feathers, you are acting as though the situation wasn't past mending. And I believe, in your soul, you are enjoying—yes, actually enjoying it with the flippancy of a *gamin*. What do you suppose is going to become of you in the other country if you don't fetch his folly home to the fool in this?"

His words were light, but they overlay considerable emotion. He was grateful to her with a gratitude beyond expression for her sympathetic comprehension.

"Something more satisfactory than endless psalmody or aerial progression, I hope," she smiled. "Mocking at those in sore straits and grievously tormented *I* hold to be my mission. Seriously, though, I *am* sorry for you,—truly sorry. But after all, John, it isn't *you* that matters so much. The situation is, and will be, much harder on Phyllis. You *did* it, you know. When there is a smash-up the man who holds the reins and does the breaking gets the most comfort out of the affair."

The mention of his cousin's name caused Royal's face to soften, and he let the blood-relation frankness of his companion's speech pass. His intercourse with Phyllis, restricted as it had necessarily been, had awakened within him a tender, chivalrous devotion, touched and materialized by admiration and a sense of personal possession. Her acceptance of and absolute trust in him, her sweetness, patience, and courage, won on him day by day. His professional instinct prevented him from feeling any of that intangible, egotistic shrinking from affliction inherent in so many men, and the hopefulness of her case caused it to present no bar to her attractiveness. Then, too, it is probable that the consciousness that she was his wife—no matter how she had become so—stirred and influenced his emotions more deeply than he was himself aware.

He was very considerate and gentle with her, having always in mind that time of disclosure which must surely come. He had taken no advantage of the situation, and he intended to take none. Probably his unconscious manliness explained the readiness with which Mrs. Hart had constituted herself his ally. Her own instincts in regard to her sex were tender and protective.

"What are you going to do?"

She had risen, for from the room across the hall there came to her ear the sound of soft music. The blind girl had found her way to the piano, and was cheering her darkness in the manner she loved best. They had left her long enough alone.

Royal squared himself.

"It would make a pretty case," he observed, impersonally. "The

lawyers told me so. That ten minutes to twelve—the time of the death and the ceremony—would admit of considerable argument. The ‘shake-bag’ fellows would flock to it like hogs to the call of corn. But I’m going to give them the go-by, divorce courts and all. I shall stand to my marriage.”

“And the money?”

Royal’s thought consigned the money to the halls of Eblis with emphasis and despatch; his speech was more circumspect:

“The money has done harm enough. It’s been the active agent in the imbroglio. We’ll let that part of the business mellow for a while. John Royal’s legacy is of vastly more importance than his aunt’s.”

The expression of Mrs. Hart’s face as she quitted the room was like spring weather, a conflict between sunshine and shower. She managed, however, to cast a jest back at him over her shoulder:

“In the division there’ll perhaps be enough to buy a ring for Phyllis,—by putting two parts together. My own share shall be entirely devoted to defrayment of expenses for making my will according to the Royal prerogative.”

CHAPTER IX.

A DECISION once reached, Royal’s mind clarified, like a pool in the quiescence which follows a violent stirring up. His difficulties were by no means dissolved or dissipated, any more than is the mud at the bottom of the pool, but for the moment they sank out of sight.

The day following was the one appointed for the operation, and when that should be over he would go away for a time, so as to leave Phyllis in the state of absolute calm which would be essential to complete the cure. He had already exceeded the limit he had allowed himself for holiday-making, and his affairs in the West required his presence. His practice had been intrusted to a brother physician on whose time and courtesy he felt he could no longer trespass, and, as he had assumed new responsibilities and was, moreover, a man by no means independent of his own exertions, it behooved him to return home and look after his interests.

Phyllis must remain in Alexandria, to be near the oculist, for many months to come, and during that time Royal hoped to arrange matters in such fashion as to withdraw his future, in a measure, from the shadow of the dead man’s past. The feeling of possession, of being himself, and yet other than himself, which had been so strong upon him during the ceremony, had modified, but enough of it remained to make him restive. To himself, he neither denied the impression nor attempted to explain it, and he spoke of the matter to no one. That the soul of a dying man, freed from the material in the intensity of a dominant and unfulfilled desire, should, operating through spiritual or imaginative laws, influence the soul of another man dominated by the same desire and in an abnormally quickened condition by reason of nervous excitement, was, to him, a thinkable proposition, and one which it would require no more credulity to admit than would be de-

manded by nine-tenths of the theses constantly presented for the consideration of mankind.

The intellectual man was, in Royal, sufficiently developed to enable him to recognize that all thought pertaining to that Infinite which permeates and transcends material things must forever root itself in instinct and intuition, and also that his individual knowledge of the laws of spirit, or imagination, gleaned from observation of their manifestation in the life of matter, was, relative to his ignorance, as a single plume from an eagle's wing to the sum of the bird's aerial journeyings.

Still, withal, Royal was a very human-natured man, and, since realization that Phyllis was his own wife had come to him, matrimonial association of her, even in idea, with another man had become offensive. It was not that he was jealous of the dead man's memory: Royal was not sufficiently in love for that, and would besides have been incapable of the meanness. Phyllis, as his wife, would be quite as free to expend regret upon her cousin as though she were still unwed. That which galled Royal was his inability, for the time, to escape, in her thought, from the dead man's identity,—the knowledge that he was not *himself* to her, but the incarnation of another soul. It gave him, when with her, a sense of duality which was maddening. The endeavor to think the things which John Royal might have thought, and to speak the words which John Royal might have spoken, made him, at times, feel almost ready to cut his own throat, if only to evict the interloping spirit which seemed to share the material tenement with his own.

"I know to the finest fibre of sensation how it feels to be haunted," he whimsically declared to Mrs. Hart. "Ever since that fellow thrust his identity upon me, my soul has had a Siamese twin. He ought to be ashamed to hang on to earth so. It's stealing a march on the other ghosts who have to cut into the Infinite the instant death shuts the door on them."

"It won't be for long now," comforted the lady. "And after a while, when it shall have become past experience, you'll view it as a psychological phenomenon of great interest and importance. You'll take pride in it as an exceptional manifestation of heaven knows what, and write articles, which nobody will read, or could understand if they should, devoted entirely to its analysis; from which you will gain renown."

"That may be," grumbled Royal, "but as *present* experience I find duality of being disconcerting. If I don't get out of this before long I'll blurt the whole truth out to Phyllis, if only to give my incommoded soul standing-room in its own body."

Mrs. Hart laughed: "I wonder Phyllis has never suspected anything. The idea that you may be other than you seem never appears to shadow her mind. To be sure, the time has been short and your intercourse desultory and superficial; added to which, her whole soul is absorbed in anticipations about the recovery of her sight. But you are *obliged* to make blunders,—multitudes of blunders,—and she ought to notice them. I'm disappointed in her penetration."

"You needn't be," Royal retorted. "My familiar stands by me

better than that. When I blunder I recover myself with a nimbleness and celerity which would shame an acrobat. You underrate my ability. I'm getting in a stock of substitution and suppression which would furnish capital for the founders of many theories. Besides, we've the margin of those six years, into which considerable change may be crowded."

In which last statement Royal fastened on a truth; for, with Phyllis, all discrepancies (and the time, as Mrs. Hart remarked, had been too short for many) were put down to the inevitable growth, modification, and readjustments effected by the passage of time. Phyllis was a sensible girl, wise with the wisdom of thought and nature, and she was conscious of so much change in herself that it seemed reasonable to suppose that her cousin had changed also. That he had ceased to be a demonstrative man had surprised her at first, because the lover of her memory had been addicted to endearments. Then she reflected that it was quite natural he should no longer love her in the old way, since, latterly, that long gap had not even been bridged by letters. It would take time and mutual knowledge to erect a new love,—or rather a new superstructure of love in which to dwell; for the foundation must be secure still, else he could not have done for her sake the things which she knew he had done. She did not associate the idea of the money with his conduct in any ignoble way. There was no intimate juxtaposition between love and money in her mind, for life on a lonely country farm prevents the two from seeming in any way interdependent.

She could think the matter out at leisure and demonstrate it quite to her satisfaction; for she was no more actively in love than she supposed her cousin to be,—only deeply grateful, and filled with trust in him and content that he should be her husband. No man could be more considerate, she thought, or show more solicitude in regard to obedience to instructions,—although, to be sure, he was a physician himself, which of course gave them greater value in his eyes. His self-control appeared to her noble and beautiful, and she determined that when her eyes should be opened—unconsciously she used the scriptural phrase—she would show him how sweet a thing could be a woman's gratitude.

Then her thought would hover yearningly, as it had done for years, over her chances for recovery of sight, until she would bethink her of the oculist's instructions and dismiss the matter, as much as might be, from her mind.

Save in the matter of caresses (which he felt would be an unfair advantage to take of her), Royal was not remiss in lover-like attentions. He intended to win the girl's love, if possible, before he should claim her as his wife, for he had wholesome notions relative to marriage. While not consciously in love, as yet, he was strongly attracted, and he healthily and manfully set himself to make of the attraction a line which the stronger emotion would find it easy to follow. It was in his favor that he had had no previous *affaire de cœur*,—that his profession had, insensibly, led him to generalize women. It was in his favor also that when he embarked upon an enterprise his nature drove him on the

course without much regard for wind or tide. If a man should marry a wife it was his business to love her as his own soul, and to strain every nerve to make her happy. Such was his simple creed,—as it is, unconfessedly, the creed of more men than gain credit for it with either the world or women.

So Phyllis discovered in him no lack, being preoccupied by her great hope and not rendered exacting by any selfishness of passion. Once a thought, or rather speculation, as to the events of those six years of absence, caused her to put a question to him. They were sitting in a darkened room, the girl at the piano and Royal in a low chair not far removed from her. She had been playing for him, soft music with minor cadences. Something in it suggested the thought to which she gave utterance with the directness of a child :

"Have you ever loved a woman, John? Not *me*, in that old time when we were both so young and didn't understand things. I mean *real* love,—the kind of feeling that makes thought of one particular woman like the pulse of a man's heart to him. You needn't be afraid to tell me if you should have. I shall not be jealous,"—then, slowly, and more truthfully, "at least I don't think I shall."

The end of her sentence suggested a possibility which brought a smile to Royal's lips and set his nerves to thrilling. Had she been other than she was, he might have been tempted to the experiment of quickening love by goading it with the baser passion. But in her helpless darkness he felt that a man would be a brute who should even wound her vanity.

"No," he answered, simply, "I have never loved a woman,—that is, any other woman but you."

She turned towards him with the swiftness and certainty of a woman gifted with sight, and laid her hand upon his arm. Then, before he could divine her intention, she had slipped from her place at the instrument and was on her knees beside his chair. He trembled a little, but kept still. She laid her other hand against his cheek and turned his face towards her.

"There is something I want you to do for me, John," she said, in a low voice,—“just a little thing, but it will make a difference to us later on. If you had ever loved another woman, I should not ask it,—should not want it; but *now*—”

"Yes?" he murmured, for she had paused.

Her head drooped towards him until her forehead touched his shoulder. "Let my husband's face be the first that my eyes shall see when the light of day is given back to them," she whispered.

Royal's pulses throbbed madly, and his effort to restrain his longing to clasp her to his breast and seek her lips with his own amounted well-nigh to physical pain. The anomaly of the situation mocked him. He dared not take advantage, knowing as he did that the husband whose image was in her heart was not the husband against whose breast she leaned. He could not answer her, because of the struggle in his soul; nor could he let her go unanswered. He lifted her face between his hands and touched with his lips once—twice—the silken bandage which covered those sealed eyes.

CHAPTER X.

It has been said that "to know a woman a man must love her." The phrase should be amended to this, "to know *himself* a man should love a woman," and so it would contain more verity. For a man's love is like quicksilver, and collects all the true metal of his nature and runs away with it into the receiving-pan of the woman's nature whom he loves, so that, all his gold being withdrawn, he can obtain an undazzled view of the grit, dirt, and rubbish of which he may be composed; which inspection may result in the removal of some portion of the unsightly mass.

With the touch of his wife's face for the first time against his breast Royal's emotions developed like a plant when light falls on it. Pity smiled, and moved aside her wings and discovered a beautiful new-born love cradled in his heart. And at sight of it the man, in spirit, bowed himself, even as the wise men of long ago had bowed themselves at the birth of Love more perfect.

Her request had touched and stirred him, and he alternated between longing to let her have her way and dread of what might be the consequences. He had gone over the situation so often that his perspective had become confused and his mind sometimes failed to grasp the true relation of values. In that matter of recognition, for instance, it did not occur to him that recollection of John Royal's face must necessarily have faded with the passage of years, particularly as the nature of things made it impossible that it should have been, during the latter portion, at least, of his absence, quickened by the inspection of photographs. The dead man's features were so vividly present in his own memory that he failed to realize that they could not be equally stamped on Phyllis's.

The knowledge that they were not was brought home to him, not by the rational exercise of the powers with which he had been gifted, but by a totally outside happening.

The all-important day dawned, waxed, and waned, as other days. The oculist, a tiny man with a reputation which it took two continents to hold, came and did his work and went his way, leaving behind him success, joy, and the certainty, humanly speaking, of permanent cure. For months to come the utmost care, quiet, and caution were enjoined, and then, if all things should go well, the night of years would give place to the blessedness of sunshine.

During the operation the patient had been held under an anodyne, and when she came again to herself it was to find the bandage still over her eyes and all external circumstances much as they had been. Her disappointment was intense.

"You did not let me see," she said, reproachfully. "And I *wanted* to see,—just one little blessed glimpse of light after all this long darkness."

They comforted her with reports of the success of the operation and the oculist's cheering forecast, and preached patience to her, as though she needed it and also as though the fag-end of a siege of patience were not just the hardest part of all.

Royal's plans for departure had been made and announced, but he lingered for a day or two, treating his resolution, and anxious likewise for a little rest before more happenings should come.

"You had better go and be done with it," Mrs. Hart insisted. "You can't tell her yet, because she's a woman and will certainly weep when told, and tears at this juncture would be ruinous. You'll be obliged to come back in a couple of months to meet the executors, and then you can make a clean breast all around."

Even Phyllis was sensible about it,—a great deal too sensible, Royal thought. He would have liked to see her manifest more desire to keep him with her. In his rapidly-growing absorption in his new emotion he neglected to allow for the fact that the girl's heart was too full of the *gloria in excelsis* over her own deliverance to admit of much fretting over trifles. But, then, when did an absence of months from the side of the beloved ever appear a trifle in the eyes of a man in love? To Royal's thinking, the women—but particularly Phyllis—displayed a callousness that was indecent. Love, as well as *amour-propre*, was wounded, and he felt sore, resentful, and very low in his mind.

"Do you think she'll ever forgive me?" he gloomily inquired of Mrs. Hart on the eve of his departure. "I don't see how she can, myself. It seems such a horrid job to have put up on a woman! It didn't look that way at the time, to me, or to John Royal either,—that I'll swear. It looks tremendously different now from what it did then."

Which is not to be wondered at, considering that love had provided him with the capacity for another point of view. Mrs. Hart turned her head away and laughed in secret places. She saw how it was with him, and gloated over it. The solution of the difficulty would come in the natural and soul-satisfying way dear to the heart of a woman who healthily loved romance.

"There is no reason under heaven why she shouldn't forgive you," she responded, cheerfully. "You did a crazy, witless thing, but you did it with good intentions and entangled yourself as badly as you did her. And you are certainly doing your utmost to redeem your foolishness. Don't be disheartened. When Phyllis shall have gotten over the shock of your change of identity, things will adjust themselves and she'll adopt you. Come back when the fruition of her hope is fresh on her, and you'll find her in too softened and thankful a mood to admit of harsh judgment."

Royal gravely regarded her.

"After all," he observed, speculatively, "a live dog is better than a dead lion."

"If you like to put it that way," she laughed. "To me it sounds unflattering; and I do not admit the inference."

Then they spoke of other matters.

The light in the parlor was subdued, for the shades were lowered. It was irksome to Phyllis to be confined to one room, and troublesome to other people to run about and lower shades, so Mrs. Hart kept the whole house darkened, and groped and stumbled about herself with the greatest amiability, compelling her servants and guests to do the same. Sometimes, however, when Phyllis was not in the room, she

would pull up a shade and let in a flood of light, to convince herself, she said, that she was only by choice an owl. She uncovered a window now, and stood beside it, talking to Royal.

Neither of them noticed that Phyllis had entered the room: she knew her way about perfectly, and was seldom awkward or unfortunate. The first intimation they had of her presence was a low, delighted laugh. They started and turned, to find her in the full light of the window, shading her uncovered eyes with her arched hands, from one of which dangled the bandage.

Mrs. Hart jerked down the shade with a quick exclamation at her rashness, and Royal caught the silk from her hand and replaced it over her eyes. She submitted, laughing softly all the while, and paying not the faintest heed to their reproaches.

"I have seen! I have seen!" she kept murmuring, with exultation.

After a moment or two she said, in a different voice,—

"How changed you are, John! Quite like a different man. I never should have known you in the world."

CHAPTER XI.

FOR miles out from a thriving city of the West a wagon-track leads into the mountains; not into the heart of the adjacent mining-district, for there the plethora of ore is great enough to require speedier methods of disgorgement than can be furnished by mule-teams, but back into the wilderness of the ranges which rise crest on crest, summit above summit, and melt and blend in the violets and purples of illimitable distance. The road, little used in later years for heavy traffic, has become scarcely more than an old trail, but affords a pleasant, if circuitous, route to some of the isolated mining-camps hidden away in the cañons.

The city lies in a gulch, which it has outgrown, and from which it has thrust itself upward on the hills and outward into the valley into which the gulch opens, growing naturally, as a crustacean grows, and splitting and casting its shell. It is a fair city to look upon, with long, straight streets and wide boulevards planted with cottonwoods and other shade-trees and bordered by beautiful homes in which are garnered love, hope, enterprise, and, frequently, unusual culture. Back of the city rise the mountains of the main range, holding treasures of gold under exteriors made rugged by rock and chasm and sombre with the gloom of primeval forests of pine and fir.

Royal, returning from a mining-camp whither he had been summoned to mitigate the results of a misunderstanding which had ended tumultuously, rode quietly along the old trail, letting his horse regulate the pace. He was tired, and a trifle depressed, for there had been no letter from the East for many days, and he felt anxious,—quite without reason, he continually assured himself, for the last report had been favorable; but the emotions are mutinous subjects: so he kept on feeling anxious, in defiance both of reason and of reiteration.

As they came out on a plateau above the city, Royal pulled up

his horse and sat gazing down upon it and letting his thought absorb the beauty of the scene and revel in its promise. He was, comparatively, a new-comer to the place, his residence only covering a period of seven or eight years, but he took pride in it, gloried in its enterprise, its wealth, its energy and progress. The story of its birth and growth was of interest to him, and he used frequently to entrap that embodiment of legends, the "oldest inhabitant," into spinning long yarns of the days when the town was but a handful of rough mining-shanties and men drew their supplies from Nature's storehouse round about, or went lacking; and of those earlier days when all had been unbroken solitude, the haunt of elk and bear and lesser wild creatures, until two miners, working northward, lured by tales of diggings of fabulous richness in the Kootanie country, had camped in the gulch one night, and there decided that their supply of food was too short to admit of their going farther.

The circumstance which at the time appeared to defeat all their calculations eventually developed into the very keystone of their fortunes, for the men, in despair of getting away, fell to digging where they were, and stuck at it pluckily, working with more hope and luck than knowledge. The goddess of chance justified their faith in her, and guided them to a find the fame whereof went abroad through the land, and swelled with its going, so that before the lucky miners had learned to wear their good fortune with ease the world, or that portion of it which deals in mines, was about their ears and clamorous to share it.

The nucleus of the city—the rough old log shanties—still stood away up the gulch, the abode of Chinamen and vagrants, on whom, for various incompetencies, Dame Fortune persistently turned her back. In the first year of his coming, when the spell of the place had been fresh upon him, Royal had been fond of poking about in the old town and tracking out the evolution of the "city fathers."

He had made his home in the place because the sister next him in age, and his special favorite, had married a man of the place and was solicitous to have him settle near her; in addition to which, the town appeared to offer inducements to a man of his profession. He liked the place, and, probably because of that liking, had prospered in it: the variety and vigor of the life formed a fit accompaniment to the impulses which dominated his nature.

During those eight years his parents had died, his old home in the Southwest had been broken up, and the members of his family scattered far and wide. Apart from the sister who lived here, and in whose life he was, of necessity, a factor of secondary importance, Royal was adrift from all domestic ties. Occasionally, when work was slack or his physical condition disordered, a sense of loneliness would settle around Royal like a gray cloud, and the longing for a life apart from that of his profession would cling to his spirit like the vapor of which the cloud is formed. His life was full, but not full enough; he cared for his profession, taking vivid pride in its every branch, but it only satisfied his brain, while his heart stood empty. Having the intellectual life in full measure, he craved the emotional life: the strength and virility of the man demanded fuller exercise and larger opportunities.

Particularly had this been the case since his return from the East the previous winter. The knowledge that he had a wife and should have a home made him restive, because, as yet, he was debarred enjoyment of either good. His eyes, as he gazed away into the distance, had a wistful look, his figure drooped in the saddle, and, involuntarily, his face was turned eastward.

A noise close at hand caused both horse and man to start and stand at attention. Near the roadside was a pile of dirt and rubbish thrown up by some sanguine and unsuccessful prospector in years gone by. The noise appeared to come from behind it, and had a curiously human sound. Royal touched his horse with the spur and rode around the heap to reconnoitre. On the farther side, near the edge of the old excavation, sat a brawny-looking man, in miner's garb, rocking himself backward and forward, and muttering, or swearing, in a sort of crooning undertone. His back was towards Royal, but at the sound of the horse's step he glanced sideways over his shoulder. Then he slouched forward again, and Royal, from the elevation of the saddle, could see that he had one leg drawn up and was feeling it slowly from knee to ankle.

"Good-day, mate," Royal called, with the ready free-masonry of the frontier. "Is anything the matter?"

"Damned if I don't believe it's broke," the miner made answer.

"What's broken?"

"My leg."

Royal was off his horse in an instant, and advanced, holding the bridle in his hand.

"How'd you manage that?"

The miner's face was pallid, underneath its tan and dinginess, and his eyes showed that his pain was considerable; but his mouth twisted into a quizzical smile as he answered,—

"I guess I must ha' been pretty full last night and missed the trail gwine into town. Sumthin' seems to ha' happened, anyhow. I come to myself awhile ago in the bottom o' that infernal trap,"—indicating the hole,—“sorter screwed round, an' damned uncomfortable, an' nary notion inside my skull how I got thar.”

Royal dropped his rein and came to the man's side. The horse moved off a step or two and snuffed the ground, nosing the half-dried grass daintily.

"He'll stand," Royal said, noting the man's expression. "Now let's have a look at the leg. I'm a doctor."

He cut away the miner's long boot and ripped up the leg of his trousers. The leg was broken in two places, and the bones grated as Royal moved the limb about; the bruised flesh was swollen and much discolored.

"It's a bad job, ain't it, doctor?" questioned the man, impersonally.

"Yes. It's a good many hours since the mischief was done, you see, and the leg's swollen. It's pretty painful, isn't it?"

The miner nodded.

"Tain't so bad as 'twas whenst I was scramblin' out'n that hole," he

observed. "I had to let her swing,—wantin' my hands for climbin'. That let the blood down, an' I felt like I'd got a boot-full o' hell-fire, an' every time she struck ag'in' the rocks (an' she struck pretty often) seemed like the devil had the poker an' was chunkin' her up."

Royal had the leather leg laid straight along the ground and was busy cutting the upper from the sole of the man's boot. He had lotions and bandages in his pockets, having carried a supply with him to the camp.

"Gwine to set her, doctor?"

"No. I haven't the proper appliances, and there isn't a stick in sight fit to make a splinter. I'm going to make a cradle of this boot-leg and bandage it up a bit and see if I can't get you into town to my office. Do you think you can ride?"

"I guess so. 'Twon't be no worse'n settin' here an' cussin' for comp'ny while you ride into town an' send arter me."

He evidently considered that, Royal having laid his hand to the case, he himself was exempt from further concern about arrangements.

Royal bound up the leg in such fashion as to prevent further mischief, administered a drug to allay the pain, and helped his patient to mount. It was not accomplished without a groan or two and a deepening of the gray pallor; but he was a plucky soul and used to rough experiences, so he made the best of it with a fortitude that won on Royal. Nor was he deficient in gratitude or a sense of courtesy, which he evidenced by a word or two of thanks and regret for the trouble he was giving.

"If I'd knowed how drunk I was I'd ha' stayed in camp," he remarked, penitently. "The boys had a birthday up thar, or rather a kid from ole Virginny had, an' he's a green hand an' 'lowed we'd all got to drink luck to him. An' we done it, an' then drunk luck to all hands: so time we got aroun' the camp I guess I'd more on board then I could carry."

To Royal the conclusion admitted of no doubt.

"I'd promised Mollie I'd come down this week," the man went on, "an' 'twas on my mind even whenst I got drinkin' with the fellows, an' sort'r stuck by me, for, drunk as I was, I started for home, not wantin' to disapp'int her."

"Your sweetheart?"

"My wife."

Royal was walking beside the horse, with his hand on the rein.

"This will be a bad job for her," he observed, gravely. "This sort of thing comes hard on a woman."

"We're a good bit ahead, an' own the shanty," the miner said, seeking self-justification. "She needn't pester about money if I'm laid up six months." Then, more humbly, "She'll mind about my bein' drunk. She's always arter me to quit, an' I've good as promised I would a hun'ed times; but the devil gits aroun' me somehow. I don't spree nigh as much as I used to, though, it looks like it hurt her so bad. She's a sensible woman, is Mollie, an' can make allowance for a fellow's not bein' game to choke off all at once. She don't bile a man to rags with temper every time he gits in trouble, nother. 'I'm sorry, Jack,'

—that's about all she'll say ; an' she'll be sorry, too, right down close beside you, not on a house-top, o' bein' better'n you. She's a rare good un, is Mollie."

The pain, combined with the action of the drug, excited his nerves and made him loquacious.

"Yes, she's a good un," he repeated, "if you deal squar' with her, that is,—just go plumb to her an' own up what you've done manful, an' don't let her git knowledge o' it second-hand. A woman'll stand 'most anything from a man if so be he loves her tight an' true an' don't keep nothin' hid from her. If he doubles an' twists an' aims to kiver up his tracks, she'll git it into her head he's afeard o' her, an' she'll despise him worse'n a dead buzzard."

They had entered the city. The shadows were gathering, and electric lights had begun to flame on street-corners and through shop-windows. Royal complied with the miner's request and took him straight to his home. It was a neat little frame building on a side-street. The wife must have seen them from a window, for by the time the horse stopped she had the door open and stood ready to help Royal bring her husband in.

"It's a bad business, Mollie," he said, at once, his face contorted with pain. "I got drunk ag'in, an' fell in a hole, worse luck. My fault, wife."

"Yes, Jack," she answered, patiently. "I'm sorry."

Then she put her arm around him and helped Royal lift him on to the bed. She was a pleasant-looking woman, with a quiet voice and manner, and seemed a trifle older than her husband, and also, in some indefinable way, superior to him,—due, as Royal found out later, to the fact of her mother's having been a lady.

After the patient had been made comfortable, Royal took his leave, telling the woman that he would look in early the next morning. As he left the room the miner called after him,—

"If ever you gets married, doctor, don't keep none o' your meanness hid from your wife. 'Twon't look nigh so low-lived if *you* do the tellin'. Treat her squar', an' she'll make shift to forgive you a drunk now an' then.—Won't she, Mollie?"

The miner's idea of the proper foundation for conjugal happiness arrested Royal's attention. It threw a new light on his own affairs. He knew himself that he had been held back from telling the story to Phyllis by other considerations than fear of her anger. She would understand that, too, of the past. But now that she was better, now that the cure was well-nigh complete, continued silence would be open to misconstruction.

He had sent his horse to the stable an hour before, by the ubiquitous boy who haunts street-corners, and, instead of going home, he turned aside from the main street and walked over to a new portion of the city, building out on the hills. Here the electric lights were fewer and the streets less frequented. On every hand tasteful cottages already stood in pretty yards, or were in process of erection. These were homes for men whose desires and incomes were both moderate.

Royal sauntered along until he reached a corner lot on which stood

a Queen Anne cottage, newly finished, and as fresh and clean as rain-washed grass. The little yard had been levelled and turfed, and was enclosed by an iron railing; and two small cottonwoods had been planted near the little porch. Royal opened the gate and entered with the air of a proprietor. It was his own, the nest he had built for his Virginia mocking-bird, and to which he hoped to proudly bring her when all things should be straightened out between them.

The erection and furnishing of the little home had filled the months for him and helped him over the disappointment of not going East in the spring, as he had intended. The settlement of the estate had been, perforce, postponed, owing to the serious illness of the executor, which incapacitated him for business. He would not have allowed that to interfere with his plans, however, but Mrs. Hart had written advising him to delay his coming until she should give the word, for Phyllis would prefer that he should not join her until she should be permanently released from a darkened room and quite herself again.

It had been worded very delicately, and the letter had been a monument to Mrs. Hart's tact and diplomacy; but to Royal it had seemed singular and had hurt him not a little. His wife did not want him, that was evident, and he had obeyed, feeling at a disadvantage, but too proud to thrust himself upon her. He had in a measure lost sight of John Royal's part in the affair, and had come to regard it as pertaining only to Phyllis and himself.

He took a key from his pocket, entered the house, and turned on the lights, passing from room to room. It was tastefully furnished, for his sister had helped him, jesting slyly the while about his obvious intention. He had told her of his love for a woman in the East, and she, knowing little, imagined much, and considered the whole affair as settled. She entered into the house-plans with enthusiasm, and imparted to her husband, in the sacredness of conjugal confidence and sworn secrecy, that she believed, she truly did, that Hart would be married within the year.

One little room, opening out from the chamber and intended for his wife's special sanctum, Royal had fitted up himself, remembering faithfully all the things he had ever heard Phyllis say she liked, and arranging them for her with his own hands. He went straight to this room now, and for many moments stood and looked about, trying to imagine the change it would make when she should be sitting in the low chair by the open fireplace, which he had put in to remind her of Virginia, or resting on the sofa, which he was sure must stand just at the angle to please her, with the light of the window shaded from her eyes and a tiny table near for books or work-basket. He moved about gently, like a man in a sacred place, and thought loving, reverent, loyal thoughts, as became a true man. He would not sit down, nor take liberties with the place,—although she had never entered it. In his mind it was her sanctuary, with which he had nothing to do until she herself should make him welcome.

He went out presently, shutting the door gently, as though afraid of disturbing some one. Then he turned off the lights, locked the door, said a word to the watchman of the square, who was outside

awaiting developments, and betook himself home to his sister's house.

As he opened the door his ears were assailed with the sound of lamentation, and he discovered his youngest niece prone on her face on the hall floor. He picked her up and comforted her. The baby put her arms around his neck and nestled her wet cheek against his. As she did so a letter slipped from her apron and fell at his feet.

"What's this, Daisy?" he questioned, stooping for the letter and seeking to divert her attention.

"Zoo letty," sobbed the little one: "baby fess it to zoo, and her fallid down!"

"Poor baby! There, there, don't cry any more,"—turning the letter to look at the address, and slipping it in his pocket. "Jack and Jill never thought of such a thing as crying when they tumbled down and cracked their crowns. And Jill was a little tot no bigger than you,"—which was applicable, but not according to the text. "Come into the office and let uncle patch you up and find you something."

"Tandy?"—with a visibly brightening atmosphere.

Royal laughed, and bore her off on his shoulder to his own particular den.

Later he examined his letter. There were many closely-written pages from Mrs. Hart; but these he laid aside, pouncing on a little note enclosed, the first he had ever had from Phyllis. It was a tiny sheet covered with a dozen lines or so in pencil, and commenced with quaint formality:

"DEAR DR. ROYAL,—

"This is my first attempt at writing for—I am afraid to say how many years, and I am as proud as a peacock to be allowed to write at all. Have been promoted to goggling blue glasses,—very enjoyable; but hideously unbecoming, which at the present juncture is of no earthly importance. Write me a long letter *all to myself*. I no longer need to borrow other people's eyes. And—come home soon to

"PHYLLIS."

It bore no faintest resemblance to a love-letter, being precisely such a note as one cousin might write to another cousin; but Royal could see no fault in it. Even the formality of the opening—which he set down to coyness—pleased him, as investing him with his own identity, as it were. It had always grated on him to have her give him the dead man's name.

He touched the note with his lips, as a boy-lover might have done, and slipped it into his breast-pocket. It crystallized the purpose which had been held in solution for hours in his mind.

Before he slept that night he wrote a long and loving letter to his wife, containing a clear and manly statement of the whole affair, and ending with an earnest entreaty for her forgiveness and to be allowed an opportunity to win her love in return for the love with which his own heart was filled.

CHAPTER XII.

ROYAL waited a week before starting East, to give his letter time to reach his wife and be somewhat digested ere she should see him, and also in order to make the business arrangements necessary for an absence of uncertain duration. The time now appointed for the settlement of Miss Royal's estate was the October term of circuit court for the district wherein was situated her landed property. It was now nearing the end of September, and Royal wished a short time to himself for consultation with his wife. He had determined to be guided entirely by her wishes in the matter, feeling that she had been drawn into a false position and that choice of a mode of extrication was her right. If she should decide on divorcing the living man for the sake of the dead man, he would place no impediments in her way. But, while he formed this resolution with all stoutness, Royal was conscious of an ache at his heart which was earnest of what the wrench would be should Phyllis decide to break the bond between them.

"You'll be bringing a wife home with you, Hart, perhaps," his sister suggested, with a smile, as he kissed her good-by.

"I'm not so sure about that as I'd like to be, Madge," Royal responded, ruefully. "The balance is about even. I shall try to, at all events."

"You'll succeed, too, if you try in the right way, Sir Knight of the sorrowful countenance. One of the first principles of success is to believe in your own ability to succeed. That's an axiom, but it's a good one. Say, *I will*, and then *do*. If you love her truly and want her, tell her so as strongly as you can, and don't listen to a word against it. That's the way to manage women. Be masterful through earnest loving."

"That sounds forcible," Royal admitted. "Let me in, my love, or I'll pull the place about your ears, is as good a screed of doctrine as any other in ordinary cases. In this, however, I am at a disadvantage, and can't exactly avail myself of trenchant methods."

"How at a disadvantage?"

Her tone was one of eager interest.

"It's too long a story to tell now, Madge. I made a fool of myself last December,—as usual. Wait until I come home, with my arms borne before me or trailing a broken pennon. You shall have the story in either event, I promise you."

"You must bring it to me on the point of a victorious lance," she smiled: "any other method will rob it of all charm. There is a time-worn proverb anent faint hearts and fair ladies I might quote, but will spare you. Hart!"—with a swift change of expression,—"*I am consumed with terror lest you forget to notify me in time about the young woman's taste in wedding-gifts. If you do I shall get something perfectly atrocious!*"

Royal made a jesting reply and went on his way insensibly cheered. His sister's confidence in his prowess and good fortune inspirited him and caused his natural buoyancy to reassert itself. So thoroughly did self-

confidence return, indeed, that, during a few hours' detention in St. Louis he provided himself with a pretty moss-agate pin for Mrs. Hart and a diamond ring and bracelet for Phyllis.

During the journey eastward Royal conceived, elaborated, and discarded so many interviews with his wife, and of such diverse forms and endings, that his imagination developed rapidly under the exercise. Had he been called on at any moment he could have furnished a dozen thrilling and impossible situations, and still have had power remaining to evolve others,—brand-new and infinitely more complicated. And, as events in this life rarely justify anticipations, not a single one of the predicated situations at all fitted the reality.

An hour after his arrival in Alexandria, Royal left the hotel and proceeded to Mrs. Hart's house with the avowed intention of demanding an interview with that genial lady and, from her, ascertaining how the land lay. So filled was he with this scheme—which appeared to him neat—that when the servant, in response to his inquiry, informed him that Mrs. Hart had gone over to Washington and would not return until the afternoon, he felt as nonplussed as though he had led an ace and had it trumped in the first round.

"Was Mrs. Royal in?"

The servant thought not, but would go and see. Then she ushered him into the parlor and retired with a grinning countenance. She had had substantial cause to regard Dr. Royal with favor during his former visit.

Royal moved restlessly about the room. It was full of signs of feminine occupancy,—pretty bric-à-brac, dainty embroideries, an open piano with a lace handkerchief on the keys, a fancy work-basket heaped with scraps of silk and ribbon, and dolls of all sizes, in various stages of preparation for a church fair, an open copy of "Hypatia" on a little table, and books here, there, and everywhere.

The street door opened and closed, quick footsteps advanced along the hall, a word or two was exchanged with some one outside the parlor door, and Royal faced around in time to see his wife enter the room.

Could that be Phyllis? He had never pictured her thus, and could scarcely credit his eyes, or believe that they reported a living verity. Slender, radiant, clad still in black from crown to instep, but worn, somehow, differently from his recollection of it, with clear gray eyes alight with pleasure, soft rings of hair clustering about a white forehead, and cheeks aglow with health and exercise, she seemed to Royal a totally new creature.

She advanced at once with outstretched hand and manner totally devoid of embarrassment. It was all very different from that which he had expected; but, by the time he had taken her hand in his, Royal had become conscious that, whatever she might decide in regard to their future relations, there would be no danger of petty misunderstanding or narrow judgment with this woman. He lifted his head and squared his shoulders as though a load had been removed from them.

"When did you come?" she was saying. "This morning?—and you came at once to us. That was charming of you! I only wish Nina had been at home to receive and help to welcome you."

Royal, who for the last second had been perilously near taking her into his arms, recovered himself sufficiently to take the chair she indicated. It was not only that the situation was unexpected, but that *she*, as she now appeared, was equally unexpected. He sat regarding her helplessly.

"You received my letter?" His tone was experimental.

Phyllis did not answer him directly. She had laid a pair of blue spectacles on the table, and was busily removing her glove.

"I have to wear glasses still out of doors," she informed him, cheerfully. "But in the house I am quite independent of them."

Royal's eyes were on her hands. She had taken off the right glove and was unbuttoning the left. The trimming of her sleeve had caught in a button and was giving her trouble.

"Let me help you," Royal said, and leaned eagerly forward.

She surrendered her hand at once, and he extricated the fastening from its entanglement, and then, in response to an acquiescent glance, drew off the glove. As he did so, his eyes instinctively sought her third finger, and he drew his breath hard: she had taken off her wedding-ring. His hopes fell below freezing-point in an instant. To him it appeared a portent.

"Why did you take it off?"

The words broke from him involuntarily and with a thrill of pain.

"Because it was John's, and I am not his wife."

Then when he would have spoken she checked him by a gesture and turned her truthful eyes full on him:

"Your letter came some days ago, Dr. Royal. I know why you did not write before,—that consideration for me held you back from telling me the story months ago. You would not imperil my chance of sight. I am grateful for your kindness. But I could not discuss the matter with you until you should have spoken of it yourself. I wanted to talk with you about it, so I showed you that you might speak at last."

Royal looked bewildered.

"You knew of the affair before my letter reached you?" he hazarded.

"Yes. I've known the story for months past, Dr. Royal,—ever since a week or two after you went away last December. When I saw you, that last morning, you seemed so unlike John that I could scarcely realize how you could have changed so much. I said nothing to Nina at first, and put the thought aside, but it kept returning. When I spoke to her about it first, she made fun of me, laughed at the idea of your being changed, more than the years would account for, and thought I couldn't see that she was evading and slipping away from the subject. When my eyes got stronger I got out the package of photographs of himself my cousin had sent me from time to time; and only the first of which I had ever seen. None of them were in the least like you, and no stretch of imagination would make them so. You seemed a totally different man. Then I remembered blunders that you had made and which I did not notice at the time,—blunders John couldn't have made. It troubled me; for it was all incomprehensible."

She paused a moment, and Royal, in a dim way, realized that it had been hard on her. His conscience smote him.

"One day," Phyllis went on, "Nina left a letter of yours on the table when she had finished reading it aloud. She did not usually leave them around. I slipped the bandage up and looked at the handwriting. It was not a bit like John's. He wrote a delicate student's hand, almost like a woman's, and you use a stub and write with large letters and a heavy stroke. I couldn't endure it any longer then, and *made* Nina tell me."

"Was that the reason you would not let me come in the spring?" Royal questioned, a light breaking in on him.

"Yes. I wanted to get used to it all, and to learn to separate you from John in my mind. And I wanted to be my very self when we should meet again, besides,—not helpless and dependent any more, but a woman who could take her life into her own hands if need were. Do you understand?"

Royal bent his head. His brain was in a whirl, but it held fast to one joyful fact: she had known the whole story when she had written that note. His heart leaped, but he held himself in check.

"When I learned that John was dead it seemed at first as though half my life had been broken off and buried with him," the soft voice proceeded. "And I dared not weep for him, even when my heart was aching. That was hard, for there was never a time in my life without the thought of John. It seems strange that he should have continued to care for me so much through all those years,—that he should have shortened his life through trying to provide for me. It makes me feel so guilty, so selfish, that, after my sight began to fail, I should have been more taken up with my own hopes and fears than with thoughts of him,—that I never should have loved him as he deserved to be loved." The voice was wistful and very tender, but the sweet gray eyes were tearless.

Royal rose and came to her, unable any longer to master his emotions. Bending down, he took her hands and raised her to her feet:

"You knew it all when you wrote that note,—knew that you were not, and never had been, John Royal's wife, but were mine? And you asked me to come to you! Phyllis, do you know what you are doing? Do you know that you are giving me hope of *more* than forgiveness?"

Her sweet eyes met his in all simplicity, and her hands were not withdrawn from his clasp. She was without the cat-like impulse which leads women to play with men in moments of strong emotion. And, in her unworldliness, her lack of self-consciousness, it seemed to her that, so far from having aught to forgive, no woman had been so loved, so honored.

"You have done so much—suffered so much—for me, both you and John. It hardly seems credible that men should so sacrifice themselves to the helplessness of a woman. But"—with a proud uplifting of her head—"you must not let me hamper your life,—must not feel obliged to hold to the marriage. Nina told me what you said. I am so grateful to you that to have you feel yourself bound in any way—" She

faltered and broke down, for his eyes were on her eyes, and she could not fail to read their meaning.

With a quick, almost passionate gesture, Royal's arms closed round her and drew her to his breast.

"My own,—my own, at last!" he murmured, bending his face and seeking her lips with his lips. "Do you think I will let you go?—that I *can* let you go? Never, until death shall part us, my love! my wife!"

And for a space there was silence.

* * * * *

After a while, when they had talked the affair over from beginning to end, and canvassed it exhaustively, Phyllis, twisting and turning around her finger a diamond ring new to the place, said, in a low voice,—

"That marriage with you was legal, I know, and would stand in court, and all that; but, Dr. Royal, *you* were not in my thoughts during the ceremony, nor afterwards, as *yourself*. I thought of John. Perhaps it is a woman's fancy, but I wish——" She hesitated.

"You wish what?" Royal questioned, possessing himself of her hand, and merging rapidly into that state of mind in which anything short of half his kingdom appears to a man too paltry to offer the woman of his love.

"To marry you and think of *you* while I'm doing it." She smiled, and then the blood mounted to her forehead; she turned from him petulantly: "Why did you make *me* say it? You should have asked *me* myself."

"Forgive me, my darling, I should indeed," Royal admitted, penitently. "A man's a blundering simpleton at best, and when he's in love and very happy he's like a creature dazzled. I ask you now,—a hundred times! I'll get the preacher and the ring this very evening."

But Phyllis shrank from such precipitation. They must consult with Nina and see what she thought best. And she did not want another ring. John had faithfully loved her, and had been, moreover, the means of their union: it would be heartless and ungrateful to shut him out altogether. She would marry Dr. Royal with her cousin's ring or none at all.

And so it was arranged.

CHAPTER XIII.

"MISS PHYLLIS, Dr. Royal say how you mus' git ready right quick, kase he gone arter a buggy fur to drive you out to Arlin'ton dis arternoon."

The maid stood, with the door-knob in her hand, and smiled with the joyousness peculiar to the colored countenance. She addressed Mrs. Royal, familiarly, by her Christian name, as is still the habit with Southern domestics; and her gaze rested upon the young lady with approval.

"Lord! Miss Phyllis, dat cert'n'y is one pretty dress you got on! Arter you git done wid it you mus' save it for me, please 'm."

Phyllis laughed and promised. She was used—as what Southern woman is not?—to having her clothes bespoken before the dress-maker's folds were out of them. She glanced down at the admired garment. It was a tea-gown of soft India silk, white, with a tiny black figure, in deference to her mourning; the collar and cuffs were also black, and the puff of silk in front was caught against her waist with a knot of black and white ribbons. A pretty gown, indeed; and it set off the charms of the wearer. Phyllis smoothed it with her hand and touched the ribbons caressingly. And why not?—had not her husband praised the dress, and, in it, found her fair and told her so with kisses?

The re-marriage had taken place a fortnight before, very privately, at the house of a clergyman over in the District. No one had been present save Mrs. Hart, and there had been no public mention of the affair. None was necessary, for the first marriage filled all legal requirements, and the second had taken place simply to gratify Phyllis.

After the ceremony the pair had gone away together for a little wedding-journey, agreeing to return to Alexandria in a couple of weeks to join Mrs. Hart, when all three would proceed to Virginia for the meeting with the executors. Phyllis also wished to remain a few days in Matoacca, in order to superintend the erection of a monument to her cousin.

As she made her preparations for the drive, Phyllis hummed to herself in a tender undertone, the happiness within her finding vent in music as naturally as does that of Nature's woodland children, for the girl was almost as much a product of field and forest as are mocking-birds and thrushes.

Her bonnet was on, and her fingers busy with the strings, when she suddenly ceased from motion and gazed deep into the eyes which regarded her from the mirror. How clear they looked, how sentient and strong! A wave of thankfulness swept over her, and she murmured, reverently, "And for the sight of our eyes, O Lord, accept ye praise!"

Then her husband's voice from the hall called up to her to hasten, and she caught up handkerchief and gloves. At the chamber door, however, she bethought herself and turned back to a desk on a small table near the bed, wherein were John Royal's letters, his photographs, and her most treasured souvenirs of her aunt. This she opened and took from it a thick envelope, which she slipped in her pocket as she sped down-stairs.

"I forgot something, and had to go back," she explained, as she joined her husband and Mrs. Hart, the latter having come out to the door-step to see them off.

"Did you make a cross in the path?" the lady questioned, gayly.

"Poor, dear old Mammy! What a point she always made about 'backin' de luck' with a cross-mark! No; I forgot it. I'll do it now!" And she daintily traced a cross on the door-step with the toe of her little boot.

"Come along, you superstitious young woman," called Royal from the pavement. "I've turned back scores of times, after starting, and nothing ever happened to me."

"Fortune's favorite!—just hear till him!" quoted Mrs. Hart, mockingly, as they drove away.

The pleasant country road led away from the city six or seven miles to the ancient home of the Lees. The air was balmy, yet bracing with autumnal vigor and a suggestion of the frost to come; the road was fairly good, for a Virginia road, and the pair chatted gayly as they bowled along. Phyllis enjoyed it all with the zest of a child, and seemed never weary of the delight of the eyes. The tangles of vines on the roadside, the mosses and ferns around the springs they passed, the festoons of wild grape-vine pendent from the trees and rich with the shadings of dark fruit and yellow foliage, the marvellous blending of crimson, gold, green, and tawny bronze showed by the leaves, even the waving broom-sedge and stiff little firs, like Dutch toys, dotting the worn-out fields, all appeared to her beautiful.

Presently they ascended a long, steep hill and drove along its crest a hundred yards, and Royal turned the buggy and called on his wife to behold the world and the wonder thereof. And Phyllis, after a rapturous cry, uttered low down in her throat, like the note of a wood-pigeon, folded her hands together and was speechless, spellbound at the loveliness of the scene before her.

Washington, with its countless beauties of architecture, its monuments, steeples, roof-trees, and dominating dome,—Washington in slumberous autumnal graciousness was spread before them, strangely beautified by distance, and backed by the tender purplish blue of the far horizon. Nearer—almost at the foot of the hill—rolled the gleaming waters of the Potomac, “all quiet along” its banks now, for many a year, quiet, restful, and infinitely beautiful,—thunder of cannon and rattle of musketry, sounds of battle and bivouac, hushed forever, and the river flowing tranquilly, taking its share in the labor of the present, with hardly a suggestion left of its participation in the sorrow and wrong-doing of the past. Away in the distance the stream seemed fettered by the links of an iron bridge, over which, as they gazed, a train passed slowly, overshadowed by a canopy of bluish-gray smoke. To the left, bathed in afternoon sunlight, sleepy old Alexandria, steeped to the eaves in the joy of calm, showed picturesquely against the background of the Virginia hills, and over the heights of Georgetown the shadow of a cloud passed dreamily.

Then they drove on, talking of things that had been in the nation's history; but as they neared the gate-way of Arlington silence fell again. It was disrupted in a moment, and all sentiment and solemnity dispelled, by a party of little negroes who swarmed out from the archway, like flies, tumbling, grinning, and dancing around the buggy with shouts of “Please, sar, gimme penny! please, ma'am, gimme penny! Look at me, lady! Dis a-way! I ain't no daid folks! I kin stan' on my haid fur penny, I kin!”

Royal menaced the laughing cohort with his whip, but his face was too good-humored for his gesture to make much impression, and the hilarious scraps of ebony held their ground until Phyllis had distributed among them all the small change in their possession.

“It spoils the solemnity of the approach,” she admitted, when Royal smilingly suggested that they might be encouraging a nuisance. “But they looked so jolly I couldn't help giving them something. I haven't

seen a lot of little negroes jumping about for years. It does my eyes good."

Inside the gates there was no lack of solemnity, and Royal pulled his horse up to a walk and slowly followed the road winding under magnificent trees, through stretches of velvety verdure, past plots of exquisite blooming plants, rockeries, and tall vases filled with flowers, vines, and ferns, untouched, as yet, by frost. Now they caught glimpses of shady dingles and clear streams, rippling purely, and again of level meadows, suggestive of old homesteads, lowing kine, milkmaids,—anything, everything, except a graveyard.

Gradually the road ascended, and a thrill passed through Phyllis's sensitive nerves as her eyes rested for the first time on the home of the South's great chieftain. She wished to go there at once, but Royal turned aside to the cemetery which surrounds the home of Lee. There it lay, stretching almost as far as eye could reach, line on line, in close compact ranks; in companies, in regiments, in battalions,—so many! so many! There seemed miles on miles of them, the tiny, plain, pitiful white stones, neat, precise, and infinitely pathetic; sole mementos of thousands of gallant hearts that struggled and bled and broke for a politicians' quarrel.

Later, as they sat on the portico, with the spell of the place upon them, and watched the flow of the river, the passing of craft of various kinds, and the lazy flapping of the great flag against its staff, Phyllis began talking of her old home beyond the mountains and of the woman who had reared her.

"She was very good to me always," the girl said. "But after my sight began to fail she was tenderness itself,—eyes to the blind, and strength and courage to the weary and hopeless. No one but myself can realize her goodness. She was an imperious woman and liked her own way, and people often misunderstood her. Poor Aunt Anne!"

Royal made no comment, being far too happy to cherish resentment against the living or the dead. As for that inconsequent will, he was more than reconciled to it, he actually blessed the testatory vagaries which had opened the way to his happiness. Still, he could not but wonder over it as he hearkened to his wife's encomiums.

"Next to me, her heart was set on John," Phyllis proceeded. "It wasn't only that he was her nephew and good and clever,—that was a source of pride, of course,—but I think her love went out to him specially because of his bearing her lover's name. She used to fancy she saw a resemblance between my cousin and John Hart. It was beautiful, the way Aunt Anne clung to the old romance."

"Very beautiful," Royal assented: his eyes were on a steam-tug fussing in the stream below, and he was only half attending.

"Doesn't it seem strange that I should have married John Hart's nephew instead of Aunt Anne's? And bearing his name, too. Just like a fairy-story. Aunt Anne would have liked it, I am sure. She wanted to knit her past to my future, poor dear, and she has done so by ways she never dreamed of. I wish she were here to see!"

Royal could not find it in his heart to echo the wish. The return of a spirit from the Beyond, even on an amicable errand, seemed

to him subversive of order. He kept his reflection to himself, however.

"Here is more fairy-story," Phyllis laughed, and took from her pocket the envelope there hidden. "You are going to have to cast ashes on your head and abuse yourself generally. You have been judging Aunt Anne,—yes, you have, all of you!—the people at home, and Nina, and everybody,—saying that she did not love me, nor care what should become of me if her plan for marrying me to John should fall through, and all sorts of horrid things. All because of that ridiculous will she made so long ago. Of course she wanted us to have the property! She had quarrelled with our parents about it, and this would be a way to square the matter without sacrifice of her own pride. And then she liked the property itself, and wanted to keep it together."

Royal laughed.

"My dear wife, don't excite yourself or go into a fury of defence. I'm not complaining. That will, to me, is most satisfactory. It's given me the desire of my heart, and will eventually put a penny or two in my pocket besides. You forget that I'm a residuary legatee in the second degree."

"You'll not get a penny-piece!" laughed Phyllis,—"neither you nor any of the rest of the clan: so don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

She thrust the envelope into his hand.

"What's this?" demanded Royal.

"Read for yourself," she gleefully answered, "and prepare to make obeisance unto me. I am a very important personage."

Royal drew the paper from its envelope and slowly unfolded it. As he caught its import he gave vent to a whistle of astonishment. It bore date of a few months previous to Miss Royal's death, and was very concise and simple. It was a codicil to the former will, and provided that in event of the death of her nephew John Hart Royal previous to his marriage with his cousin Phyllis Royal the property should pass to the girl entire, and further provided that, should Phyllis's blindness continue, the property, duly placed in the hands of trustees, should be charged with her maintenance during the term of her natural life; after which it was to be distributed according to the terms of the original will.

Royal drew a long breath as he put the paper back into its envelope.

"How long have you had this?"

"Since before Aunt Anne died. She gave it to me one day and told me to keep it in my desk until after my wedding-day. If anything unforeseen should happen, I was to give it to Mr. Brandon, or Nina."

Royal pondered.

"I wonder what could have suggested the idea that John Royal might die?" he observed, thoughtfully.

"Aunt Anne was very nervous for more than a year before her death," Phyllis explained. "That paper was drawn up the spring

we were here first about my eyes. There had been a terrible epidemic in Vienna, where John was,—a sort of plague; the papers were full of it, and John, being a physician, was of course all the time exposed to the infection. Aunt Anne was terribly uneasy about him."

"And you have known the contents of this paper—how long?"

"Ever since Nina told me of John's death. I never thought of it at all before. There was no reason why I should. Nina and I opened it then; but I wouldn't let her say anything about it to you, nor would I tell you myself. This question of money had been so large, so disastrous a factor in the plans for my marriage to John, that I wanted our decision to be uninfluenced by it in any way. Of course I'm glad about it,—more than glad. It proves to the world, that which I knew so well, that Aunt Anne really cared about my future. And"—her face softened, and broke into shy smiles, as she slipped her hand into his—"I am glad to bring something more than just myself to the man who sacrificed himself for me."

Royal's answer may be left to the imagination of those similarly situated.

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And so it came to pass that there was a suit, after all, and the lawyers had a hand in the matter. Not that it amounted to much, being only the necessary legal incantation without which no property in the commonwealth may change hands. The only point to be established was the time of John Royal's death, and this the evidence of the young physician and the colored nurse sufficed to do. The negro deposed to having stopped the dead man's watch at ten minutes to twelve,—“soon as bref had done lef' him good.” There might have been room for argument here, as the marriage was over at precisely that time; but the young doctor declared that when *he*, not caring to bear the whole responsibility, had left the room in search of the hotel proprietor, it had been a good half-hour earlier, and the patient was then *in articulo mortis*.

The little story went abroad and caused much local interest. Phyllis was fêted and made much of among her old friends and neighbors, and treated as though she were a very extraordinary young woman indeed. And no wonder; for in this prosaic age it is but seldom that a woman can lay claim to the honor of having inspired knightly *devoir*.

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE W. CHILDS.

II.

I RENEW with pleasure my recollections of General Grant for the readers of *Lippincott's Magazine*. He was one of the truest and most congenial friends I ever had. We first met after the victory of Vicksburg, in 1863. The general and Mrs. Grant came to Philadelphia to make arrangements to put their children at school in Burlington, New Jersey. From that time our intimacy grew until his death. There were three characteristics that were prominent in his life,—justice, kindness, and firmness. He was the most modest of men.

Seeing General Grant constantly for more than twenty years, or such portions of the time as he was in the country, I had ample opportunity to notice these qualities. We lived at Long Branch on adjoining properties on the same land without any division, and I might say there never was a day when we were together there on which I was not either in his house or he in mine. He would often come over and take breakfast and dine with me. I never saw him in the war, and never saw him in the field. I corresponded with him during that time, and whenever opportunity presented he would come on to Philadelphia for the purpose of seeing his family at Burlington, and in that way he made a great many friends. That was as early as 1863. He always seemed to enjoy his visits here, as they gave him rest during the time he was in the army, and also when he was President.

Much has been published about General Grant, but there are some things I have not seen stated, and one is that he had considerable artistic taste and talent. He painted very well. One of his paintings, twelve by eighteen inches, he gave to his friend the late Hon. A. E. Borie, of Philadelphia, who was Secretary of the Navy. That picture is, I believe, one of the two that he painted which are known to be in existence. On the death of Mr. Borie it was presented by his family to Mrs. Grant, and the engraving of it which accompanies this article was made from a photograph sent to me for the purpose by Col. Fred D. Grant. Of the other paintings there is no trace. General Grant stood very high with his professor of drawing at West Point, and if he had persevered in that line might, it has always seemed to me, have made a good artist. He was always apt in mathematics and drawing. The picture here reproduced is of an Indian chief, at a trading-post in the Northwest, exchanging skins and furs with a group of traders and trappers. The Indian stands in the foreground and is the central object,—a noble figure, well painted, and in full and correct costume. I have often seen the painting, which has been very much admired, and he took a good deal of pride in it himself.

General Grant was not an ardent student. Early in life he was somewhat of a novel-reader, but latterly he read history, biography, and travels. He was a careful reader, and remembered everything he read, but he had nothing which could be distinctly called cultivated

literary taste. He was a great reader of newspapers. I remember once his coming to Long Branch when General Sherman's work had just been published, and I asked him if he had read it. He said, No, he had not had time to read it; and one of the persons present observed, "Why, general, you won't find much in it about yourself. He doesn't seem to think you were in the war." The general said, "I don't know; I have read some adverse criticisms, but I am going to read it and judge for myself."

After he had read the book over carefully and attentively, I asked him what he thought of it. "Well," he said, "it has done me full justice. It has given me more credit than I deserved. Any criticism I might make would be that I think he has not done justice to Logan, Blair, and other volunteer generals, whom he calls political generals. These men did their duty faithfully, and I never believe in imputing motives to people."

General Sherman had sent the proof-sheets of that portion of the work relating to General Grant to me before the completed book was published, and asked if I had any suggestions to make and if I thought he had been just to the general. I then told General Grant that the proofs had been sent to me, and that I thought as he did, that General Sherman had done him full justice. General Grant was always magnanimous, particularly to his army associates. He was a man who rarely ever used the pronoun *I* in conversation when speaking of his battles.

There is one amusing little incident I recall, *à propos* of a large, full-sized portrait of General Sherman on his "March to the Sea," which hangs in my hall, and which was painted from life by Kauffmann. Sherman sits in front of the tent, in a white shirt, without coat or vest. The picture shows a camp-fire in front, and the moonlight in the rear of the tents. The criticism of General Grant when he first saw it was, "That is all very fine; it looks like Sherman; but he never wore a boiled shirt there, I am sure."

While living in Long Branch there was hardly a Confederate officer that came to the place without visiting the general. He was always glad to see them, and with those men he invariably talked over the war. The general had a very high opinion of General Joe Johnston, and always spoke of him as being one of the very best of Southern generals; and at one of my dinners I had the pleasure of getting Johnston, Grant, and Sherman together.

In regard to election matters General Grant was a very close observer, and had a wonderful judgment in regard to results. One particular case may be cited. During the canvass of his second term (towards the latter part) there began to be doubts throughout the country about the election. Senator Wilson, who was then running on the ticket for Vice-President, who was a man of the people and had had a good deal of experience in election matters for forty years, made an extensive tour through the country, and he came to my house just afterwards, very blue. He went over the ground and showed that the matter was in a great deal of doubt. I went to see General Grant, and I told him about this feeling, particularly as coming from Sen-

ator Wilson. The general said nothing, but sent for a map of the United States. He laid the map down on the table, went over it with a pencil, and said, "We will carry this State, that State, and that State," until he nearly covered the whole United States. It occurred to me he might as well put them all in, and I ventured the remonstrance, "I think it would not be policy to talk that way; the election now is pretty near approaching." When the election came, the result of it was that he carried every State that he had predicted, and that prediction was in the face of the feeling throughout the country that the Republican cause was growing weaker, and in spite of the fact that the Vice-President, who was deeply interested in the election, had visited various parts of the country, South and West, and had come back blue and dispirited.

This mention of Henry Wilson reminds me that when Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) was my guest in Philadelphia he asked me to show him a "typical American." I told him that Vice-President Wilson was the man he was seeking,—that he illustrated most admirably, in his astonishing career from the shoemaker's bench to the presiding chair of the Senate, the possibilities of American citizenship. I sent for Mr. Wilson, and the two men spent some days together at my house. Shortly after Wilson was stricken down with his fatal illness and died at Washington.

General Grant was staying with me in Philadelphia during the canvass of the election between Tilden and Hayes, and on the morning of the momentous day after the election, when the returns gave Tilden a majority of all the electors, he accompanied me to my office. In a few moments an eminent Republican Senator and one or two other leading Republicans walked in, and they went over the returns. These leaders, notwithstanding the returns, said, "Hayes is elected," an opinion in which the others coincided. General Grant listened to them, but said nothing. After they had settled the matter in their own minds he said, "Gentlemen, it looks to me as if Mr. Tilden was elected." He afterwards sent for me in Washington, and said, "This matter is very complicated, and the people will not be satisfied unless something is done in regard to it which will look like justice. Now," he continued, "I have spoken of an Electoral Commission, and the leaders of the party are opposed to it, which I am sorry to see. They say that if an Electoral Commission is appointed you might as well count in Mr. Tilden. I would sooner have Mr. Tilden than that the Republicans should have a President who could be stigmatized as a fraud. If I were Mr. Hayes I would not have it unless it were settled in some way outside the Senate. This matter is opposed by the leading Republicans in the House and Senate and throughout the country."

President Grant invited the leading Republican Senators to dine with him to meet me and to get their views. He said to me, "You see the feeling here. I find them almost universally opposed to anything like an Electoral Commission." I named a leading Democrat in the House (Hon. Samuel J. Randall), who was perhaps one of the most prominent men in the country, a man of great influence and of great integrity of character, whom it would be well for General Grant to see

in the matter, and the suggestion was acted on. I sent for Mr. Randall to come to the White House, and put the dilemma to him in President's Grant's name as follows: "It is very hard for the President and very embarrassing to men on his own side that this matter does not seem to find favor with them, besides having Democratic opposition. Republicans think you might as well count Tilden in; but, as the feeling throughout the country demands as honest a count of the vote as possible, this Electoral Commission ought to be appointed."

The answer at once was that the Democrats would favor it, and it was through that gentleman and General Grant that the plan was carried through. He sent for Mr. Conkling, and said, with deep earnestness, "This matter is a serious one, and the people feel it very deeply. I think this Electoral Commission ought to be appointed." Conkling answered, "Mr. President, Senator Morton" (who was then the acknowledged leader of the Senate) "is opposed to it and opposed to your efforts; but if you wish the Commission carried I can do it." He said, "I wish it done." Mr. Conkling took hold of the proposition and put it through. Mr. Randall, the leading Democrat I have spoken of, took the initiative in the House, and Mr. Conkling in the Senate.

General Patterson, of Philadelphia, who had been an intimate friend of President Jackson, and a life-long Democrat, was also sent for. He had large estates in the South, and a great deal of influence with the Democrats, and particularly with Southern Democrats. General Patterson then was upward of eighty, but he went down there and remained one or two weeks with General Grant, working hard to accomplish the purpose in view. After the bill had passed and was waiting for signature, General Grant went to a State Fair in Maryland the day it should have been signed, and there was much perturbation about it. I was telegraphed by those interested that General Grant was absent, and they were anxious about the signing. I replied they might consider the matter as good as signed, and the general came back at night and put his name to the document.

Just before General Grant started on his journey around the world he was spending some days with me, and at dinner with Mr. A. J. Drexel, Colonel A. K. McClure, and myself, he reviewed the contest for the creation of the Electoral Commission very fully and with rare candor, and the chief significance of his view was in the fact, as he stated it, that he expected from the beginning until the final judgment that the electoral vote of Louisiana would be awarded to Tilden. He spoke of South Carolina and Oregon as justly belonging to Hayes, of Florida as reasonably doubtful, and of Louisiana as for Tilden.

General Grant acted in good faith throughout the whole business. It has been said that the changing of the complexion of the court threw the matter into Hayes's hands, and if the court had remained as it was, Tilden would have been declared President. General Grant was the soul of honor in this matter, and no one ever accused him or ever hinted that he was untruthful in any way. I, for one, don't believe that he could possibly tell a lie or act deceitfully.

There is another point of politics not generally known. During General Garfield's canvass, Garfield became very much demoralized.

He said that he thought that the Republicans would not carry Indiana, and he was doubtful if they would carry Ohio. During that emergency strong appeals were made to General Grant, and he at once threw himself into the breach. He saw his strong personal friends and told them they must help. There was one very strong man, a Senator, whom General Grant sent for and told him that he must turn in, and, though he first declined, at General Grant's urgent solicitation he entered the field and contributed handsomely to the victory. General Grant went into the canvass with might and main. The tide was turned, and it was through General Grant's personal efforts, seconded by his strong personal friends, who did not feel any particular interest in Garfield's election, that he was elected.

As to General Grant's third term, he never by word or by letter ever suggested to any one that he would like to be nominated for a third term. Neither Mr. Conkling nor General Logan nor Senator Cameron had any assurance from him in any way that he wished the nomination, and they proceeded in that fight without any authority from him whatever. His heart was not on a third term at all. He had had enough of politics. After his second term he told me, "I feel like a boy out of school." At first General Grant intended to decline. In his conversation with me he said, "It is very difficult to decline a thing which has never been offered;" and before he left this country for the West Indies, I said, "General, you leave this matter in the hands of your friends." He knew I was opposed to a third term; and his political friends were in favor of it, not merely as friends, but because they thought he was the only man who could be elected. There is not a line of his in existence in which he expressed any desire to have that nomination. Towards the last, when the canvass became very hot, I suppose his natural feeling was that he should like to win. That was natural. But he never laid any plans. He never encouraged or abetted anything towards a third-term movement.

He was very magnanimous to those who differed with him, and when I asked him what distressed him most in his political life he said, "To be deceived by those I trusted." *He had a good many distresses.*

In illustration of his perception of financial matters I remember an instance. On one of the great financial questions before Congress he was consulting with Mr. A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, whom he regarded as one of his strongest personal friends, and the general expressed certain views, saying that he had contemplated writing a message. Mr. Drexel combated his views, and the general reconsidered the matter and wrote a veto, showing that he was open to conviction. Here was a matter he had considered, he thought, fully, but when this new light was given to him by Mr. Drexel he at once changed, and wrote a veto instead of favoring it.

A great many people had an idea that General Grant was very much set in his opinions; but, while he had decided opinions, at the same time he was always open to conviction. Very often in talking with him he would make no observation, and when you had gotten through it would be difficult to tell exactly whether he had grasped the subject

or not, but in a very short time, if you alluded to the matter again, you would find that he had comprehended it thoroughly. His power of observation and mental assimilation was remarkable. There was no "nonsense" about him. He was always neat in dress, but not fastidious. He said he got cured of his pride in regimentals when he came home from West Point.

Speaking on one or two occasions of the burial of soldiers, he observed that his old chief, General Scott, was buried at West Point, and that he would like to be buried there also. This was some years ago, and mentioned merely in casual conversation. I think once or twice afterwards it might have been alluded to incidentally. He always retained a warm interest in West Point, and favored it greatly while President. He left a memorandum requesting that his grandson Ulysses Grant, son of Colonel Fred D. Grant, should be educated at West Point, provided he could secure an appointment.

General Grant, surrounded by those he knew well, always did two-thirds of the talking. He was a reticent and diffident man in general company, and it was not until he was out of the Presidency that he became a public speaker. He told a story that he was notified once that he was expected to make a speech in reply to a sentiment given him, and he looked it over and wrote his answer carefully, but when he got up he was stricken dumb. He utterly lost himself and could not say a word. After that he did not want to hear what was going to be said, and never prepared anything. A gentleman told me that, in going to Liverpool and Manchester, a committee came down to meet him, and brought a report of what they were going to say to show to him. He said, "No, I have had one experience. I don't want to see it."

The last speech he ever made was at Ocean Grove. Governor Oglesby of Illinois was staying with him at his cottage, and George H. Stuart, who was one of his earliest and dearest friends, came up to ask him if he would not come down to Ocean Grove, that being the first time he had appeared in public since his misfortunes. He was then lame, and was compelled to use his crutches. He found ten thousand people assembled. They rose *en masse* and cheered with a vigor and unanimity very uncommon in a religious assemblage. This touched him profoundly, for it was evidence that the popular heart was still with him. He arose to make acknowledgment, and after saying a few words he utterly broke down, and the tears trickled down his cheeks. That was the last time he ever appeared in public.

When attention was first directed to his disease, he told me he had a dryness in his throat, and it seemed to trouble him, and whenever he ate a peach, of which he was very fond, he always suffered pain. I said Dr. Da Costa, one of the most eminent physicians of the country, was coming down to Long Branch to spend a few days with me. He was an old friend, and would be glad to look into the matter. Dr. Da Costa, on arriving, went over to the general's house, examined his throat carefully, gave a prescription, and asked the general who his family physician was. General Grant said Dr. Fordyce Barker, and he was advised to see him at once. I could see that the general was

suffering a good deal, though he was uncomplaining, and during the summer several times he asked me if I had seen Dr. Da Costa, and seemed to want to know exactly what was the matter with him. General Grant, after he got worse, said to me, "I want to come to Philadelphia and stay a few days with you and have a talk with Dr. Da Costa." He was not afraid of the disease after he knew all about it, and the last time I saw him, just before he went to Mount McGregor, he said, "Now, Mr. Childs, I have been twice within half a minute of death. I realize it fully, and my life was only preserved by the skill and attention of my physicians. I have told them the next time to let me go."

The general had great will-power, and the determination to finish his book kept him up. He quickly made up his mind that his disease would prove fatal, but he was resolute to live until his work was done. He said, "If I had been an ordinary man I would have been dead long ago."

In good health General Grant would smoke a dozen very large, strong cigars a day; but he could stop smoking at any time. He told me that towards the latter part of the summer of 1884 he was smoking fewer and milder cigars, perhaps two or three a day. In February of 1885 he expected to pay me a visit. He wrote, saying, "The doctor will not allow me to leave until the weather gets warmer. I am now quite well in every way, except a swelling of the tongue above the root, and the same thing in the tonsils just over it. It is very difficult for me to swallow enough to maintain my strength, and nothing gives me so much pain as to swallow water." I asked him about that, and he said, "If you could imagine what molten lead would be going down your throat, that is what I feel when I am swallowing." In that letter he further said, "I have not smoked a cigar since about the 20th of November; for a day or two I felt as though I would like to smoke, but after that I never thought of it."

I remember that in 1884 a number of scientists wrote that they would meet in Montreal from all parts of the world. Sir William Thomson and others asked whether I would present them to General Grant. Some of them had met him. Of course I was very glad to present them. I said to him in the morning, "General, the scientists from Canada are coming down here, and they are very anxious to pay their respects to you." "Oh," he replied, "I have met some of these people abroad: I will be very glad to see them." They came to my house, and we walked across the lawn to the general's. He sat on the piazza, and could not stand alone, but was on his crutches, and was presented to every one of them, shaking hands with each one. He would say to one gentleman, "How are you, professor? I met you in Liverpool;" and to another, "Why, how are you? I met you in London;" and "I am glad to see you; I met you in Manchester." So he recognized each of these visitors as soon as he laid eyes on them, and they said to me afterwards, "Why, I only met him casually once with a party of people."

This power of recognition was remarkable. I asked him afterwards whether he had lost the power. He answered, "No, I have not

lost the power. If I fix my mind on a person I never forget him; but I see so many that I don't always do it." I can illustrate an instance of his memory of persons. During one of the times he was staying with me in Philadelphia we were walking down Chestnut Street together, and in front of a large jeweller's establishment a lady came out of the store and was entering her carriage. General Grant walked up to her, shook hands with her, and put her in the carriage. "General, did you know that lady?" "Oh, yes," he replied; "I know her." "Where did you see her?" "Well, I saw her a good many years ago out in Ohio at a boarding-school. She was one of the girls there." "Did you never see her before or since?" He said, "No." The lady was the daughter of a very prominent Ohio man, Judge Jewett, and the next time she saw me she said, "I suppose you told General Grant who I was." I said I did not. "Why, that is very remarkable," she answered, in a surprised tone: "I was only one of two or three hundred girls, and I only saw him at school. I have never seen him since."

I remember an amusing incident when the English banker Mr. Hope, with his wife and three children, was visiting me at Long Branch. The children wanted to see the general, so one day they were taken over and presented to him. When they came back and were asked whether they had seen him, one of them replied, in a rather disappointed tone, "Yes; but he had no crown."

He planted an oak out at Wootton, and he always held it in remembrance; just before his death he asked me about it. One day when we were at Wootton together he remarked what a beautiful place it was, adding that it seemed a pity to him that its beauty should be spoiled by bad roads. Acting on this hint, the roads round about were Telforded.

The last horse General Grant owned and drove was the mare "Silver," now twenty years old and in good condition. I have her at Wootton, with her two colts, sired by "Kentucky Prince," the horse for which fifty thousand dollars was offered. On his sick-bed the general longed to see them.

With respect to General Grant's power of thinking and of expressing his thoughts, he wrote with great facility and clearness. His Centennial Address, at the opening of the Exhibition in 1876, was prepared at my house, and there were only one or two corrections in the whole manuscript. When he went to England he wrote me a letter of fourteen pages, giving an account of his reception in England. The same post which brought that letter contained another from Mr. John Walter, proprietor of the London *Times*, saying that he had seen our common friend, General Grant, on several occasions, and wondered how he was pleased with his reception in England. The letter which I had received was so *à propos* that I telegraphed it over that very day to the London *Times*,—fourteen pages of manuscript,—without one word of alteration, and that journal next morning published this letter with an editorial. It happened that the cablegram arrived in London the very night the general was going through the London *Times* office to see the establishment. In the letter he said he thought

Careful examination of what is about to
 be exhibited to you will not only inspire
 you with a profound respect for the
 skill and taste of our friends from other
 Nations, but also satisfy you with
 the attainments made by our own people
 during the past one hundred years.
 I invoke your generous co-operation with
 the worthy Commissioners to secure a brilliant
 success to the ^{50th} National Exhibition and
 to make the stay of our foreign visitors
 — to whom we extend a hearty welcome — as
 both
 profitable and pleasant to them.

I declare the ^{International} Centennial Exhibition
 now open.

U. S. Grant

Philadelphia Pa

May 10th 1876

the English people admirable, and he was deeply sensible of the unexpected attention and kindness shown him. The letter was written privately to me, he not supposing that it would ever be put in print, and not one word had to be altered. I cite this to show General Grant's facility in writing. The necessity of earning some money induced him to write the series of admirable articles for the *Century Magazine*. Upon their appearance I urged him, as did other of his friends, to expand them into a symmetrical and continuous narrative. Thus, had it not been for his financial reverses, it is doubtful whether American literature would have been enriched with his "Personal Memoirs," a book of surpassing interest that has enjoyed the largest circulation and yielded the largest copyright (over \$400,000) of any issued in modern times.

The man who was perhaps nearer to him than any one in his Cabinet was Hon. Hamilton Fish. He had the greatest regard for the latter's judgment. It was more than friendship—it was genuine affection between them, and General Grant always appreciated Mr. Fish's staying in his Cabinet, as Mr. Fish, if he had been governed by his own feelings, would not have done so. I know that it was General Grant's desire to have Mr. Fish as his successor in the Presidency.

A propos of the Indian matter, he told me that, as a young lieutenant, he had been thrown among the Indians and had seen the unjust treatment they had received at the hands of the white men. He then made up his mind if he ever had any influence or power it should be exercised to try to ameliorate their condition, and the Indian Commission was his own idea. He wished to appoint the very best men in the United States. He selected William Welsh, William E. Dodge, Felix Brunot, of Pittsburg, Colonel Robert Campbell, of St. Louis, and George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia. They were of the Indian Commission which he had endeavored to establish, and they always could count upon him in aiding them in every possible way. He took the greatest interest always in the Commission, and never lost that interest. Even to his last moments he watched the progress of the matter, but it was a very difficult affair to handle at any time, and then especially, as there was a great Indian ring to break up.

He was of a very kindly nature, generous to a fault. I would often remonstrate with him, and say, "General, you can't afford to do this," and I would try to keep people away from him. In the case of one subscription, when they wanted him to contribute to a certain matter which I did not think he was able to do, I wouldn't let them go near him. Some injudicious person went, and he subscribed a thousand dollars.

General Grant venerated his mother, and loved his family. He seemed happiest in his home circle, surrounded by his devoted wife, his children and grandchildren. I have never seen a case of greater domestic happiness than existed in the Grant family. Perfect love had indeed "cast out all fear," and it was delightful to see his grandchildren romping with him and saying just what came uppermost in their thoughts in their childish innocency.

General Grant always felt that he was badly treated by General

Halleck, but he rarely ever spoke unkindly of any one. During one of my last visits to him he showed me his army orders, which he had kept in books. He had a copy of everything he ever did or said in regard to army matters. He was very careful about that, as he had written all the orders with his own hand. He pointed to one of this large series of books, and said that it was fortunate that he had kept these things, because several of the orders could not be found on any record at the War Department. But during my long friendship I never heard him more than two or three times speak unkindly of Halleck, although he was very unjustly treated by him,—a fact which I think will be borne out by the records.

I told him of something that occurred to me in connection with one of the men in charge of the records at Washington. He had been a strong friend of Halleck, and prejudiced against General Grant in the office, where all these things passed through his hands. But, after twenty years of examination, he said there was not a line relating to Grant that would not elevate him in the minds of thinking people.

It was through me that General Grant first came to Long Branch. He always enjoyed being there. He was one of the most companionable of men; totally unspoiled by all the honors conferred upon him. He was simple, unaffected, and attached all the people to him. He drove out twice a day, and knew every by-way within twenty miles. It was his habit to drive out every morning after breakfast for a long distance, and then he would come home and read the papers or any books he might have in hand. He was very careful in answering his correspondence. Most of his letters were begging letters of some kind or other, and I remember an incident showing his justness and tenderness of heart.

Once he had two cases of petition. He said, "I did a thing to-day that gave me great pleasure. There was a poor Irishwoman who had a boy in the army, and she came down from New York and spent all her money. She had lost several boys in the army, and this one she wished to get out of the service to help support her. I gave her an order, and was very glad to do it," but he did not add that he gave her also some money. "In contrast to that there was a lady of a very distinguished family of New York, who came here and wanted me to remove her son from Texas. He was an officer in the army, and I told her I could not do that. My rich petitioner then said, 'Well, could you not remove his regiment?' This would have involved a cost of over one hundred thousand dollars." General Grant didn't hesitate a moment to refuse a rich woman's unreasonable request, but it gave him pleasure to grant the petition of a poor Irishwoman.

He was very kind to the poor, and, in fact, to everybody, especially to widows and children of army officers. I gave him the names of quite a number of army officers' sons for appointment in the navy or army. He said, "I am glad to have these. I like to appoint army and navy men's children, because they have no political influence." One-tenth of his appointments were the children of deceased army or naval officers, young men without influence to get into West Point. There was hardly an army man, Confederate or Union, who was not a

friend of General Grant. For General Sheridan he had an affectionate regard, and I have often heard him say that he thought Sheridan the greatest fighter that ever lived, and if there was another war he would be the leader.

This reminds me of an incident worth relating which occurred while I was President of the Board of Visitors at West Point. On a certain important occasion there both Generals Sherman and Sheridan were present, and the latter remarked to me that he had heard of the portrait of Grant which I had presented to West Point, and desired to see it. I told him that it was hung in "Mess Hall," the name of which building, upon the accession of the painting, I had had changed to "Grant Hall." So we went down and saw the portrait, one nearly of full length. Sheridan admired it very much; and I turned to him and said, "Now, general, if I outlive you I will have your portrait painted to place alongside of Grant's."

Returning, I left Sheridan at the residence of the commandant, General Merritt, and proceeded to the hotel, where I had been but a few minutes when an orderly came with the word that General Sheridan desired to see me before dress-parade. I couldn't imagine what he wanted. Setting out for the commandant's, I found Sheridan musing. "Childs," he said, "if you are in earnest about that portrait, I was thinking just now, as I was putting on my uniform, that I would rather be painted from life."

"Certainly," I said. "I will be glad to do it, on one condition,—the portrait must please Mrs. Sheridan. It would be a good plan to have you on one side of Grant and Sherman on the other; and, as Sherman is here, I will step out and speak to him about it."

I found Sherman on the parade-ground, and broached the scheme to him. He acquiesced instantly. "Childs," he said, "that is a good idea. I think it will be admitted that Grant, Sheridan, and myself were the three central figures of the war, and I would like to go down to posterity in company with them. Besides, I would rather the scheme were carried out by you than by any one else."

So it came about. The portraits of Sheridan and Sherman have been painted, and are about to be placed in Grant Hall and presented to the government.

General Grant never excited the jealousy or enmity of army men, he was so just. When he was mistaken there was no man more ready to acknowledge a mistake. He showed great tenacity in sticking to friends longer than he ought to have done. Whenever I spoke to him about this he would answer, "Well, if I believed all I hear, I would believe nearly everybody was bad." General Grant would say there was hardly anybody who came in contact with him who was not betrayed, and that he very often had to depend upon his own judgment in such cases. One of his expressions was, "Never desert a friend under fire."

He rarely alluded to those who had abused his confidence, even to his most intimate friends. No matter how much a man had injured him, he was wont to say that he felt to the end what he might have felt at the outset.

General Grant had the greatest admiration for General Joseph E. Johnston, and Johnston for him; and when it was first proposed to bring up the retiring bill, Johnston, who was then in Congress, was to take the initiative in the matter. The passage of that bill gave great gratification to the general. I happened to be with him on the 4th of March, and was talking with him, and said, "General, that bill of yours will pass to-day." "Mr. Childs," he said, "you know that during the last day of a session everything is in a turmoil. Such a thing cannot possibly be passed." "Well," I said, "Mr. Randall assured me that that measure would be passed." He answered, "If anybody in the world could pass that bill, I think Mr. Randall could. But I don't think it is at all likely, and I have given up all expectation." While I was talking (this was about 11.30 A.M.), I got a telegram from Mr. A. J. Drexel, saying the bill had passed, and the general seemed exceedingly gratified.

I remarked, "General, the part that some of the men took in the matter was not justified." "Oh, perhaps they thought they were right. I have no feeling at all: I am only grateful that the measure has been passed," he answered. Mrs. Grant came in, and I said, "We have got good news; the bill is passed." She cried out, "Hurrah! our old commander is back." In answer to a remark that it would be very good if it could be dated from the time of going out, he said, "Oh, no: the law is to date from the time one accepts. In the early part of the war I saw in the newspapers that I was appointed to a higher rank, and I wrote on at once and accepted on the strength of the newspaper report. In about two months' time, through red tape, I got my appointment, but received my pay from the time I wrote accepting the newspaper announcement. I saved a month's pay by that."

As to General Fitz-John Porter's case, I spoke to him during the early stages of it, at a time when his mind had been prejudiced by some around him, and when he was very busy. Afterwards, when he looked into the matter, he said he was only sorry that he had so long delayed making the examination he ought to have done. He felt that if ever a man had been treated badly Porter was. He had examined the case most carefully, gone over every detail, and he was perfectly well satisfied that Porter was right. He wanted to do everything in his power to have him righted, and his only regret was that he should have neglected it so long and allowed Porter to rest under injustice.

There are few men that would take a back track as General Grant did so publicly, so determinedly, and so consistently right through. I had several talks with him in regard to General Porter, and he was continually reiterating his regrets that he had not done justice to him when he had the opportunity. He ran counter to a great many of his political friends in this matter, but his mind was absolutely clear. Not one man in a thousand would go back on his record in such an affair, especially when he was not in accord with the Grand Army or his strong political friends. General Grant went into the question most carefully, and his publications show how thoroughly he examined the subject, but he never wavered after his mind was settled. Then he set to work to repair the injury done Porter. If General Grant had had

time to examine it while he was President he would have carried it through. That was his great regret. He felt that while he had power he could have passed it and ought to have done it. When General Grant took pains and time to look into the subject, no amount of personal feeling or friendship for others would keep him from doing the right thing. He could not be swerved from the right in any case.

Another marked trait of his character was his purity in every way. I never heard him express an impure thought or make an indelicate allusion. There is nothing I ever heard him say that could not be repeated in the presence of women. He never used profane language. He was very temperate in eating and drinking. In his own family, unless guests were present, he seldom drank wine. If a man were brought up for an appointment, and it was shown that he was an immoral man, he would not appoint him, no matter how great the pressure brought to bear by friends.

General Grant would sit in my library with four or five others chatting freely, and doing perhaps two-thirds of the talking. Let a stranger enter whom he did not know, and he would say nothing more during that evening. That was one peculiarity of his. He wouldn't talk to people unless he understood them. At a dinner-party among intimate friends he would lead in the conversation, but any alien element would seal his tongue. This great shyness or reticence sometimes, perhaps, made him misunderstood.

I never heard him say, nor did I ever know him to do, a mean thing. His entire truthfulness, his perfect honesty, were beyond question. I think of him, now that he is dead, with ever-increasing admiration; I can recall no instance of vanity, of bombast or self-laudation. He was one of the greatest, one of the most modest, of men.

INSPIRATION.

LONG time it haunts his mind
 With purpose scarce defined,
 Elusive, subtle, still
 Evading conscious will,—
 A perfume half distilled,
 A promise unfulfilled.
 There comes a dreamy hour,
 A bee, a bird, a flower,
 A grain of glittering dust,
 A salt Atlantic gust,—
 Who knows or how or when
 'Tis bodied to his ken,
 What hidden chain is wrought
 That holds the poet's thought?

Debbie H. Silver.

WITH GAUGE & SWALLOW.

NO. XI.—A DISSOLVING VIEW.

GAUGE & SWALLOW were about to dissolve. A partnership of twenty-five years' duration was about to terminate a career of singular brilliancy and success. Of course the old partners would remain. The same old names would be upon the door-plate and on the letter-heads; but some other name would be joined with them,—some other voice would be heard in the counsels of the firm,—some other presence be added to the familiar consultations. I had been with them almost ten years. Except Mr. Barnes and Mr. Burrill, I was the oldest in length of service of all their assistants. My life had been exceptionally pleasant with them. If I had seldom won praise, I had even less frequently received blame. If I had not always merited approval, I had never failed to do my best to deserve it. From the first I had realized that I was not a favorite with either of the partners, but I strove unceasingly to make myself useful to them. If they did not believe me capable of great things, I was determined they should know that I would do little ones with intelligence, despatch, and the most painstaking accuracy.

Fortunately for me, I had early observed that the easiest and surest way for a man of mediocre powers to rise in any business or calling, when he has both fortune and position to achieve, is to make himself as indispensable as possible to others of greater power or already-acquired position. More fortunately still, I had never been possessed with the idea that I was gifted with remarkable qualities. I recognized the fact that very many could accomplish what I could not. I realized, also, that what is sometimes termed the magnetic quality was almost entirely lacking in me. Very few ever took a fancy to me at first sight. On the contrary, I had an uncomfortable impression that I was rather antipathetic to most people. I was fortunate in only one thing,—an invincible determination to make the most of my ability and opportunity. If I could not do great things, I was determined to do little ones as well as the most gifted. If people would not admire me, I would make them respect me; and if they were not inclined to favor me, they should learn to lean upon me. I had noticed that the most minute part in a machine was very often as important to its operation as the ponderous portions which transmit power or immediately produce results; and, having obtained a place with Gauge & Swallow by mere force of persistence, I determined to make myself essential to the machine that name represented.

I had succeeded in this design even better than I hoped. I had not always been treated with as much consideration as some of my associates. Mr. Swallow sometimes spoke sharply and Mr. Gauge carelessly to me, even yet. My opinions were not always treated with

respect, my forensic efforts had been ridiculed, and my early attempts at cross-examination made the stock jests of the office. After a while I found that whenever Mr. Swallow was rude to me Mr. Gauge was apt to be unusually kind. If I was given less than I could have wished of the showy work of the office, I was more than repaid by the confidence displayed in my implicit observance of instructions.

Not only my employers but my associates at the bar also came to rely upon my discretion. I did not needlessly speak of unpleasant things, and never acted the tale-bearer unless I brought pleasant burdens. If one of our professional brethren spoke ill of my employers in my presence, under the sting of defeat or in the heat of conflict, I never mentioned the matter to them. After a while this became known, and I was often thanked for having saved the need of apology or the probability of discord. So, too, I never alluded in the office to anything I heard in the consultation-room. The result was that the partners came to speak almost as unreservedly in my presence as if by themselves. Sometimes, indeed, they seemed quite to overlook my presence, treating me as parents do children who but half understand what is said or are bound by natural ties to silence and discretion.

In the matter of compensation fortune had favored me. I had, either actually or seemingly, saved more to the firm and their clients than any of my fellows, frequently securing by arrangement what would have been lost by litigation; while by close attention to details I had often remedied the remissness of more brilliant associates. If my briefs were not so startling as those of others, it was remarked that my citations could be relied on as sustaining the points I made; and if I was not so brilliant an advocate as some, the courts listened to me with patience, knowing I would not trouble them with unnecessary display. My salary had been increased from time to time, always without request or intimation on my part, until my monthly checks were of the same amount as Mr. Barnes's, who had acted as chief clerk since Mr. Bronson's departure. Besides this, I was often employed in the business of the firm at a distance, with the intimation that I need not itemize my expense-account.

Because of these things, I had no personal apprehension on account of any change in the membership of the firm; that is, I had no fear that I would not retain my place. At the same time, I had no expectation of a better one. I did not once imagine that I was to be the new partner,—though the mission with which I had just been intrusted was one of peculiar responsibility, all the more so from the relation Mr. Swallow sustained to the absent millionaire,—and I was confident Mr. Barnes would not be. Mr. Gauge had never quite liked the chief clerk, in spite of the position he held. Ever since the affair with Bronson, indeed, he had manifested a constant nervousness, amounting almost to espionage, in regard to the papers in every case. Mr. Barnes had shown remarkable ability and very sound judgment in the management of real estate. This branch of our business had long been entirely under his control, and had rapidly and steadily increased since coming into his hands. In the matter of titles, mortgages, and the value of real estate, he had few, if any, superiors in the great

metropolis. He was a man of wonderful executive ability, having a constitution of iron and the happy faculty some people possess of doing a hundred things at a time without seeming to be busy about any of them. When Mr. Bronson left, he took charge of the routine business of the office, through a clerk, still retaining the real estate business. But Mr. Barnes was a clerk, a man of business rather than a lawyer, and I knew that the new partner, whoever he might be, would be one who would at once be recognized by the profession at large as a lawyer.

I could not help feeling apprehensive, as I went back to my desk, however, as to whether the same cordial relation would exist between the newly-constituted firm and myself. There had come into my service not a little of that blind reverence which the young man who is brought into intimate relations with the successful man of middle age is apt to accord. Besides the success and renown of the firm, I had a personal and individual attachment for each of its members. It is true I was only an employee: not once had I ever forgotten that fact, not once had I been permitted to forget it. Our worlds only touched at the perimeters, which impinged where each ran through the office. I had been to the houses of the partners more than once, but it was rather in the capacity of an errand-boy than as a guest. I had made myself acquainted with the members of their households, and was so far a *persona grata* with their wives that I had more than once been favored with the office of squire of dames when the husband was unable to respond to a demand for his services and a cavalier was desirable. Indeed, I will admit that I counted as one of the advantages of my position the privilege of attending pretty regularly the Saturday *matinées*, many of which would have been quite beyond my means, even with the increased compensation I received; for I was thrifily inclined, and had lived up to my resolution to make up with interest to my mother the comforts she had sacrificed in my behalf. I took not a little pride, therefore, in the snug premises she occupied contentedly, overlooking the little New England town where my coming at the summer vacation was always heralded by the local press as the "arrival of Mr. Gerald Fountain, Esq., the well-known New York lawyer, at his elegant country-seat, where he will enjoy a brief respite from professional cares."

They did not know that I was only a salaried assistant in the office of Gauge & Swallow, or, if they did know, it made no difference to the simple people of the village. I was a lawyer all the same, and the glamour of the great firm's renown rested like a halo about me. For a fortnight each year, therefore, I was a hero. My tastes are not rural, however, and the chief enjoyment I have derived from my rustic investment has been the pride and comfort of that excellent woman whom it has lifted from a life of penury and toil to one of ease and comfort not too far removed from her former surroundings to be enjoyable. I do not think I have ever been ashamed of my mother: I am sure I have never seen the time when I would permit her to see that her ways are not altogether enjoyable to the son whom she has labored all her life to lift above her own level. Yet I may as well confess that she has succeeded only too well in her efforts. If I were a man of wealth, able

to have my carriage and things of that sort, I would be only too happy to have her come and share my good fortune. As it is, I am afraid I should not like to be seen with her upon my arm in the streets of New York. I am ashamed of the fact. Yet she was not yet old nor ill-looking: she only lacked style. There are some men who would not mind such things. Jasper Minton would not. I cannot help wishing I were more like him,—so calm, brave, and unpretentious. As the recollection flashes upon me, I wonder whether he will not be the new partner. I cannot help wishing that he may be, not so much on my own account as for the sake of Mr. Burrill, whose silvery head shows above the top of the desk as I approach. He is putting his papers "to rights," as he says, in view of his journey, and his face is aglow with pleasure at the thought of visiting his native land.

Poor man! I dread to have him know what is in store for him, not so much from any effect the loss of his interest in the firm will have on his financial condition: he is already very comfortably provided,—able to retire, indeed, whenever he is so minded. His interest would, of course, be diminished, perhaps entirely lost. It is not that. I know—and I alone, though I did once hint it to Mr. Swallow—that was six months ago—how the old man's heart yearns for the honor of an equal acknowledged partnership. I believe it would kill him; but he would be willing to die just to see his name on the door-plate and hear the clerk say, when a case is moved in court, "Gauge, Swallow & Burrill, for the Plaintiffs."

I alone know how he has cherished this dream which his own modesty has made impossible of fulfilment. I think one of the chief reasons why he bought the beautiful house which overlooks bay and river and might be the home of a banker or a stock-speculator was in order that he might do honor to the good fortune he hoped would yet be thrust upon him when finally it shall come.

I am not ashamed to confess that I love Thomas Burrill. He has not only been kind to me, but he has made me his friend, and, to tell the truth, has made me much worthier to be his friend. No one could see as I have for three years the never-failing beauty and sweet kindly courtesy of his daily life without loving him. During all that time I have been his guest in the house where the woman lived whom I loved,—nay, whom I still love. He knows my secret, but never alludes to it. What was her studio is now my study. Nothing is changed,—only a case or two of books added. The picture of Hazzard on the easel is gone, too, and in its place is a plainly-framed charcoal sketch of myself. We found it there when we took possession. "A fine picture," Burrill says, when he comes up for an evening now and then: I know it is merely a trifle, such as a friend might do to show another that he was not entirely forgotten. The little ebony desk was there too: she had left the key, with a note saying that I would find all her papers there, and asking me to accept the desk as a present. I have kept her papers—the papers belonging to the property I have in charge—in it ever since, but no others. If she should return to-morrow, I would only have to give her the key and say, "Here is what you left in my care," and when she should look them over she would

find two dollars for every one she gave into my hands. I am very proud of my success. It is foolish to keep on dreaming as I do, but I cannot help it. I wonder if I shall find her when I go to serve this man who has cast her off. Perhaps he has not cast her off, but has become her patron,—has adopted her as his child. Somehow, it always seemed to me as if she loved him more as a father—a friend—than—than—otherwise. Yet ever as I try to think so, I see her sweeping back the velvet curtain and saying, proudly, "I love him."

In these years the courteous old man and myself have grown very, very near to each other. I have been as a son in a father's house. I have gone to the country with him, and he has attended church with me. We have been very happy,—happier than I ever hoped to be, and in a different way. I was much more disturbed for his sake, therefore, than for myself at the contemplated change in the firm. I fear my voice must have betrayed my anxiety as I gave him Mr. Swallow's message. I hardly knew whether I was expected to return with him or not, but somehow felt that I could not leave him to face the shock alone.

There was a singular deference—a most self-respecting courteous humility—which always marked the intercourse of Mr. Burrill with the firm whom he had served so efficiently during its twenty-five years of existence,—the firm which was hastening its dissolution that he might witness its demise! I do not think he ever contemplated the partners as merely individual essences. They were always a part of Gauge & Swallow,—a name he almost worshipped, so intense was his interest in its success. The glory with which he imbued this legal entity rested like a halo on the heads of the partners, and he bowed with loving reverence to it whenever he greeted them. Mr. Gauge had been his friend before the partnership existed, and with him alone he sometimes seemed to forget the firm; but when both partners were present, it mattered not how remote the subject of conversation might be, Gauge & Swallow were ever before his mind's eye. Never did the rare, sweet courtesy of the old servant, who was really a most efficient partner, show to such good advantage as when the silver-haired old gentleman, with his soft, placid face aglow with the excitement of the proposed journey, entered Mr. Swallow's room and received the greetings of the members of the firm.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Burrill," said Mr. Gauge, with the warm sympathetic smile which so often greeted the old clerk.

"I declare," said the Junior, heartily, "the very prospect of leaving us has made you look twenty years younger."

"I did not think I should care to return," said the old man, pleasantly, "but I am sure I shall enjoy it." He rubbed his soft palms together appreciatively as he spoke, and the boyish light that filled his eyes told how keen was his anticipation.

"No doubt," said Mr. Swallow. "There are some things to be talked over, and then you and Mr. Fountain will have to arrange your affairs for an indefinite leave. There is no telling when we shall see you again; but we hope you will have a good time."

"Thank you, sir," said the old man,—*"both of you,"* he added.

"I'm sure I shall often think of you when I am in London. I shall go to the courts, you know,—that has always been my idea,—just go and watch them, you know, day after day, and compare them with ours. Do you know, I've a notion—it's queer for me to say so, isn't it?—that, with all their gowns and wigs, they don't lead us any more? I've a notion that English law, like English liberty, has transferred its chief seat to this side the water. I think we're leading them already, sirs, and are going to keep at it. It seems to me that all the new advances in legal science are coming from the American bench and bar. Only think how we have extended and strengthened the common law in every direction. And Westminster Hall has followed our lead,—had to follow us,—and has got over being ashamed to confess it. And all in a few years. Why, I was a well-grown lad when I heard a Queen's counsel laughed at—actually laughed at—for citing an American decision in argument before the Queen's Bench. 'Excuse me,' says his lordship, 'does the learned counsel cite the case as authority?' But the fellow in silk gave it back to him soundly. 'I cite it, my lud,' said he, 'as one of the ablest expositions of English law to be found in the English language.' They didn't laugh after that. Well, you see, I'd like to go back and witness the change with my own eyes and ears, you know."

"You will no doubt find it interesting," said Mr. Swallow; "and we must get our business out of the way, so as to give you time for your preparations."

"You, Mr. Burrill, will represent the firm of Gauge & Swallow, with full power to act for them. Besides this, you will have a special power of attorney from me, authorizing you to act for me as devisee and, so far as may be, as executor under the will of Andrew Hazzard, with a copy of which you will be provided. Mr. Fountain will also represent the firm, either with you or separately, as you may decide. You will also have power to determine his agency at any moment that you may see fit. In other words, you will have power to discharge him at any time, giving him our check for any sum that may be due."

You may imagine that this talk of dismissing me from the service of the firm gave me not a little unpleasant surprise. As it happened, Mr. Burrill was never called upon to exercise this power; but the fact that Mr. Swallow mentioned it shows how wonderful a lawyer's provision becomes by constant practice in providing for possible contingencies.

"There is another thing I wish to speak about," said Mr. Swallow. "Before you return there would probably have to be a change in the name of the firm. I shall of course retire in case of Mr. Hazzard's death, and, besides that, the business is getting rather too large for two of us to manage now. So we have been thinking of anticipating this necessity by taking in a new member. What do you think of it?"

"You know it is just what I have advised," said the old man, with hearty approval.

"Very true," said Mr. Swallow, "but we did not know just how—how you would choose to have your own relation defined."

"I hope, gentlemen," said the old clerk, rising to his feet and

speaking very hurriedly, "that you will allow me to relieve you from all embarrassment on that subject. You have already been kinder to me than I have deserved, and—I have enough; I am only a tax on the firm now——"

"But we do not think so," said Mr. Swallow, earnestly. "Only Mr. Gauge and myself know what the firm owes to you, Mr. Burrill, and while the business remains your interest in it will not be lessened a single farthing. We only wanted to know if you would have any objection to its being placed in a slightly different form."

"Oh, certainly not, gentlemen, certainly not," said the dear old man, the tears running down his cheeks as he spoke. "Anything that is for the interest of Gauge & Swallow, gentlemen, is satisfactory to me."

"If you will kindly sign this power of attorney, then, authorizing Mr. Gauge to act for you in the matter."

"Of course, of course," responded the old man, searching for his glasses, and finally signing his name in a more shaky and uncertain style than I had ever known him to do before.

I signed as a witness, and we were about to leave the room, when Mr. Swallow said, carelessly,—I was surprised at the fact that Mr. Gauge had sat a silent and evidently embarrassed listener to this conversation thus far,—

"Oh, one thing more, Mr. Burrill. We are going to give our new 'Junior' a little spread to-night at Delmonico's,—a very informal affair, just the office force and a few special friends. We had intended to defer it until the close of the year, but have decided to have it now because of your speedy departure. Such a thing would lose its charm without the presence of the oldest and truest friend that Gauge & Swallow ever had. You and Mr. Fountain must on no account allow your preparations to interfere with your coming early. Remember, eight o'clock sharp, at the up-town Delmonico's."

The old man seemed staggered by the unconscious cruelty of this proposition. He could not trust himself to speak, but sank into a chair, shaking his head from side to side, a pathetic picture of mute and helpless grief. Mr. Gauge added his solicitations, however, and after a time the old gentleman, seeing how utterly unconscious they were of the hurt they were giving him, yielded a trembling, almost tearful, assent.

It was with a sad heart that I accompanied Mr. Burrill to our beautiful home. For once, as we entered its portal I forgot to think of her who had dwelt there. I tried to speak a word of consolation which I had not dared to venture on the street, but he turned away, wringing my hand to show that he understood my meaning, only saying, with a choked voice,—

"It wasn't to be, my son; and yet—it was the only ambition I ever had. If it was to be Jasper Minton I don't think I would mind it so much."

He evidently wished to find out who the new-comer was to be. I could not tell him; and, besides, I was jealous of Mr. Minton. Why should he come between me and my one friend? So I answered nothing.

If ever a perfect gentleman entered the famous restaurant, it was the white-haired, fair-faced old man with the bit of snowy whisker, who went up the marble steps that night clad in an irreproachable suit having just the slightest possible flavor of old fashions,—a flavor unmistakable, yet hard to define, if one passed by the snowy ruffled shirt-front which the guileless face showed to be no purer than the bosom it covered.

Mr. Gauge and Mr. Swallow met us as we stepped out of the elevator,—or rather, I should say, met Mr. Burrill; for it was one of the ghostly attendants of this bacchanal shrine, who looked as if the sight of others' joys had transformed him into an animated substitute for the Egyptian reminder of mortality, that took me in charge, while my companion was led away by the partners, one on either side.

I joined the other guests,—gentlemen from the office, one or two judges, and quite a gathering of notables of the bar, young and old. Which of these was to be the new partner? This I could see was the question each was asking himself as every new-comer appeared. When the doors were opened and we entered the dining-room, Mr. Gauge escorted Mr. Burrill to the place of honor, seating himself upon the old man's right, while a distinguished judge sat upon his left. Near them were grouped judges and dignitaries around the table, which was shaped like a horseshoe. The clerks of Gauge & Swallow were sandwiched in here and there with the other guests. At the very end of one of the prongs of the shoe sat Mr. Swallow, and, greatly to my delight, I found myself placed at his left.

We all greeted the flushed but courteous old clerk with a round of applause as Mr. Gauge handed him to his place, to which he responded with a bow which would have done honor to a Chesterfield in its perfect and unstudied grace. There was a vacant place at the foot of the table,—the other prong of the shoe,—towards which I noticed that Mr. Swallow glanced uneasily as the dinner progressed. At length a card was brought to him by one of the servitors, and he stole out, taking care not to disturb the quiet chat that was beginning to spread around the table as the company on either side gradually crystallized into groups of two or three, who with heads inclined towards each other were enlivening the feast with that congenial intercourse which marks small companies of cultured men.

To my mind such festive gatherings of the bar are the most entertaining of all social groupings. No other profession unites in so marked a degree individuality and adaptedness or combines so wide a knowledge of things with so broad an experience of men. In no other professional assemblage is there to be found such a universal absence of unpleasant personality. At the festal board the lawyer is never arrogant, boastful, or inclined to monopolize attention. Softly-modulated, or hearty, cheerful, unobtrusive tones prevail. I have been a student of man as a diner rather than as a *gourmet* or mere consumer, and have seen many professions as well as many gatherings at the social board. Making due allowance for professional bias, I must maintain that, in America at least, the bar affords by far the most charming and refined social groupings that can be found. The divine is apt to be assertive

or competitive in company with his brethren. The prevailing lion is often inclined to monopolize the conversation or remain stubbornly silent. Each man sees in his neighbor a rival for public favor, to be feared or despised. The medical man is usually combative or discursive in professional gatherings. He treats his neighbor either as an opponent or as a patient. There is more individuality in the medical profession than in any other, and more effort to please or convince their neighbors on either hand, on such occasions. Intellectually they are keener, brighter, more alert, than any other profession. A man feels, after having attended a festal gathering of physicians, as a Damascus blade looks after passing through the armorer's hands.

But for quiet, harmonious congeniality there is nothing like a festal gathering of the bar. There is no chance for rivalry; mouthiness would make its victim a veritable St. Sebastian, stuck full of poisoned arrows of relentless wit, in a quarter of an hour. No lawyer can be a lion with his brethren, and no one is better aware of it than he. Each one at the board knows his weak points and has discounted his strong ones. Each, if inclined to boast, knows he is surrounded by snares which no skill could evade. The dullest practitioner is sure to know something of which the wisest judge is ignorant. Because of these things the lawyer in social intercourse with his brethren of the bar is modest, deferential, courteous, genial. From end to end of the banquet-board rises and falls the low murmur of cheerful conversation interspersed with ripples of laughter and punctuated with smiling alert faces and gleaming anticipative glances. If a man is fond of stale "chestnuts," let him cultivate the professional diner-out; if he loves to witness skilful "grilling," let him dine with journalists; if he wants to be talked to death, let him dine with politicians; if he loves a dinner "administered on business principles," let him dine with business-men; if he appreciates the recurrent extremes of heat and cold, let him dine with ministers; if he wishes to leave the feast wearied with the effort to appreciate its varied display of mental wounds and weapons, let him dine with physicians; but if he seeks the genial flow of mingled mirth and wisdom which is now a calm and placid pool, now a dimpling current, now a flashing rapid, but never turbulent, exhausting, or dull, —then let him dine with lawyers.

After a few moments Mr. Swallow returned. He had almost reached the vacant seat to which he was ushering the belated guest before any one noted who the new-comer was. Then, as if by instinct, all eyes were turned upon the scarred but placid face and erect and supple form of Jasper Minton. There was an instant pause, and every one seemed to divine that this was the new partner we were called upon to welcome. His individuality appeared to impress every one as the very thing that was required to round out and complete the efficiency of the great firm. I think Mr. Burrill saw him first, and gave the signal for the hearty round of applause that burst out as he bowed himself into the seat reserved for him.

Usually a belated guest is a nuisance; but when it was whispered about the board that this one had come on the "Chicago Limited," had made his toilet on the train and was in his seat twenty-three minutes

after its arrival at Jersey City, many an admiring glance was cast on the quiet, impassive man who overcame obstacles without "fuss" and "got there" as a matter of course. After this incident the mirth flowed on a little more boisterously until the coffee was brought on and the cigars were lighted. Then Mr. Swallow rose, and, tapping lightly on the table, became at once the centre of all eyes. He said it was not quite in order for the foot of the table to take the lead, but, while he had been a "Junior" all his life, his "Senior" had been of that prudent kind who always put him on the skirmish-line. He was accustomed, therefore, to opening the battle. He had persuaded his associate, his revered and well-beloved "Senior," he said, to take a new partner, in order that he himself might escape being any longer a "Junior" and be allowed to take on a little dignity with the advent of gray hairs. As the change in the firm was a favor due him, it was proper that he should thank the friends present for coming together to witness his transformation and share his delight in getting out of the lowest form. He was so engrossed, he declared, with his own good fortune that he would leave to his "Senior" the pleasant task of introducing to them the lucky fellow who was henceforth to share the glory and profits of the new firm.

Nothing could exceed the delicacy and tact of the great advocate in thus avoiding all display, skilfully withdrawing himself behind a playful allusion to the position he had so long occupied and bringing to the front the grave, kindly, but not often brilliant man who was the head of the firm.

A hearty cheer greeted Mr. Gauge as he rose. For a few moments it seemed as if his speech was to be of the most commonplace character. Gradually he warmed to his task, and in simple, manly, and tender words told the story of the partnership which had been dissolved that day in order that another might be formed. He said there had never been any dissent or dissatisfaction between the partners, never any serious difference of opinion, and never any quarrel which the evening hand-shake did not dissipate. In the firm, as in the profession, there had been neither "Senior" nor "Junior," save the undying youthfulness which genius had conferred upon the distinguished associate whose co-operation had not only lightened his labors, but whose companionship had brightened his advancing years.

There was a moisture in Mr. Swallow's eyes as the cheers burst out in response to this graceful compliment.

Then the Senior, whose fine face was aglow with generous sentiment, turned to those who had served them, and recounted with justifiable pride the success of many who had gone forth from the firm, and paid a warm tribute to the devotion of those who remained. Then he spoke of one who was the first to engage in their service and the last to leave it,—to whom in the opinion of both the partners, and he doubted not in the opinion of their brethren of the bench and bar, the success of the firm had been quite as much due as to the efforts of either of the partners.

Every one knew to whom these remarks referred, and Mr. Burrill's face flushed at first with pleasurable excitement, then grew pale as he

realized the heartiness and sincerity of the compliment which was being thus publicly paid him by the man he had loved as well as served so long.

This man, Mr. Gauge continued, had that day withdrawn from a service they had often urged him to abandon that they might have the honor of adding his name to theirs in the caption of the firm. Never, until he found that a reorganization of the business was inevitable, would he give up the nominally subordinate but really central position he had occupied in the firm of Gauge & Swallow. It was to do honor to this faithful servant, even more than to welcome the new partner, that their friends had been invited to meet with them on this occasion. Before he concluded his remarks, he said, he should ask leave to propose the health of this man, known to them all as of exceptional modesty and worth, who for the first time in thirty years had asked a vacation in order that he might revisit his native country, whither he would carry the warm wishes of every one, lawyer and layman, who had known him in the land of his adoption.

As for the new partner, he was almost ashamed to confess that for the first time in the history of the firm it had been compelled to stoop to deception—almost to tergiversation—to secure an associate. He would therefore leave that gentleman to speak for himself.

"And now, gentlemen," said he, lifting his glass, while every one rose and did likewise, "I propose the health of Thomas Burrill, Attorney and Counsellor, an ornament of the bar whose honors he has modestly shunned, a lawyer whom we proudly challenge the home of the common law to out rival in varied and accurate attainment, sound judgment, and unconscious merit."

The judge who sat upon the left of Mr. Burrill proposed three cheers. The glasses were drained with uproarious glee; for the dear old man had won the hearts of all by the modesty and kindness of his life. As he rose to return thanks, I saw Mr. Swallow give a signal, and on a glass plate above the old man's chair, which had hitherto showed only a border of electric lights, flashed out a thousand fiery points composing the device we all read wonderingly enough:

"Gauge, Swallow & Burrill."

For a moment all were silent with surprise. Then the cheers broke out as if the company had gone wild. Burrill stood looking in amazement at this explosion of delight, which he dimly comprehended must have some cause beyond what was apparent to him. Following the direction of every eye and every uplifted finger, he beheld the sparkling device, and after a moment apprehended its full import. Then he turned to Mr. Gauge with a pathetically reproachful look, gazed a moment at the now silent company beseechingly, and, sinking to his chair, buried his face in his hands.

I hardly know what happened next. I remember seeing, through my tears, Mr. Gauge holding one of the new partner's hands while Mr. Swallow shook the other. There was a flutter of white handkerchiefs about the board,—at least I suppose they were handkerchiefs; though, to my infinite confusion, I found afterwards that I had been industriously mopping my eyes with a napkin. It seems a silly thing, but I do

not think I ever saw as general and spontaneous an overflow of feeling as among that company of hard-headed and ambitious men, most of whom had won honors in a profession usually charged with little enough of sympathy for others' joys and woes. We youngsters were not a whit ahead of the old fellows in this display of unprofessional tender-heartedness.

"Gentlemen," said a firm, clear voice at the lower end of the table. I knew who it was—who it must be—before I had a chance to follow the general direction of the glistening eyes of those who stood opposite. Who but Minton would have anything to say and know just what to say? I was angry that he should be the first one to greet the man whom I loved with sensible remark in his new relation. There are some people who seem always to have the good fortune to be in the right place, do the right thing, and say exactly the right word, at just the right time. Jasper Minton was that sort of a man. I am not. I was sure he did not love the old man as well as I. How should he? Had he not loved ones of his own?

"Gentlemen," he repeated, in a voice as firm and clear as if he had never dreamed of shedding a tear, though there was a heartiness about it that made every one feel that what he was about to utter would be a just and tender tribute to the man whom all loved but none envied,—“Gentlemen, I propose the health of the new member of the old firm,—the ‘Junior’ who outranks in age both his ‘Seniors,’—the only man who was ever known to be a *silent* partner in a legal firm.”

Then the glasses went up, and the clamor began again. Everybody shook hands with Mr. Burrill, and then with Mr. Gauge and Mr. Swallow, and finally with each other. As we resumed our places at the table a little knot remained about Mr. Burrill. Mr. Gauge, Mr. Swallow, and the new partner were evidently engaged in an earnest controversy. Mr. Minton stood by, occasionally assenting to what was said. Then they all shook hands with Mr. Minton. What did it mean?

Mr. Minton sauntered back to his place, and Mr. Swallow quietly stated that the new firm were happy to announce that Mr. Jasper Minton, formerly with Gauge & Swallow, had consented to form a connection with them and would hereafter have the responsible direction and control of the office. I was looking at Mr. Barnes when this announcement was made, and was at a loss to understand the pallor which suddenly overspread his countenance. Nothing more of any moment happened. There were speeches, songs, and all the usual jollification of such an occasion, and it was at a very late hour that the company separated. Mr. Burrill and myself slept at a hotel that night, or the small portion of the night that remained, having ordered our luggage aboard the steamer, which was to sail early the next day.

A considerable company came to see us off, and when we swung out into the stream almost the whole force of the office was on the pier, waving us adieu.

Mr. Burrill was standing by the rail, calling them by name, though he well knew that they could not hear him above the noise of the engine and the wheels as he bade good-by to each.

"Why, where is Mr. Barnes?" he suddenly asked. "He is not with them."

It was only a moment since we had shaken hands with him. I had been watching the people as they went down the gangway, and it flashed upon me that I had not seen him among them. I have a singular fancy for watching crowds and picking out those whom I recognize or think I recognize. I was sure he was not among those who had left the steamer. Taking my glass, I scanned once more the group upon the pier. He was not with them. At once I recalled the look upon his face when he heard of Mr. Minton's return, and for the first time in my life a suspicion of our chief clerk crossed my mind. I had suffered so severely by over-confidence in Mr. Bronson that I determined to be on my guard this time. It was impossible to get a list of the passengers so soon, and I had to content myself with sending back by the pilot a note to Mr. Gauge suggesting an immediate examination of Mr. Barnes's accounts, as would be natural on Mr. Minton's taking charge, giving as a reason that a circumstance trivial in itself and which might be without significance had awakened my suspicions.

The fancy that Mr. Barnes was on board grew upon me from day to day, though I had nothing to justify the suspicion. I took occasion to go through the steerage, but found no familiar face. When we reached the other side and the pilot came aboard with the late papers, I was not surprised to hear Mr. Burrill, who was looking over the London dailies with that curious eagerness a man exhibits who is returning after a long absence to his native land, utter an exclamation of horrified surprise. Going to his side, he pointed me to the caption, "A Trusted Clerk makes off with a Quarter of a Million of his Employers' Funds!"

Then followed a statement that the confidential clerk of the great law-firm of Gauge & Swallow had for a long time been engaged in a series of speculations by means of forged certificates of registration of mortgages, whereby he had robbed the firm of amounts aggregating more than a quarter of a million dollars. The defaulter was supposed to have fled to Canada. As soon as I could get him to our state-room, I informed Burrill of my suspicions. As a result, the captain sent a message to the police before we drew up to the dock, and officers were on hand to arrest the fugitive. He was fairly well disguised, but it was no difficult matter when the second-cabin passengers were going up the ladder to identify my fellow-clerk. I found a cable despatch at Liverpool urging me to make all haste to reach a small town in Southern France, and Mr. Burrill one informing him of the defalcation and assuring him that it would not at all affect the credit of the firm.

"Of course it will not," said the old man, who was utterly broken up by the blow his idol had received. "Why should it? It's only a couple of years' earnings at the most. But it is not the credit of a legal firm that is the important thing: it is its standing,—its trustworthiness as a legal adviser. It is the disgrace of this thing, don't you see? How can I go up to London to be pointed at and wondered at as one of the American barristers who let their clerk run away with a mint of money? I can't do it. It takes all the enjoyment out of the

trip. No, I am going right back just as soon as I can get leave to take the rascal with me.

"What did they publish it for? I'd have kept still and given the rascal a ten-pun' note not to tell on himself. We came very near getting burnt once before, you remember, but we were lucky enough not to have it get out then. Only think of it!—Gauge & Swallow,—to say nothing of the new name,—not only the most honorable but the most shrewd, sagacious, and alert of practitioners,—to be taken in in this shocking manner! It all comes of trying to make a corner in brains, my son. It's all right for a business firm to have a legal partner. I wonder that more of them don't. It would be the soundest kind of policy, especially over there where the professional lines are not drawn so strictly, to take a man in and give him a share of the business to look after its legal interests and relations and do its legal business. But for a law-firm to go into the general agency and commission business, to act as brokers and investors, collectors and business advisers, is to make the profession a hodge-podge without merit or distinction. It is ruining the profession and bringing it into disrepute. Gauge & Swallow are great lawyers, both of them, but they weren't trained in any such school as the office they have tried to run. They can make a hundred thousand dollars a year honestly in the law, but they have tried to make as much more by doing business for others, instead of leaving their clients to do their own business, run their own risks, and get into their own difficulties. It don't do for a lawyer to try and be a general business agent and an adviser for others at the same time. If the shoemaker should stick to his last, the lawyer should by all means stick to his law. Brains are individual possessions. Men who have them may unite to aid each other with advantage, where they have a common interest; but what is called a great legal firm,—that is, one or two men with big brains and wide knowledge and experience in the law, with a score or two of hirelings, clerks and agents and salaried representatives,—such a firm will always be an injury to the profession, an illusion and a snare. A lawyer ceases to be a sound adviser when he becomes the business agent of his client and assumes responsibilities for the acts he advises. I am going back to see if I cannot induce Gauge & Swallow to do an exclusive legal business or else drop the law and open a broker's office. It don't do to mix the two. Besides that, such scandals as this bring the profession into disrepute. Nobody thinks it strange when a lawyer makes a failure in speculation or invests money in a losing business. People say that is to be expected; he is investing where he cannot give his attention. But when a lawyer is overreached, cheated, robbed by one of his own employees in his own office, part of his own machine,—you see it impairs confidence in the common sense, shrewdness, and capacity of a class whose legitimate success depends on popular belief in their possession of these very qualities. Such things are almost as bad for the law as it is for religion to have a minister go wrong."

There was no lack of truth in the old man's philosophy, though it was born of chagrin. So he stayed to look after the extradition of our unexpected capture, while I pushed on to my destination.

"It was lucky Mr. Swallow had his 'impression' that I ought to

come with you, wasn't it?" said the old man, as he bade me good-by at the station.

Four days afterwards, I cabled Gauge & Swallow that I had left their service. Mr. Burrill arrived in New York on the returning steamer with the defaulter, who made partial restitution but was bound over for trial. The proceedings dragged mysteriously. He was finally released on bail, and after the matter was thought to have been forgotten it was casually reported by the press that the proceedings against him had been discontinued. The examination showed a great many important papers which should have been in the care of Gauge & Swallow to be missing. The resulting damage was not easy to be measured, and the cunning thief boldly demanded exemption from punishment as the price of their restoration. People wondered at the lenity displayed. What would have been thought if they had known that the very magnitude and boldness of his transactions had secured him not only immunity from punishment but the enjoyment of a comfortable fortune? He soon became famous on "the street," and will probably some day become one of the most potent magnates of finance. We hear a good deal in fiction and philosophy about the policy of honesty, which is always highly commended by those who know nothing of life or find it profitable to flatter. It is only the lawyer who really comprehends the profit there is in knavery, and knows what a shrinkage of values there would be among the "solid" men of the city if the premiums on rascality were deducted from their bank-accounts.

Albion W. Tourgee.

A DERVISH.

LIKE Joseph's coat his tattered raiment shows
 A rainbow blending of its countless hues;
 The desert dust has stained his pilgrim shoes,
 His frame is gaunt, yet on and on he goes.
 Few are the hours his weary limbs repose,
 Few are the drops that wet his earthen cruse;
 The path is long, the sharp flints cut and bruise,
 And yet at heart a dreamful rest he knows.

His visions are of calm celestial days,—
 Of peaceful groves of palm beyond the skies;
 Forever shine before his ardent eyes
 The fountained heavenly courts through golden haze:
 He deems the more he bears on mortal ways
 The greater his reward in Paradise.

Clinton Scollard.

OUR GREATEST INVENTOR.

WHEN John Ericsson died, a few weeks ago, there was little more mention of him in the newspapers, outside of his own city, than would have been accorded a local political "boss" or a man who had become rich by the sale of a worthless or dangerous patent medicine. In New York, which had been his home for nearly half a century, the comments upon his life and career occupied no more space than is frequently given to the matrimonial vagaries of an *opéra-bouffe* girl. Judged by commercial standards, the newspapers were perhaps not to be blamed, for the majority of their readers care little for scientific achievements except in concrete form. Of those who knew Ericsson by name, few had heard much about him except that he designed the historic Monitor,—a vessel of a type which has become unfashionable, if not obsolete, in naval architecture,—and those who knew him better were not of the class which talks a great deal.

Yet, if asked to name an inventor and adapter who had accomplished more and laid the world under greater obligations than Ericsson, the best-informed man would be at a loss. Comparisons are odious when the values of great inventions are considered, but except in the department of electricity it would be difficult to name any inventor who was Ericsson's peer. Yet the country has often rung with the praises of some new contrivance and its originator, while a great genius was busily coining his brains into public benefit with little or no recognition from men outside of his own profession.

That Ericsson and his work were not better known was largely the fault—if fault it was—of the inventor himself. He was utterly destitute of desire for notoriety; stranger still, he never seemed to imagine there could be any gain to him in exploiting his projects. The latter-day inventor generally takes the public into his confidence, and finds profit in so doing; no matter how valuable his time, he always can spare some for the reporter who can publish an "interview" in a newspaper of fair circulation. No sooner has he an idea that seems promising than he hurries a model together, applies for a patent, and organizes a company to "develop" his theory. He, or his company, floods the country with circulars and invades it with agents and canvassers. Ericsson, on the contrary, kept his ideas to himself, after a little experience in the dangers of talking before patenting; he seldom offered any of his ideas to the public until they were fully developed and tested; even then they were seldom publicly associated with his name. He seemed to work for the sake of working; he made some money, and always was "forehanded," but his principal satisfaction and remuneration were in the successful working of his inventions. He knew well that men of his own profession, or in kindred callings, must know of his work and esteem it at its proper value; for the opinions of the world at large he had as much contempt as the veriest aristocrat.

Of too large nature to be conceited, he nevertheless estimated all

his inventions at their full worth: assuming that all other sensible persons would do likewise, it never occurred to him to claim any special attention. Only once in his long American career did he show any sign of pique or offended pride: it was when the managers of our great Exhibition in 1876—an exhibition intended primarily to show what had been our national progress in a hundred years—passed him by. The old man—for already he had passed more than threescore years and ten—dropped tools and models, seized his pen, and wrote a book which from its size and shape might easily be mistaken for Worcester's or Webster's dictionary. There was not a superfluous word in it, yet it was only a series of descriptions of his inventions and other contributions to scientific progress during the years he had resided in America. The only evidence of feeling which the book contained was in the opening paragraph, which read as follows:

"The Commissioners of the Centennial Exhibition having omitted to invite me to exhibit the results of my labors connected with mechanics and physics, a gap in their record of material progress exceeding one-third of a century has been occasioned."

Coming from any other American, such a statement would have seemed pompous and vain; but Ericsson told only the bald truth. In proof of this he gave a list of his inventions in the United States, or developed after his arrival here in 1839. They numbered nearly fifty, and none of them were unimportant. The list astonished thousands of engineers and members of allied professions, some of whom learned for the first time of the completion, long before, of machines and instruments for purposes for which they themselves had long been endeavoring to contrive something. As the book was printed only for private circulation, and in limited numbers, it is probable that the mention of some of the author's inventions might yet astonish many clever constructors who are aspiring to prominence in applied science. The list is too long to print here, and portions of it would be unintelligible to the unscientific reader, but in illustration of the range of the inventor's mind it may be said that besides his improvements in naval and marine architecture, propulsion, and armament, and the motors that bear his name, he made the first steam fire-engine ever used in the world, built the first wrought-iron "reinforced" cannon, and made delicate instruments for measuring the reflective power of metals, the conductivity of mercury, and the actual intensity of the sun's rays, and an instrument for measuring distances at sea. It may be unnecessary to say that when his formidable list, and the still more formidable volume containing it, were brought to the notice of the Exhibition Commissioners, they promptly made suitable acknowledgments to the overlooked inventor.

Many of Ericsson's scientific devices have names which would scarcely be self-explanatory, but they have been invaluable in facilitating mechanical efforts of which the public accept the finished product without knowing its origin and development. Others, however, are far more widely known than the name of their inventor. One of these is the screw propeller, which, though not first applied to a vessel in this country, was here first so used as to attract the attention of the

world and revolutionize steam navigation. The United States war-vessel *Princeton*, engined and propelled after Ericsson's designs, was not only the fastest war-ship afloat, but her designer had provided for engines which should be entirely below the water-line,—a modification the practical value of which was instantly perceived by the world. Previous to the building of the *Princeton*, opposition of steam for naval vessels came as much from common sense as from sentiment and prejudice, for a well-directed shot or two could disable the ship by striking a paddle-wheel or passing through the engine-room: with the entire submersion of the wheel, however, and the depression of the engine, began the earnest study of steam navigation as part of the science of naval warfare.

Either of the two great improvements exemplified in the *Princeton* would have made any ordinary inventor satisfied and careless; but Ericsson displayed the grand comprehensiveness of mind which afterwards was turned to so good account in the *Monitor*. He wished to provide against all possible disasters, and he did it effectively. As speed depended upon steam, and high pressure could be attained only by hot fires, the smoke-stacks or chimneys of ships were made very tall, and therefore were good marks for gunners. Ericsson devised the "telescoping" smoke-stack; to prevent poor draught and insufficient steam while the smoke-stack was lowered in action, he invented "blowers" to intensify combustion. At this stage his proper work should have been completed, but, hearing a wish expressed that the cumbrous "breeching" of cannon might be done away with, he devised a new gun-carriage which took up the force of the gun's recoil. Afterwards, on the suggestion that a wrought-iron gun should be attempted, he made for the *Princeton* the first twelve-inch wrought-iron gun in the world. Fear being expressed that this gun might be too weak, he strengthened it with iron bands extending from breech to trunnions, thus preceding Krupp, Armstrong, and all later makers of reinforced ordnance. It was not this gun, but a much heavier one, of the same calibre, which afterwards burst on the *Princeton* and killed a score of persons, including the Secretary of the Navy.

The world rang with praises of the *Princeton* and her inventor, and in naval ship-yards everywhere began that imitation which is the sincerest form of admiration as well as of flattery. England, whose Lords of Admiralty had refused the screw propeller several years before, because in their opinion there was no room astern for screw and rudder too, lost no time in taking pattern after the Yankee ship; meanwhile, marine and inland vessels everywhere were adopting the screw in preference to the paddle-wheel. The "twin screw propeller" with independent engines, which has just been used so effectively by the new Inman steamer *City of Paris*, and is talked of by Atlantic travellers as a brilliant novelty, was successfully used by Ericsson more than fifty years ago, in a Thames River tug-boat, and again, nearly twenty years ago, in thirty different gun-boats built by Ericsson for the Spanish government. The probable reason for the neglect of the principle since that time is that the United States, generally the first nation to "prove all things [mechanical] and hold fast to that which is good," is

not allowed to build merchant-ships to any extent, and has only just begun to build a navy.

The Monitor, the most noted of Ericsson's achievements, at least to a generation which has a deplorable faculty for forgetting whatever is not new, is persistently regarded as a sudden inspiration due to our civil war, but was really designed many years before: a model of a similar vessel was presented by Ericsson to Louis Napoleon in 1854. It was too startling an innovation to be tolerated, even by change-loving Frenchmen or enterprising Americans. In his great Centennial volume Ericsson says nothing of the persistent reluctance of our government and our naval officers to see anything practicable in the plan of the Monitor, but it is a matter of history that when the boat was finally contracted for the conditions were the most arbitrary ever imposed by our government, and even then the contract was given more to oblige a clear-sighted Yankee from the same State as the Secretary of the Navy than through any faith in the efficiency of the vessel.

The opportune arrival of the Monitor in Hampton Roads will always be regarded as the most startling of the world's historic "coincidences." Quite as significant, however, is the fact that a fighting machine so simple, appropriate, and explicable, by an inventor and constructor of world-wide fame and undoubted sincerity, could not be brought by ordinary means to the attention of a government in dire need of all the fighting help it could get from any source. Great as were Ericsson and his invention, the really powerful and seaworthy Confederate iron-clad monster Merrimac might easily have laid every Northern seaport in ashes or under contribution had not the tongue of a persistent Yankee come to our rescue. Our national gallery of heroes of the civil war will not be complete until it contains a picture of a Connecticut Yankee, who was neither sailor nor artilleryman, explaining seamanship and gunnery to the alleged experts but veritable incompetents in whom a nation was implicitly trusting.

The building of the Monitor, small and simple though she seemed, was in itself an achievement which added greatly to Ericsson's fame among men who knew the various processes of marine design and construction. When the contract was signed, only an outline sketch and verbal and written explanations had been offered. All the working designs had still to be made, even for the engines, for no patterns in existence were of any service in so radical a departure from war-craft in general. Half a dozen different inventions, all by Ericsson, had their first trial in the engines of the Monitor, and drawings, to scale, had to be made of all for the foundry. Yet in one hundred days from the laying of the keel the little ship was launched with her machinery complete and in working order, and at smaller cost than any iron war-vessel of similar size and armament that has since been built.

But had the inventor attempted to rest on his laurels, and be comforted by the flattering unction laid to his soul by the non-fighting portion of the world, he would have been grievously disappointed. Fossilization is a process which goes on rapidly in official life everywhere, and our navy was no exception to the rule. No words could express the disgust and detestation with which many of our high naval

officers regarded the new craft. Nothing about her was in what they termed "ship shape;" there were no masts, rigging, or succession of decks; there were no possible facilities for display; no place on board to receive visitors in the good old-fashioned style so dear to naval officers of all lands. The builder had even been careless enough to think of fighting facilities first and officers' quarters afterwards. There was not aboard any of the familiar and sickening odor without which no wooden war-ship was complete. "Why, sir," exclaimed one gallant old captain, as indignantly as if he were announcing a damning defeat, "I don't believe a single rat will ever be fool enough to take up his quarters on that infernal craft!" She was built for steaming and fighting,—only that, and nothing more. She could not even be expected to grapple and board any other craft; and as for the glorious old strife of repelling boarders,—why, what enemy would ever have any encouragement to board a flat iron deck on which not a man was visible during action? She was a mere fighting machine; she meant nothing but matter-of-fact business, and didn't offer a single opportunity for gaining individual glory. No wonder the old sea-dogs were disgusted.

The great army of contractors, too, could not speak of such a craft with any patience. Half a dozen such boats could be built at the cost of one old-fashioned frigate, that would yield as much money a year for repairs as would build an entire monitor. The monitors were so simple, comparatively, in detail, and contained so few "extras," that there was no loop-hole through which to introduce a bill for deficiencies or allowances. The newspapers of the day abounded in criticisms of the monitor fleet,—for soon there was a fleet; the new boats were declared unseaworthy, unhealthy, and frightfully dangerous to their own crew while in action. It was said that a monitor could not go to sea without a big ship of the old style as tender; and it was not until after the war, when the *Miantonomah*, one of the monitors, went alone to Europe and was approved by all the naval designers of the great Powers, that the opposition began to abate. Meanwhile, contractors had comforted themselves by discovering that very costly ships also could be built with turrets for guns: when contracts for some of these were awarded, the storm of opposition abated almost entirely.

When the time came to name the coming antagonist of the *Merrimac*, it was discovered that Ericsson was a man of sentiment as well as of inventive faculty. The name "Monitor" was selected by him because, as he explained to the Secretary of the Navy, "the impregnable and aggressive character of this structure will admonish the leaders of the rebellion that the batteries on the banks of their rivers will no longer present barriers to the entrance of the Union forces. The iron-clad intruder will thus prove a severe *monitor* to those leaders. But there are other leaders who will be admonished by the booming of the guns of the impregnable iron turret. 'Downing Street' will hardly view with indifference this last Yankee notion,—this *monitor*. To the Lords of the Admiralty this new craft will be a *monitor*, suggesting doubts as to the propriety of completing those four steel ships at three and a half millions apiece. On these and many similar grounds I propose to name the new battery *Monitor*."

The new vessels built on the same principle were larger and stronger than the first, and did splendid service at less outlay of money and human life than any other class of vessels previously built. The inventor never denied that they were not cruisers; they were powerful floating batteries, built for a special purpose,—the fighting of forts and ships in bays and other waters of the South,—waters which generally were smooth and shallow. When a sea-going vessel with the same peculiarity of armament and defence was needed, Ericsson designed the Dictator,—a craft true to its name, for through it the inventor dictated, for the second time, an entire change of naval architecture to the whole world, and dictated also that greater guns must be placed in forts, unless forts were thereafter to be useless.

Then began the great strife between armor and armament. Thicker and thicker became the iron on the sides of ships; larger and more powerful became the cannon mounted ashore and on deck, until the monitors became too feeble, by comparison, to be of further use. It was then that the old inventor who had brought about these amazing changes went calmly to work to destroy the pride of powerful navies by devising a vessel, a gun, and a projectile for submarine warfare,—for firing tremendous charges of explosives into ships below their water-lines, where the thickness of iron is trifling as compared with the armor above. His new ship the Destroyer is expected to fire, through the water, an immense projectile containing three hundred pounds of gun-cotton, to be exploded by the concussion of striking. Many of the dead inventor's competitors are explaining that it cannot be done,—just as a lot of prominent electricians a few years ago explained that Edison's theory of dividing the electric current, now exemplified by millions of incandescent lights, was impracticable. Foreign naval constructors, however, who have had far more experience than our own, talk in a different key.

Ericsson's name is so generally known only in connection with the Monitor that he was popularly supposed to be a sailor by profession; indeed, some enterprising journalists, in using his title of Captain, have alluded to him as "this veteran seaman" or "that grim old sea-dog." His title was honorably won in the engineer corps of the Swedish army, in which he served from his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth year, winning his way from an ensign's commission to a captaincy by sheer merit. His mechanical tastes came partly by inheritance, his father having been a mining engineer, and partly through sheer compulsion of circumstance, for machinery was all there was of interest in the little mining town in which he was born. He began designing and inventing at so early an age, and with such skill, that his work attracted the attention of Count Platen, the great Swedish engineer, who had the boy's education furthered, and afterwards placed him, before he reached the age of fourteen, in an important position on the staff of engineers who made the great ship-canal of Sweden. From boyhood he was obliged to have a steady sense of responsibility, and from this came the superb self-reliance which is so utterly unlike conceit that Ericsson was always one of the most modest men alive.

Ericsson's achievements before he came to the United States placed

him among the great men of his day. None of them were in the direction of war. He devised an engraving machine for making plates of mechanical designs, and succeeded so well with it that he himself made more plates in a single year than a hand engraver could have done in three. He constructed a large condensing flame-engine, on which he built great hopes, but which proved to be one of his few failures. The deep-sea-sounding apparatus used by the *Challenger* in her famous cruise a few years ago was one of Ericsson's early inventions; among others were a rotary steam-engine, a pumping-engine, apparatus for making salt from brine, and the system of artificial draught which is used in most marine and railway engines of the present day. To put his mechanical ideas to the best and widest use, he left the army and went to England, where in ten years he made public about forty different inventions. He was the first man to construct the tubular boiler,—an improvement, in the generation of steam, which effected a great saving of space, time, and fuel: the condensation of exhaust steam and the return to the boiler of water thus produced was also his idea.

Most of his inventions were quickly recognized in England, and put to practical use; the young man became quite popular among mechanical constructors, not only because of his ingenuity, but also because he neglected to patent more than half of his inventions. One day, however, while only twenty-six years of age, he outdid himself, and became quite as much the wonder of the hour as when, a third of a century later, he made the *Monitor*. A prize of five hundred pounds being offered by the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad for the best locomotive engine that could make ten miles an hour, Ericsson in seven weeks designed and built an engine which ran thirty miles an hour! Such speed had seldom before been imagined possible, and it turned the heads of many persons interested in railroads, "booming" the stock at a rate almost as rapid as that of the engine itself. His only competitor worthy of mention was the elder Stephenson, with his historic "*Rocket*," which, though a slower machine, was heavier and consequently had greater hauling-power, which was what the directors were after, passenger-traffic by rail being then too slight to deserve any consideration. Stephenson's engine won the prize, but Ericsson's was awarded the greater glory, and was in more than one way the forerunner of the famous "*lightning*" locomotives of later days. As in nearly all of its inventor's other machines, it contained a number of features entirely new: the best proof of their value is that several of them are found in every fine locomotive in use at the present day.

The sensation caused by the new engine had not yet subsided when, in the same year, Ericsson occasioned another which, in London at least, was equally great, by devising the first steam fire-engine. Means of extinguishing fires were woefully faulty in those days, and a fire occurring in a famous place of entertainment gave the young inventor speedy opportunity of testing his machine, which he did successfully, to the wonder and delight of everybody. The fame of this extinguisher speedily reached this side of the Atlantic, and served to familiarize Americans with a name which afterwards was to become peculiarly illustrious here.

Two such marvellous achievements—and in a single year, too—gave the young man somewhat the “wizard” reputation recently earned in America by Edison. In the realm of pure invention, however, as distinguished from adaptation, Ericsson three years later, when barely thirty years of age, startled the scientific world more powerfully by producing the first caloric or “hot air” engine. The idea had long been in his mind, but, unlike young inventors in general, he did not exhibit until he had thought over every detail and perfected a machine which worked successfully from the start. At first it seemed too expensive—on account of the necessarily high temperature destroying the metal of which the engine was made—to be profitably used, but the demonstration that heated air could be used as a motive power created a profound impression in scientific and mechanical circles. Lardner and Faraday, then the leading authorities on applied science, were so delighted that they delivered lectures on the caloric engine, and prophesied a greater future for it than it ever attained. In their day, however, it was impossible to think other than they did, for the steam-engine was not far beyond its initial stage; it was ponderous, clumsy, and to generate steam an amount of boiler-surface and fuel was required that now would seem appalling. The caloric engine never went out of fashion, however, as improvement after improvement enhanced the usefulness of steam: a limit of power was reluctantly admitted by the inventor, but within that limit caloric engines by the thousand are in successful use all over America and Europe. That the same principle could not be economically applied where great power was required became the greatest disappointment of Ericsson’s life; a fine vessel, named for him, was supplied with caloric engines after the inventor’s own designs, but she was so slow that the experiment to substitute hot air for steam in marine engines was abruptly and permanently abandoned. Nevertheless, unlike most latter-day inventors, who estimate their brain-children solely by the money for which they can sell them, Ericsson always maintained an affectionate interest in the modest little caloric engine, and never ceased his endeavors to make it more economical and effective.

Indeed, regarding this invention, as well as all his others, Ericsson’s moral grandeur and dignity showed forth. Gain was to him a matter of secondary importance: his first thought seems always to have been to contribute to the welfare of the world at large. The caloric engine afforded the safest and cheapest of all labor-saving appliances, and the inventor respected it for the relief it gave to human nerves and muscles. Gain to the world at large—not to himself—was the plea with which he brought forward each and all of his inventions. No pure statesman, no self-sacrificing missionary, ever felt himself more fully the servant of the people than Ericsson. He made some money,—it would be impossible for the originator of so many valuable devices not to stumble occasionally upon reward or compensation,—but it would be equally impossible for any one to do more and receive less. He had no expensive tastes or habits, no family to support, so his gains accumulated; but any one of twenty of his inventions that might be named would have yielded him as much money as he died possessed of, had

it been managed in the manner peculiar to all important devices of the present day.

So regardless was Ericsson of personal gain, so fully and grandly did he recognize the right of all to benefit by his efforts, that for many years he was careless about patenting his inventions. It was not until he occasionally found himself hampered, in using ideas of his own which observant but unscrupulous persons had "modified" and patented, that he began to protect himself carefully through the Patent Office. Until so annoyed, he had talked freely of his theories and plans and displayed his models; afterwards he would explain to his intimates in a semi-apologetic way that his letters-patent were quite as much for the protection of the public as himself, for while he owned them the users of his devices would not be subjected to the unfair exactions which are customary regarding new inventions,—as, for instance, the telephone. While building the original Monitor, one of his principal causes of anxiety was the obtaining of patents on the many new features of the engines: had not these been secured, the cost of the improvements might have been doubled and quadrupled to the government when used in succeeding vessels of the same class.

His last and in his opinion his greatest invention—the solar engine—is carefully protected for this reason alone. The inventor wished it, when completed, to be a free gift to the world. Its principle is that of creating motive power by concentrating, and perhaps storing, the energy of the sun's rays. Ericsson's few intimate friends are confident that the machine will fulfil all of its inventor's expectations. The multitude, who think of the designer of the Monitor and the Destroyer as a man of war and an apostle of destruction, would be amazed at the nature and scope of the old man's outlook for the solar engine. Here is a fragment of it, which follows his statement as to the immense area—about nine million square miles—of the rainless portion of the earth's surface. It is not based upon theory, but upon facts already demonstrated by his own experimental apparatus:

"Let us estimate the mechanical power that would result from utilizing the solar heat on a strip of land, a single mile in width, along the rainless western coast of America, the southern coast of the Mediterranean, both sides of the alluvial plain of the Nile in Upper Egypt, both sides of the Euphrates and Tigris for a distance of four hundred miles above the Persian Gulf, and finally a strip one mile wide along the rainless portions of the shores of the Red Sea. The aggregate length of these strips of land, selected on account of being accessible by water communication, far exceeds eight thousand miles. Adopting the stated length and a width of *one* mile as a basis of computation, it will be seen that this very narrow belt covers two hundred and twenty-three billion square feet. Dividing the latter amount by the area of one hundred square feet necessary to produce one horse-power, we learn that twenty-two million three hundred thousand solar engines, each of one hundred horse-power, could be kept in constant operation nine hours a day by utilizing only that heat which is now wasted on the assumed small fraction of land extending along some of the water fronts of the sunburnt regions of the earth.

"Due consideration cannot fail to convince us that the rapid exhaustion of the European coal-fields will soon cause great changes with reference to international relations, in favor of those countries which are in possession of continuous sun-power. Upper Egypt will in the course of a few centuries derive signal advantage and attain a high political position on account of her perpetual sunshine and the consequent command of unlimited motive force. The time will come when Europe must stop her mills for want of coal. Upper Egypt then, with her never-ceasing sun-power, will invite the European manufacturer to remove his machinery and erect his mills on the firm ground along the sides of the alluvial plain of the Nile, where an amount of motive power may be obtained many times greater than that now employed by all the manufactories of Europe."

The foregoing is not the vision of a theorist or an enthusiast, but the practical and mathematical deductions of as robust and clear a mind as our country has ever known; yet it almost robs one of breath, and causes the brain to reel,—this long look ahead, and this gigantic grasp of possibilities.

Disinterestedness will make a small man appear great, on occasion; a man naturally great it raises head and shoulders above his fellows. Reference to this quality in Ericsson's nature has already been made, but it is impossible to estimate rightly the man and account for his achievements without fixing attention upon his lack of regard for self, money, or any luxury that money could buy. It was not prodigality or carelessness, either of which is frequently mistaken for largeness of soul. So sincere was Ericsson's devotion to humanity and its needs that he treated his physical and mental self as a species of machine which must be kept in perfect condition for the work demanded by its creator. No professional athlete took greater care of his body than this wifeless, childless, unsocial genius and worker. His food, though plain, was selected with great care and with sole reference to nutrition. He had no luxuries or indulgences; he used neither liquor nor tobacco, though born of a race inordinately fond of both. His physical strength was almost incredible. While building the Monitor,—he was then only a year less than sixty,—a great bar of iron chanced to be in his way, so he asked two workmen to remove it. They declined, saying it was too heavy. Then the old man, unaided, picked up the mass, carried it across the building, and tossed it on a heap against the wall. At noon-hour the amazed couple of workmen got assistance and, through curiosity, carried the bar to the scales; it weighed nearly a third of a ton! His great physical reserve the old man endeavored not to draw upon; although he worked twelve hours of every twenty-four, he gave several hours a day to diverting exercise; during a clear evening he would walk from his house to Central Park and back again,—a round trip of seven or eight miles; if the evening were unpleasant out of doors he would devise some exercise in-doors for his arms and chest. Social gatherings he regarded as utter mental and physical dissipation, so far as he was concerned; his working associates were all the company he craved, and so diverse were his industries and plans that he never experienced a sense of monotony. He appeared to lack no healthy

human sentiment, for his few intimate friends say his opinions on all subjects were sensible and his sympathies warm and comprehensive; nevertheless he knew, as truly as any of the men and women whom the world esteems almost as saints, "that perfect duty is perfect joy." His walls were abundantly decorated, but with models of his numerous inventions, and instead of pictures were hung large mechanical drawings in which he would revel during some of his hours of rest.

Like all men truly great, he was truly modest. His last birthday was recognized by the Swedes in New York by a fine serenade in front of his house; the old man listened delightedly, behind open windows and closed blinds, but could not be persuaded to appear before his entertainers. He received many honors and decorations from societies and nations, but, while he was grateful for the sentiments which they embodied, he was as careless of medals and parchments as if they were so many faulty models. He declined, again and again, acquaintanceship with men of high position and character who wished to do honor to the man who had done so much for his adopted country and his species. From his early years he kept a voluminous diary, from which his friends expected an adequate biography would some day be compiled, but before he died he destroyed this mass of memoranda, preferring that only the public side of his life should be written, and from documents, historical and commercial, the authenticity of which could not be questioned.

His faculty of reasoning promptly from cause to effect never deserted him. The last illustration of it was given only a few days before the end of his life. He had been losing strength through organic ailments peculiar to old age,—for he was in his eighty-fifth year,—and was persuaded to take to his bed and to medical advice. Physicians were called, and the old man requested their opinions. They described, in detail, the defects of his physical machinery; he listened attentively, and when they had ended he said, in his customary decided manner, "Then I must die." As usual, his deduction was correct.

In the little town in which Ericsson was born has long stood a shaft in honor of the inventor and his brother Nils, who also was famous, though only in his own country. A portion of the inscription reads, "Their way through work to knowledge and lasting fame is open to every Swedish youth." This moral application should be quite as significant here as in Sweden. Genius is superabundant here,—the records of the Patent Office are full of evidences of it,—but as for work, reams and tons of worthless certificates of stock in undeveloped inventions explain that genius too frequently draws the line at work. In Ericsson were combined the ability to plan, the energy to execute, and the leading purpose of benefiting the world at large before himself. This trio of qualities, exemplified by a bewildering array of brilliant results, places the name of Ericsson above that of any of his fellow-inventors on the roll of fame, and should keep his memory as green as that of any great soldier or statesman.

John Habberton.

AUTHORSHIP IN THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR.

DISCUSSION of Southern literature during the period which preceded the late war naturally resolves itself into a consideration of the causes which retarded its growth, since the absence of a literature at the South during a period so prolific in intellectual energy of a different kind is one of the notable conditions of a civilization which was as remarkable in many respects as any that has existed in modern times.

The object of this paper is to set forth the probable causes which conduced to this absence of literature, to place the responsibility where it properly belongs, and at the same time to direct attention to those courageous spirits who, imbued with love of Literature for herself alone, against the inexorable destiny of the time, unrecognized and unencouraged, aspired and struggled to give the South a literature of her own. It will be followed in due course by another paper interpreting the phenomenon of the genesis of a *post-bellum* literary movement distinctly from the South and no less of the South, and containing some reflections upon the work which the South under her new conditions has produced.

The limitations of this paper, which it is proposed to devote to the development of work of a purely literary character, preclude the possibility of embracing in it any discussion or even mention of professional and economical works, which constitute so large a proportion of the writings of the South,—such, for example, as the writings of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, John Taylor, Calhoun, Benton, Rives, Legaré, Scott, and others, the legal works of the Tuckers, Lomax, Holcomb, Davis, Robinson, Benjamin, Minor, Daniel, and others, the scientific works of Audubon, Wilson, the Le Contes, Courtenay, Talcott, and others, the works of the great Maury, the historical works of writers in nearly every Southern State, the philosophical works of the Alexanders, Bledsoe, Breckinridge, Thornwell, and many others. Owing to the environment, much the larger portion of the writing done by the South was philosophical or polemical, only a small portion being purely literary.

It has been generally charged, and almost universally believed, that the want of a literature at the South was the result of intellectual poverty. The charge, however, is without foundation, as will be apparent to any fair-minded student who considers the position held by the South not only during the period of the formation of the government, but also throughout the long struggle between the South and the North over the momentous questions generated by the institution of slavery. In the former crisis the South asserted herself with a power and wisdom unsurpassed in the history of intellectual resource; throughout the latter period she maintained the contest with consummate ability and with transcendent vigor of intellect.

The causes of the absence of a Southern literature are to be looked

for elsewhere than in intellectual indigence. The intellectual conditions were such as might well have created a noble literature, but the physical conditions were adverse to its production and were too potent to be overcome.

The principal causes were, in the opinion of the writer, the following:

1. The people of the South were an agricultural people, widely diffused, and lacking the stimulus of immediate mental contact.

2. The absence of cities, which in the history of literary life have proved literary foci essential for its production, and the want of publishing-houses at the South.

3. The exactions of the institution of slavery, and the absorption of the intellectual forces of the people of the South in the solution of the vital problems it engendered.

4. The general ambition of the Southern people for political distinction, and the application of their literary powers to polemical controversy.

5. The absence of a reading public at the South for American authors, due in part to the conservatism of the Southern people.

Instead of being settled in towns and communities, as was the case at the North, the bent of the people from the first was to hold land in severalty in large bodies, and to continue the manorial system after the custom of their fathers and their kinsmen in the old country, with whom they even after the Revolution still kept up a sort of traditional association. The possession of slaves, often in large numbers, and the imperative responsibilities of their regulation and no less of their protection which such possession entailed, fostered this inherent tendency and eventually made the Southern people* agricultural to the almost total exclusion of manufactures.

No agricultural people has ever produced a literature. It would appear that for the production of literature some centre is requisite,

* It is well to remember that this term "the Southern people," although *ex vi termini* general in its meaning, is applicable in this paper and in all discussion of this subject only to the land-owning or better class of whites, as contradistinguished not only from the negroes, but also from the lower class of whites, who neither possessed the advantages nor incurred the responsibilities of the upper class.

This distinction is ordinarily overlooked in the discussion of this matter. The importance of the limitation will be apparent, however, when it is considered that by the census of 1850 (which is assumed as a fair standard because then the growth of literature at the North was about at its zenith) the entire slave-holding and slave-hiring population of the South was only 347,525.

This embraces white artisans and working people, whether in the towns or in the rural districts, who hired one negro servant.

This was the population of the South from which alone could spring a literature. Nothing was to be expected from the lower class of poor whites, and of course nothing from the negroes, for they had no advantages of education, a large percentage of the former, and nearly all of the latter, being unable to read and write.

This ignorance on the part of the lower classes was a necessary concomitant of slavery, for which, notwithstanding the long-established popular belief of the outside world, the South was not responsible.

where men with literary instincts may commingle, and where their thought may be focussed.

The life of the South was in the fields, and its population was so diffused that there was always lacking the mental stimulus necessary to the production of a literature. There were few towns, and yet fewer cities. But these few—Baltimore, New Orleans, Charleston, Richmond, and Louisville—all attested the truth of this observation. From them radiated the occasional beams of light which illumined the general darkness of the period, and there from time to time appeared the infallible signs of literary germination, in the form of magazines, which, struggling against adverse influences, unhappily perished in the process of birth or faded untimely in early youth. For example, *Niles's Register*, which was the first magazine of any permanence, was published in Baltimore from 1811 to 1849. The Pinkneys,—Edward Coate, William, and Ninian,—John P. Kennedy, Francis Scott Key, and others, received its vivifying influence. Elliot and Legaré's *Southern Review* was conducted in Charleston from 1828 to 1832, and was followed in 1835 by *The Southern Literary Journal*, which existed only two years, and in its turn after an interval was succeeded in 1842 by *The Southern Quarterly Review*, which expired in 1856. Besides which, there was Simms's *Southern and Western Magazine and Review*. After these the earnest Hayne established *Russell's Magazine*. These literary ventures, with a dozen or so of less note, such as *The Southern Literary Gazette*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *The Magnolia*, etc., contributed to the evolution and development of William Gilmore Simms, Hugh S. Legaré, Paul H. Hayne, the Timrods, Porcher, De Bow, and others, and became the organs of their thought. They created a literary atmosphere of a higher quality than existed generally, and supported the claim of Charleston to be the chief literary focus of the South. *De Bow's Review*, though scarcely to be classed as a mere literary exponent, yet with other transitory periodicals subversed the literary spirit of New Orleans from 1846 to the outbreak of the war.

The nascent literary feeling of the West found expression for a brief period in the *Western Review* in Lexington, Kentucky, but was not strong enough to maintain it above a year. But George D. Prentice opened the *Courier Journal* to literary aspiration, and made Louisville the literary centre of that section. The genius of Prentice himself found an outlet in his columns, and the instinct of many others, such as O'Hara, the poetess Amelia B. Welby, Mrs. Betts, Mrs. Warfield, and Mrs. Jeffrey, was inspired by Prentice's sympathy and fostered by his encouragement.

In Richmond, Virginia, appeared perhaps the most noted literary magazine which the South produced,—*The Southern Literary Messenger*. It was undertaken as a mere business venture in 1835, and through the inspiring genius of Poe, who began immediately to write for it, and shortly became its editor, it promised for a time to bring a literature into being. Although it was supported by the best literary writers not only of Virginia but of the South, and survived until 1864, like its fellows it contended against forces too potent to be successfully resisted, and never attained a very high mark of literary merit. However, it

had much to do with sustaining the unstable Poe, and with developing nearly all of those writers of the South whose names have survived.

The editors of these periodicals appear to have possessed a sufficiently correct appreciation of what was requisite, and to have striven bravely enough to attain it; but failure was their invariable lot. They besought their contributors to abandon the servile copying of English models and address themselves to the portrayal of the life around them with which they were familiar; they enlisted whatever literary ability there was to be secured; but they received no encouragement and met with no success.

The habits of life and the exigencies of life at the South were against them.

The constituency which should have sustained them was not only too widely diffused, but was too intent on the solution of the vital problems which faced it at its own doors, to give that fostering encouragement which literary aspiration in its first beginning absolutely demands. The South was so unremittingly exercised in considering and solving the questions which slavery was ever raising that it had neither time nor opportunity, if it had the inclination, to apply itself to other matters. The intellectual powers of the South were absorbingly devoted to this subject, and in consequence of the exigencies of its position generally took the direction of spoken and not of written speech, or, where writing was indulged in, it was almost invariably of the philosophical polemical character.

"Literature," says Carlyle, "is the thought of thinking souls." Accepting this definition, the South was rich in literature. There was sufficient poetry and wisdom delivered on the porticos and in the halls of the Southern people to have enriched the ages, had it but been transmitted in permanent form; but, wanting both the means and the inclination to transmute it into an abiding condition, they wasted themselves in discourse or were spent in mere debate.

Owing to the position which the South occupied because of the institution of slavery and the difficulties engendered by that institution, the whole fabric of life at the South was infused with politics, and oratory was universally cultivated. Thus the profession of the law, which afforded the opportunity at once for the practice and for the application of oratory, and which was the chief highway to political preferment, became the general avenue by which all aspiring genius sought to achieve power and fame, writing being in consequence neglected, as too indirect a mode to accomplish the desired end.

There was much writing done, but it was of the kind which is not deemed incompatible with proper loyalty to the law, taking the invariable form of political disquisition or of polemical discussion. In these, indeed, the Southerner indefatigably indulged, and attained in them a rare degree of perfection. Thus the philosophical works of such men as Madison, John Taylor of Caroline, Calhoun, etc., and the public prints of the day generally, exhibit powers which abundantly refute the charge that the absence of a literature was due to mental poverty. In the city of Richmond alone were four writers for the daily press whose brilliant work is a guarantee of the success they would have achieved

in any department of literature they might have tried. These were Thomas Ritchie, John Hampden Pleasants, Edward T. Johnston, and John M. Daniel. In their time the editorial columns of the *Enquirer*, *Whig*, and *Examiner* possessed a potency which is at this time well-nigh inconceivable. They may be said to have almost controlled the destinies of the great political parties of the country. The *Whig* and the *Enquirer* were the bitterest antagonists, their hostility resulting finally in a fatal duel between Pleasants, the editor of the *Whig*, and a son of his rival, "Mr. Ritchie," of the *Enquirer*. But this antagonism may be as well shown by a less tragic illustration: the *Enquirer* was accustomed to publish original poetry in a column at the head of which stood the legend, "Much yet remains unsung;" the *Whig* kept standing a notice that "poetry" would be published at a dollar a line.

It would indeed appear that, with the potency of intellectual demonstration so constantly and so ably illustrated throughout the land, the Southerner would have been irresistibly impelled to seek a wider field, a more extensive audience, and would inevitably have sought to put into permanent form the product of his mind.

What might not the eloquence and genius of Clay have effected had they been turned in the direction of literature, or what the mental acumen, the philosophic force, the learning, of Calhoun, of whom Dr. Dwight said when he left college that the young man knew enough to be President of the United States! How much did literature lose when Marshall, Wirt, the Lees, Martin, Pinkney, Berrien, Hayne, Preston, Cobb, Clingman, Ruffin, Legaré, Soulé, Davis, Roane, Johnson, Crittenden, devoted all their brilliant powers to politics and the law! John Randolph boasted that he should "go down to the grave guiltless of rhyme," yet his letters contain the concentrated essence of intellectual energy; his epigrams stung like a branding-iron, and are the current coin of tradition throughout his native State two generations after his death.

Literature stood no chance because the ambition of young men of the South was universally in the direction of political distinction, and because the monopoly of advancement held by the profession of the law was too well established and too clearly recognized to admit of its claim being contested; and once in the service of the law there be few with either the inclination or the courage to assert any independence. Yet it was not unnatural that the major portion of such literary work as was done at the South was done by lawyers.

Their profession called forth the exercise of the highest intellectual powers, and necessarily they occasionally strayed into the adjoining domain of letters. The pity of it is that their literary work was in the main but the desultory "jottings down" in their hours of recreation of fragmentary sketches, which were usually based on the humorous phases of life with which their profession made them familiar, and almost the best is stamped with the mark of an apparent dilettanteism.

Chief-Justice Marshall took time to write a *Life of Washington*, but there was little biography attempted. William Wirt early in the century entertained himself amid the exactions of practice by con-

tributing to the Richmond *Argus* "The Letters of a British Spy," and subsequently wrote his "Old Bachelor" and his *Life of Patrick Henry*, on the last of which his present fame rests more than on his reputation as a great lawyer, even though he was one of the most distinguished advocates the nation has produced, was counsel in the most celebrated case which the legal annals of the country contain, and was among the ablest Attorney-Generals of the United States. Indeed, almost the only recollection of the great Burr trial which survives to the general public is the extract from Wirt's speech, preserved as a literary fragment, describing the Isle of Blennerhassett. Happily for his fame, Wirt held that, though a lawyer should strive to be a great lawyer, yet he should not be "a mere lawyer."

Among other writers of the South who were lawyers were the Tuckers of Virginia,—St. George (Sr.), who was a poet and an essayist as well as a jurist, George, the essayist, Henry St. George, Nathaniel Beverley, author of "The Partisan Leader," and St. George (Jr.), author of "Hansford, a Tale of Bacon's Rebellion." There also was John Pendleton Kennedy, of Maryland. These might have retrieved the reputation of the South in respect to literature if the Tuckers had not devoted all their best energies to the law, and if Kennedy had not been, as Poe said of him, "over head and ears in business" relating to the bar, his seat in Congress, and his seat in the Cabinet.

William Gilmore Simms began life as a lawyer, but his love for literature proved irrepressible, and in an evil hour for his material welfare he abandoned the profession and devoted himself to literature.

Others who were lawyers were Richard Henry Wilde, the poet, Joseph G. Baldwin, author of "Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi," Augustus B. Longstreet, author of "Georgia Scenes," Philip Pendleton Cooke, the poet, John Esten Cooke, the novelist, the Pinkneys, Edward Coate and Frederick, Francis Scott Key, Thomas Hart Benton, Hugh Swinton Legaré, Alexander B. Meek, Francis Gilmer, the essayist, Charles Étienne Arthur Gayarré, the historian, dramatist, and novelist, Henry Timrod, Paul H. Hayne, John R. Thompson, James Barron Hope, and many others.

It is a full list, nearly complete. Poe and Lanier were almost the only notable exceptions. With Poe, as he declared, poetry was "not a purpose, but a passion;" and in whatever else his besetting weakness made him fickle, he at least never wavered in his loyalty to his first and only love.

It was not remarkable that the law was preferred to literature, for in sober truth it required sterner stuff than most men were compounded of, and a more absorbing passion than most men were animated by, to follow literature as a pursuit. To do so was equivalent to taking the vow of poverty. When Poe, even after having made a name, was receiving only four dollars and a half per printed magazine page for his work,—when as editor of the magazine he thought himself generously rewarded by a salary of five hundred and twenty dollars per annum,—when "The Gold-Bug," written at almost the height of his fame, brought only fifty-two dollars and "The Raven" only ten dollars, it must have been apparent to every sensible man that, whatever the re-

wards of literature might be, a reasonable support was not among them. Reducing the question to the unromantic level of fair compensation, there were few who were willing to give for a contingent interest in a niche of Fame's temple, which, in the language of the law, was, at best, *potentia remotissima*, the bread and butter and bonnets and equipages which were assured at the bar.

William Gilmore Simms, who was one of the very few who had the temerity to brave the hardships of a literary life, complained that he had never held the position which rightfully belonged to him, because he made his living as a writer.

The responsibility for the want of a literature was not with the writers, but with the environment. There was lacking not only the mental stimulus of contact between mind and mind, but also that yet more essential inspiration, sympathy with literary effort, which is as necessary to literary vitality as the atmosphere is to physical existence. One of Philip Pendleton Cooke's neighbors said to him after he became known as the author of "Florence Vane," "I wouldn't waste time on a damned thing like poetry: you might make yourself, with all your sense and judgment, a useful man in settling neighborhood disputes and difficulties."

It is matter for little wonder that the poet declared that you had as much chance with such people as a dolphin would have if in one of his darts he pitched in among the machinery of a mill.

As a consequence of the South's position during this period, the standard of literary work was not a purely literary standard, but one based on public opinion, which in its turn was founded on the general consensus that the existing institution was not to be impugned, directly or indirectly, on any ground or by any means whatsoever.

This was an atmosphere in which literature could not flourish. In consequence, where literature was indulged in it was in a half-apologetic way, as if it were not altogether compatible with the social dignity of the author. Thought which in its expression has any other standard than fidelity to truth, whatever secondary value it may have, cannot possess much value as literature. "The Partisan Leader" was secretly printed in 1836, and was afterwards suppressed. It was again republished first before the beginning of the war, and was a second time suppressed or withdrawn. Augustus B. Longstreet, although he subsequently became a preacher, was at the bar when he wrote "Georgia Scenes." He was so ashamed of having been beguiled into writing what is one of the raciest books of sketches yet produced, a book by which alone his name is now preserved, that he made a strenuous effort to secure and suppress the work after its publication. Even Richard Henry Wilde, who was a poet, and who should have possessed a poet's love for his art, did not conceive his best poem, "My Life is like the Summer Rose," worthy of acknowledgment. It was "The Lament of the Captive" in an epic poem which was never finished, and was published without his authority, and he was hardly persuaded to assert his claim to its authorship when, after it had been for a score of years merely "attributed" to him in this country, and in Great Britain had been known and admired as "a poem by an Ameri-

can lawyer," it was unblushingly claimed and stolen by several more ambitious versifiers, who, if they failed to recognize the obligation of the eighth commandment, at least appreciated the value of literary talent higher than the real poet. The poem being translated into Greek by Barclay, of Savannah, was attributed to a poet called Alcæus, and, a controversy having arisen as to whether it was really written by an Irishman named O'Kelly, who published it in a volume of his poems, or whether he had stolen it from the old Greek, Mr. Wilde, who was then a member of Congress from Georgia, was finally induced to admit that he had written the poem twenty years before, which he did in a letter characteristic of the time, declaring that he valued "these rhymes" very differently from others, and avowed their authorship only in compliance with the wishes of those he esteemed.

Taken in connection with the diffusion of its population, this attitude on the part of the South furnishes the only reasonable solution of the singular fact that it produced so little literature notwithstanding its culture; for culture it possessed, and of the best kind,—the culture of the classics, the most fertilizing of all intellectual forces. If the lower classes were ignorant, the upper class universally emphasized the distinction between them by giving their children the best education that could be obtained. Jefferson deplored the fact that over one-half of the students at Princeton were Virginians, and he founded the University of Virginia that Southerners might be able to secure the best education at home. Upon this sure foundation of a university training was laid the superstructure of constant association with the best classical authors.

These established the standard, and the Southerner held in contempt any writer who did not at once conform to their style and equal their merit.

Poe in his early manhood bitterly declared that "one might suppose that books, like their authors, improve by travel, their having crossed the sea is with us so great a distinction."

To any good in what was penned and published on this side the Atlantic the Southerner was, as a general thing, absolutely and incurably blind. If the work was written south of Mason's and Dixon's line, it was incontinently condemned as "trashy;" if it emanated from the North, it was vehemently denounced as "Yankee." In either case it was condemned.

With this in mind, it is not surprising that, with all the intellectual resources of the South, so few should have been found with the inclination or the temerity to attempt a work thus sure to terminate in failure, if not to incur contempt. If one should attempt it, where could he secure a publisher? There were few at the South, and to seek a publisher at the North was to hazard repulse there and insure criticism at home.

Thus the true explanation of the absence of a Southern literature of a high order during this epoch was not the want of literary ability. There was genius enough to have founded a literature, but there were no publishers generally, and there was never any public.

Yet from the untoward conditions delineated issued a literary genius of the first rank.

Notwithstanding the coldness and indifference which he encountered in this State, Poe ever declared himself a Virginian; and, with all due respect to certain latter-day critics who assert the contrary, it must be said that to those familiar with the qualities and with the points of difference between the Northern and Southern civilizations, Poe's poems are as distinctly Southern in their coloring, tone, and temper as Wordsworth's are English. The wild landscape, the flower-laden atmosphere, the delirious richness, are their setting, and a more than tropical passion interfuses them as unmistakably as the air of English lawns and meadows breathes through Tennyson's masterpieces. We find in them everywhere

Dim vales and shadowy floods,
And cloudy-looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover
For the trees that drip all over.

Poe, however, was limited by no boundary, geographical or other. The spirit-peopled air, the infernal chambers of fancied Inquisitions, the regions of the moon, the imagined horrors of post-mortem sentence, were equally his realm. In all his vast and weird and wonderful genius roamed unconfined and equally at home. In all he created his own atmosphere and projected his marvellous fancies with an originality and a power whose universal application is the undeniable and perfect proof of his supreme genius.

That he failed of his immediate audience was due in part to his own unfortunate disposition, but yet more to the time and to the blindness which visited upon works of incomparable literary merit the sins of physical weaknesses: the creations of his genius by reason of their very originality were contemned as the ravings of a disordered and unbalanced mind, and Poe was forced to wander to an alien clime in search of bread.

With his personal habits this paper is not concerned. His life has been for more than a generation the subject of attack which has raged with inconceivable violence and vituperation. From the time that Griswold perpetrated his "immortal infamy," vindictiveness has found in Poe's career its most convenient target. Yet the works of this unfortunate have caught the human heart, and are to-day the common property of the English-speaking races, whether dwelling in Virginia or Massachusetts, Great Britain or Australia, and have been translated into the language of every civilized nation of Europe. A recent interview with the English publishers the Routledges showed that twenty-nine thousand copies of Poe's *Tales* had been sold by them in the year 1887 as against less than one-third of that number of many of the most popular and famous of our other American writers.

The obligation to Poe has never been duly recognized. It is said that the Latin poems of Milton first opened the eyes of the Italians to the fact that the island which Cæsar had conquered had become civilized. The first evidence of culture which was accepted abroad after the long night of silence which covered the South after the departure

of the Great Fathers of the Republic was the work of Edgar A. Poe. It is not more to the credit of the North than of the South that when the latter threw him off starving the former failed to give him more than a crust.

"The Raven" created a sensation which yet thrills every poetic mind with wonder at its marvellous music and its mysterious power, but, though it secured its author fame, it brought him only ten dollars' worth of bread. If literature has not advanced since that day, at least the welfare of literary men has. The writer of a short story or paper which is deemed worthy of a place in one of the modern monthly magazines of the better class, even though he may have no reputation, receives at least ten dollars per printed page; whilst if he be at all well known he may expect double or three times that sum. Poe received for some of his immortal works four dollars per printed page.

Poe's poetry discovered a fresh realm in the domain of fancy; but his prose works are, if possible, even more remarkable. His critical faculty installed a new era in criticism. Up to this time the literary press, too imbecile to possess or too feeble to assert independence, cringed fawning at the feet of every writer whose position was assured among what was recognized as the literary set, and accepted with laudation or at least with flattering deference all publications which bore the talismanic charm of an established name. Poe undoubtedly was at times too much influenced by personal feeling, but, with the courage of one who had vowed his life to truth, he stripped off the mask of dull respectability, and exposed sham and vacuity under whatever name they appeared.

"If," as Mr. Lowell said, "he seems at times to mistake his vial of prussic acid for his inkstand," yet he lifted literary criticism from the abasement of snivelling imbecility into which it had sunk, and established it upon a basis founded on the principles of analysis, philosophy, and art.

If in discussing the works of female writers his susceptible nature and his chivalrous instinct unduly inclined him to bestow praise on what was mere trash, yet no less an authority than Mr. Lowell said of him that he was "the most discriminating, philosophical, and fearless critic upon imaginative works who has ever written in America."

His own imaginative works created a new school, and have never been equalled in their peculiar vein, or surpassed in any vein whatever in the qualities of originality, force, and art.

Edgar A. Poe died at the age of thirty-nine, when the powers and faculties are first matured. What might he not have done had he lived out the full span of man's allotted life!

He was not prolific either in prose or in verse, his health or his habits frequently incapacitating him from work; but both his poems and his tales not only evince his genius, but exhibit the highest degree of literary art.

It has become the fashion to decry Poe and to disparage his work; but the detraction which has been expended upon him for a period extending over nearly two generations has only made his literary fame

brighter. As Mr. Gosse has aptly said, he has been a veritable Piper of Hamelin to all American writers since his time.

If we are compelled to admit that he is the one really great writer of purely literary work that the South produced under its old conditions, it is no reflection on the South or its civilization, for the North during the same period, with an educated population many times larger, can claim only three or four, whilst England herself, "with all appliances and means to boot," can number hardly more than a score.

There were other writers besides Poe who braved the chilling indifference of the time, and who wrote and strove, devoting labor and life to the endeavor to awake the South to a realization of its literary abilities.

But few of them have survived to more than mention in works of reference, and the most that can be done is to mention those whose work was distinctive in its character or scope, or who by their diligence and ardor may be deemed to have forwarded the cause of Southern literature.

Excepting Poe, who stands pre-eminent above all others, the two leading literary men of the South during the period which extended down to the war were John Pendleton Kennedy, of Maryland, and William Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, and the third was possibly John Esten Cooke, of Virginia.

There were others who, in prose or in verse, in a short sketch or a lyric, struck perhaps a higher key than these did, but the effort was rarely repeated, and the first two of these were the leading literary men of the South, not merely as authors, but as the friends and promoters of literature.

Of these Kennedy was first in time, whilst Simms was first in his devotion to literature and in the work he accomplished. Indeed, no one in the history of Southern literature ever applied himself more assiduously and loyally to its development than Simms. Both of these men exercised a wider influence upon the literary spirit of the South than that which proceeded immediately from their works. Kennedy, who was born in 1795 in Baltimore, where he lived all of his long life, had not only made his mark as a lawyer and man of affairs, but as the author of "Swallow Barn" had already acquired a reputation as a literary man, when in the autumn of 1833 the two prizes offered by the proprietors of the *Saturday Visitor*, a weekly literary journal of Baltimore, were awarded, by the committee of which he was chairman, to an unknown young man named Poe, and it was not deemed proper to give so much to one person. It was owing to Mr. Kennedy's interest and kindness that the young author, who was in the most desperate straits, was secured an opening in the columns of the *Southern Literary Messenger* and subsequently became its editor; and the prosperous *littérateur* was the friend and encourager of the indigent genius as long as the latter lived.

Mr. Kennedy's novels "Swallow Barn," which is a story of rural life in Virginia, "Horseshoe Robinson," a tale of the Tory ascendancy in South Carolina, and "Rob of the Bowl," a story of Maryland, gave him position among the leading novelists of his day, and placed him first of the Southern literary men of his time.

His other works than those named are a satire entitled "Annals of Quodlibet," a memoir of William Wirt, in two volumes, etc. He continued to write until his death, long after the war.

William Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, was not only the most prolific, but, with the exception of Poe, was the chief literary man the South has produced. The measure of his industry was immense. His ability was of a high order, and his devotion to literature was, for the time, extraordinary. As poet, novelist, historian, biographer, essayist, he was not surpassed by any one of his compeers; if his whole work be considered, he was first. From 1827, when he brought out his first venture in Charleston, a volume entitled "Lyrical and other Poems," to the time of his death in 1870, he was assiduously and earnestly engaged in the attempt to create a literature for the South. His first devotion was to poetry, and he published three volumes of poems before he was twenty-six years of age. Although he continued to write poetry after this, it is chiefly as a writer of fiction that he made his reputation and that his name is now preserved. Poe declared him the best novelist this country had produced, after Cooper, and, although to us now his works have the faults of that time, too great length, too much description, and the constant tendency to disquisition, they are of a much higher order as romances than books of many of the novelists of the present day whose works receive general praise. His works comprise a series of novels, most of them based on the more romantic phases of the old Southern life, several volumes of poems, several dramas, and several biographies. "The Yemassee" is perhaps the best of his novels, but many of them had a considerable vogue in their day, and the renewed demand for them has recently caused a new edition to be published.

John Esten Cooke, the third of the trio, was, like the other two, both a novelist and a biographer. He possessed a fine imagination, and under more exacting conditions he might have reached a high mark and have made a permanent name in our literature. His publications before the war were "Leather Stocking and Silk" (1854), "The Virginia Comedians" (2 vols., 1854), "The Youth of Jefferson" (1854), "Ellie" (1855), "The Last of The Foresters" (1856), and "Bonnybel Vane, or The History of Henry St. John, Gentleman" (1859). In addition to these, he wrote numerous sketches. Candor compels the admission that, although very popular, these earlier works are not of a very high order. The war, however, in which the young novelist served honorably on the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart, the cavalry leader, gave him a new impulse, and his later works, such as "Surry of Eagle's Nest," "Mohun," "Hilt to Hilt," "Hammer and Rapier," and "Wearing of the Gray," are very much better; whilst his biographical and historical works are probably best of all. These, however, were written under the new conditions, and belong properly to the *post-bellum* literature of the South. Cooke wrote of Virginia life as Simms wrote of South Carolina life, with affection, appreciation, and spirit, but, like both Simms and Kennedy, he failed to strike the highest note. The same may be said of Dr. William A. Carruthers, also a Virginian, who had preceded Cooke and Simms, and who is en-

titled with the latter and Mr. Kennedy to the honor of first discovering the romantic material afforded the novelist in the picturesque life of their own section. His first book, "The Cavaliers of Virginia, or the Recluse of Jamestown, an Historical Romance of the Old Dominion," appeared in 1832. It dealt with the most romantic episode in the history of the South, if not of the entire country,—Bacon's Rebellion. This was followed in 1845 by the novel on which his name now rests, "The Knights of the Horseshoe, a Traditionary Tale of the Cocked-Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion." He also wrote a volume of sketches entitled "The Kentuckian in New York, or The Adventures of Three Southerners," and a "Life of Dr. Caldwell." This same romantic period was likewise the subject of a novel by St. George Tucker (the younger), entitled "Hansford, a Tale of Bacon's Rebellion," which was published in 1857 by George M. West, of Richmond, Virginia, and which had much popularity in its day.

These books are so good, or, more accurately, they have in them so much that is good, that one cannot but wonder they are not better. These writers possessed the Southerner's love for the South; they perfectly comprehended the value of the material its life furnished, and recognized the importance of preserving this life in literature; they earnestly endeavored to accomplish this, and yet they failed to preserve it in its reality. It is melancholy to contemplate, and it is difficult to comprehend. They wrote with spirit, with zeal, with affection, and generally in the chastest and most beautiful English, but somehow they just missed the highest mark. It is as if they had set their song in the wrong key.

The chief fault of their books was a certain imitateness, and adherence to old methods. Scott had set the fashion, and it was so admirable that it led all the writers to copying him. G. P. R. James gave him in dilution. Cooper had attained immense popularity, and was more easily followed; but to imitate Scott was a perilous undertaking. The stripping in the king's armor was not more encumbered.

Yet must this be said in defence of all these writers, that we are looking at their work through a different atmosphere from that in which they wrote. Fashion in writing, where it is not informed by genius, passes away, as in other things. Only art remains ever new, ever fresh, ever true. Just as Miss Burney and Richardson doubtless appeared antiquated to them, so they now appear to us, who are accustomed to a different treatment, stilted and unreal.

After these authors came the sketch-writers, who, if Poe's dictum that a short story is the most perfect form of prose literature is correct, should be placed before them. The chief of these, excepting Poe himself, were Joseph G. Baldwin, Augustus B. Longstreet, William Tappan Thompson, St. Leger L. Carter, and George W. Bagby.

Joseph G. Baldwin was the author of "Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi," which is perhaps the raciest collection of sketches yet published in America. This volume within a year of its first publication in 1853 had run into its seventh edition. "Ovid Bolus, Esq.," and "Simon Suggs, Jr., Esq.," became at once characters as well known throughout the South as was Sam Weller or Micky Free;

whilst the case of "Higginbotham versus Swink Slander" became a *cause célèbre*.

Augustus B. Longstreet, of Mississippi, was the author of "Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, etc., in the First Half-Century of the Republic," and other sketches. He also wrote a long story entitled "Master William Mitten."

William Tappan Thompson was the author of "Major Jones's Courtship," "Major Jones's Chronicle of Pineville," "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel," and other sketches.

Yet another was Dr. George W. Bagby, of Virginia, who succeeded John R. Thompson as editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and who wrote before the war over the *nom de plume* of "Mozis Addums." The quality of his serious work was higher than that of the other sketch-writers enumerated; and, being wider in its scope, its value was greater than theirs, though his writings were never published in book form until after his death, when two volumes were brought out in Richmond, Virginia. Much of his writing was done after the war, but prior to that period he had accomplished enough to entitle him to the credit of being a literary man at a time when literature in the South was without the compensations by which it was subsequently attended.

Besides these classes of writers there existed another class whose writings not only far exceeded in volume those of the authors who have been mentioned, but were also far more successful.

The chief of these were Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Catherine Ann Warfield, and Miss Augusta J. Evans. They were followed by a sisterhood of writers far too numerous for mention, whose work, whatever its permanent value, is entitled to honorable notice as evidencing an ambition on the part of the Southern women to create a Southern literature. There were about two hundred in all, who have written novels, books of travel, sketches, and volumes of poems. If they have not generally soared very high, they have at least lifted themselves above the common level, and are entitled to the respect of the South for their loyal endeavor to do their part towards her elevation. Both Mrs. Hentz and Mrs. Southworth wrote many novels and yet more numerous sketches, the popularity of which in their day was extraordinary. Perhaps the best of Mrs. Hentz's Romances are "The Mob-Cap" (1848), "Linda" (1850), "Rena" (1851), and "The Planter's Northern Bride." Mrs. Southworth has written over fifty novels, besides shorter stories. Her first book, "Retribution," written for the *Washington National Era*, was subsequently published in a volume in 1849, and had an immense sale. It was rapidly followed by "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Love's Labor Won," "The Lost Heiress," "Fallen Pride," "Curse of Clifton," etc., to the number above stated. In all of these novels the element of romance is emphasized. Some of Mrs. Southworth's books were vehemently assailed, but, as the public is much more intent on being entertained than on being elevated, they generally attained an extensive popularity. The Southern life is utilized by both these writers, but in so exaggerated or unreal a form that the pictures are too untrue

to be relied on. Both authors were of Northern birth, whilst their lives were spent at the South. Is it significant of the fact that the Northern literary press was not in "old times" open to writers of Southern birth, or that the public sentiment was against Southern women publishing, or of both?

Mrs. Terhune ("Marion Harland") is entitled to stand in a class by herself, since her books "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Moss Side," and "Nemesis," which were published before the war, as well as those which have appeared since that time, are in a much higher literary key than those of the authors named. Like the others, she has used the Southern life as material in her work; but she has exhibited a literary sense of a far higher order, and an artistic touch to which the others are strangers.

There existed yet another class, whose work, although not extensive in amount, was yet of a quality to enlist the attention and evoke the respect of American readers. The Southern poets were not numerous: poetry even more peculiarly than prose demands a sympathetic atmosphere. Such was not to be found at the South. The standards there were Shakespeare, Dryden, and Pope; no less would be tolerated. Before Wilde could admit his authorship of "My Life is like the Summer Rose" he had to establish himself as a fine lawyer and an able politician; Philip Pendleton Cooke, as an offset to "Florence Vane" and the "Froissart Ballads," found it necessary to avouch his manhood as the crack turkey-shot of the Valley of Virginia. Yet the poets wrote, if not much, still real poetry, and poetry which will live as a part of the best American literature. In this domain, as in others, Poe soared high above all the rest. He was not profuse; but he was excellent, pre-eminent. He is one of the poets of the English-speaking race. Wilde, Cooke, Pinkney, Key, Meek, Lamar, Lipscomb, Vawter, and others have been already referred to. The Sonnet to a Mocking-Bird by the first is as fine as his other more popular poem already mentioned. Mr. Wilde resided in Italy for some time, and published the result of his researches there in a work in two volumes entitled "Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso," which contains fine translations from Tasso and is otherwise valuable. He also wrote a Life of Dante, and a long poem entitled "Hesperia," besides a number of translations of Italian lyrics which were not published until after his death.

Cooke, besides "Florence Vane," which Poe declared the sweetest lyric ever written in America, and which has been translated into many foreign languages, wrote many other lyrics, of which the most popular and perhaps the best are the "Lines to my Daughter Lily" and "Rosa Lee." He also wrote a number of sketches, among which are "John Carpe," "The Gregories of Hackwood," and "The Crime of Andrew Blair."

He died at the age of thirty-three, when his brilliant powers were still in bud.

Edward Coate Pinkney was a member of a family distinguished for literary taste and ability. His uncle, Ninian Pinkney, as early as 1809 published a book of "Travels in the South of France and in the In-

terior of the Provinces of Provence and Languedoc," of which Leigh Hunt said, "It set all the idle world to going to France to live on the charming banks of the Loire."

His brother Frederick was also a poet. Pinkney's poems were so exquisite that after their first publication in 1825 he was requested to sit for a portrait to be included in a sketch of "The Five Greatest Poets of the Nation." "A Health," and "The Picture Song," have an established place in our literature.

Lanier and Ticknor of Georgia, Thompson of Virginia, Dimitry of Louisiana, Ryan, etc., belong to a later time.

Henry Timrod and Paul H. Hayne perhaps also more properly belong to that period, but before the war they had done work which by its worth and volume entitles them to be ranked of all Southern poets next after Poe.

Hayne in South Carolina was, with Simms and others, inspiring an emulation first before the war which promised a brighter literary future than there had previously been ground to hope for. John R. Thompson as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* was performing the same work for Virginia. Had Hayne and Thompson received greater encouragement, their fine talents might have yielded a return which would have made their native land as proud of her brilliant sons as she should have been.

Besides the authors mentioned in this paper, there were very many others who by occasional essays at literature in prose or in verse attained something more than a local reputation, but they were distinguished rather in other professions than in literature, whilst most of those mentioned are now chiefly distinguished for the literary work they accomplished.

If it shall appear from this very imperfect summary of the literary work done by the South, and of the causes which influenced it, that the amount produced was small, the writer begs to call attention again first to the insignificant number of the educated and slave-holding whites of the South, from whom alone a literature could come, and secondly to the intellectual energy that limited population displayed throughout the entire period of their existence. He believes that the intellectual work they accomplished will compare favorably with that of a similar number of any other race whatsoever during the same period; and he is certain that the thoughtful and dispassionate student, to whatever causes he may deem to be due the absence of a literature by the Southern people, will not attribute it to either mental indigence or mental lassitude.

Thomas Nelson Page.

A GALA-DAY.

MEN make them ready for the pageant bright
 With banners, robes, and panoply of cost,
 Yet cannot hold the rain-cloud of a night
 From that whereby the brilliance all is lost.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Jr.

OUR ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS.

XII.

82. *What is the etymology of Mugwump, and when was the word first used in American politics?*

"Mugwump" in the language of the Connecticut Indians meant a captain, a leader, a superior person. The word lingered along the shore of Long Island Sound, meaning at first a man of consequence; secondarily, a man who thought himself of consequence. When Blaine was nominated in 1884 for the Presidency by the Republicans, many members of the party, disapproving the choice, voted the Democratic ticket. For daring to have an opinion of their own, these men were dubbed "mugwumps" in derision, and accepted the nickname. This definition is by Brander Matthews. Another New-Yorker refers to a petition presented to Stuyvesant by the Indians, and signed by an Esopus chieftain whose name is Dacta, and whose title is "mugwump," meaning high-minded.

An anecdote is told of its origin as follows: A priest translating the New Testament into an Indian dialect, being puzzled to find a good rendering for "not to think of himself more highly than he ought," consulted an Indian, who answered, "That's easy enough: that's *mugwump*."

The Hon. Milton Reed, ex-Representative of Massachusetts, says that a mugwump was an Indian who left his own tribe to marry into another and then sought to return to his own. Thus in politics a mugwump is a Republican who voted with the Democrats, then returned to the Republican ranks. But this view is not the usual one, a mugwump being generally considered simply one who leaves his acknowledged party.

C. L. Norton contributed to the *American Magazine of History*, 1885, an explanation of the term, as follows: "A mugwump is an Independent Republican, one who sets himself up to be better than his fellows,—a Pharisee. On the nomination of Hon. James G. Blaine for the Presidency (June 6, 1884), a strong opposition developed among disaffected Republicans calling themselves 'Independents.' The movement originated at a meeting in Boston, June 7, and was promptly taken up in New York and elsewhere. The supporters of the regular nomination affected to believe that these Independents set themselves up as the superiors of their former associates. They were called 'dudes, pharisees, and hypocrites,' and on June 15, 1884, the *New York Sun* called them 'mugwumps.' The word was forthwith adopted by the public as curiously appropriate, though for a time its meaning was problematical. It appeared that the term had been in use colloquially in some parts of New England, notably on the Massachusetts coast. Thence it had been carried inland, and was used in large type as a headline in the *Indianapolis Sentinel* as early as 1872. This is on the authority of H. F. Keenan, who was at the time editor of that journal, and had picked up the word in New England. In this instance it was used to emphasize some local issue. After this the word seems to have lain *perdu* until resuscitated by the *Sun* on March 23, 1884, when it in turn applied it to a local issue at Dobbs Ferry, New York, printing 'Mugwump D. O. Bradley' in large type at the top of one of its prominent columns. After the Independent movement was started the word was launched on its career of popularity, but not until September 6, 1884, was it authoritatively defined. The *Critic* of that date contained a note from Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, to the effect that the word was of Algonquin origin, and occurred in Eliot's Indian Bible, being used to translate such titles as lord, high captain, chief, great man, leader, or duke. In Matthew vi. 21 (or xxvi. 21) it occurs as *mukquomp*."

The *New York Nation*, June 17, 1886, defines it as a man who is unable, for one reason or another, to vote his regular party ticket. The regular party men speak of him as a "holier-than-thou man," a "Pharisee," and a "kicker."

As one and the same man is called a patriot by some, a rebel by others, so from one point of view a "mugwump" is a man who thinks himself above others

and stands aloof from politics, "superior" in a satirical sense; from another point he is one truly superior to mere party claims, and forming his opinions on moral grounds.—ONE OF A THOUSAND.

83. *What is the legend of the palace of Sans Souci, and what amount of historical truth does it contain?*

There is an atmosphere of romance and story in the very name Sans Souci, with its memories of Frederick the Great, the White Lady, and the famous windmill, so that when one is asked for a legend it is almost impossible to know which one is wanted. From time immemorial the superstitious belief has prevailed in Germany that, as a prelude to any catastrophe in the royal family, a female spectre, described as a tall, not ungraceful figure, clothed in long trailing garments of dazzling white, with a bunch of keys depending from a girdle at her waist, appears in some dreary place, at some gloomy hour, to the principal sufferer. It is regarded as a thing of destiny, and the apparition is looked for as a matter of course. This ghostly messenger of ill tidings does not confine herself to any one of the numerous royal residences, and on the occasion of Frederick the Great's death did not neglect to pay her devoirs to him at Sans Souci. The White Lady is one in many, for, besides attaching herself to many noble German families, she appears, under other names, in the legends of many countries. The first recorded instance of her appearance in Germany was in the family of the Hohenzollerns, just before the death of the Elector John George, in 1598; and since that time she has continued her visitations with praiseworthy punctuality, and the visits have been as duly chronicled. No tale so ghostly is so well authenticated. As to the historical identity of the White Lady there are several opinions. By some authorities she is said to be the spirit of Agnes, Countess of Otlamünde, who murdered her children, and, in consequence, was buried alive in one of the palace vaults. According to another story (which has been dramatized in the tragedy of "The White Lady of Berlin Castle" by Winchester), this same Agnes was enamoured of a prince of Parma, and, fancying that her two daughters were her rivals in his affection, she caused them to be murdered, and despatched a love-philtre to the prince. But her butler, thinking the prince was the murderer of the daughters, poisoned the love-potion. For these deaths which she had accomplished, Agnes was doomed to wander alone at night through the palaces belonging to her family and proclaim approaching deaths. The most popular account of the White Lady, however, identifies her with Bertha von Rosenberg, the wife of John of Lichtenstein, who cruelly ill-treated her. Her life was one of devotion to the poor, especially orphans, and her spirit is thought to be disturbed lest her bequests to various charities should be forgotten. As to the story of the windmill, it is established as an historical fact. When Frederick was making his plans for the erection of the palace of Sans Souci, in 1763, he found that a windmill, belonging to one of his thrifty subjects, stood just where he wished to extend a portion of the palace gardens. His agent sent for the owner and asked what price he wanted for his mill. But the miller sturdily refused to part with it at any price, saying that his ancestors for many generations had owned it, and he intended that it should remain as a heritage for his own children. The agent, scarcely able to credit what he heard, persisted. "What! will you not sell it at any price?" he asked. "Could not the king take it from you for nothing, if he wished?" "Ja, wenn das Reichskammergericht in Berlin nicht wäre," was the answer, which immediately became a popular saying in Germany. Frederick, whose love of justice had caused him to style himself "l'avocat du pauvre," was delighted with the retort, and ordered the plans for his garden to be altered, so that the mill might be left standing on its knoll, a "monument of Prussian justice." It is said that in later years the recent Emperor was waited upon by a descendant of the miller, who had experienced severe losses and desired to sell the mill. The Emperor inquired into the case, and, finding his story true, furnished him with means to defray his debts, but refused to remove the mill, preferring that it should remain standing. There is some question whether the mill now shown to travellers is the original one, or a more recent erection on the old site.—DAVIS.

84. *Whence does the Court of Exchequer obtain its name?*

The King's Exchequer anciently was a kind of subaltern court that was specially charged with the management of the revenue. It partly resembled that other primitive institution, the *curia regis*, and, just as that was not entirely a court of law, so the Exchequer was not merely a financial council, but also a court of law.

Its principal business, says Madox, related to the revenue, and, although the justices on circuit had cognizance of revenue-matters, such matters, as they arose, were certified or sent to the Exchequer, to which place the affairs of the royal revenue tended as to their centre.

From the reign of Henry III. the Exchequer was recognized as a separate court, the others being the King's Bench and the Common Pleas. The court received its name from the table at which it sat, which was "a four-cornered board, about ten feet long and five feet broad, fitted in manner of a table to sit about, on every side whereof is a standing ledge or border, four fingers broad. Upon this board is laid a cloth bought in Easter term, which is of black color, rowed with strokes, distant about a foot or span, like a chess-board." On the spaces of the Saccharium, or checkered cloth, counters were ranged, with denoting marks, for checking the computations. These computations were at first very difficult to make, on account of the want of Arabic numerals, and this cloth was for the arithmetical process by counters, of which the monks struck a goodly number, still known by the name of "Abbey pieces." It is therefore evident that the checkered cloth was not a mere table-ornament, but a necessary part of the apparatus of the court for estimating and computing the king's revenues. It was therefore quite natural that the court should take its name from the checkered cloth on which most of its work was done.—BIBOTA.

85. *Whence did Hawthorne obtain the hint for his story of "Wakefield"? and what monkish legend resembles it?*

Hawthorne says that this sketch, which appeared among the "Twice-Told Tales" in 1837, was suggested to him by an article that he saw in an old magazine or newspaper,—he does not remember when or where,—which related the eccentricities of a man who, under the pretence of going on a journey, took lodgings in the street next to his own home, and there, unheard of by his wife and friends, dwelt in self-imposed banishment for more than twenty years. During that period he beheld his home every day, and frequently met his wife on the streets; and finally, one evening, he quietly entered his own door, as if returning from a day's absence, and finished out the measure of his days. To these outlines Hawthorne adds that "the incident is one of the purest originality, unexampled, and probably never to be repeated."

We cannot agree that the incident is unexampled, while we have in mind the story of St. Alexis; for, although in the case of Hawthorne's hero the banishment was merely the result of inexplicable eccentricity, and in that of St. Alexis a matter of religious conviction, in both instances the exile was voluntary, and the two are almost identical in character. Cardinal Wiseman has dramatized the life of St. Alexis, under the title of "The Hidden Gem," written in 1858 for the College Jubilee of St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw. Alexis, or Alexis, was the son of Euphemian, a man of rank and wealth, who lived on the Cœlian Hill in Rome in the days of the Emperor Honorius and Pope Innocent I.

As a child Alexis devoted himself to the service of God; but when his father, in later years, selected a beautiful maiden of noble rank for his bride, although he remembered his vow, he dared not disobey his father; and the wedding was celebrated with great pomp. Then Alexis went to his bride, gave her a gold ring, a girdle of precious stones, and a purple veil, and, bidding her farewell, as if about to start on a short journey, he departed, and was seen no more. He really did go away, for a time, and then returned so changed in appearance that none recognized him when he went to his father's house and begged to be allowed to live upon his charity.

Euphemian, thinking upon his own lost son, ordered that the pilgrim should

be provided for; but the servants ill-treated him, and gave him no other lodging than a hole under the marble steps of his home. Thus many years passed, during which Alexis daily saw all the members of his family, constantly came face to face with his wife, and heard her lament his absence. At length, feeling that his end was near, he asked for pen and ink, and wrote the story of his life, which he placed within his bosom. Soon after this, while celebrating mass, a voice was heard saying, "Seek the servant of God." The Pope and the Emperor, and Euphemian, together with the people, fell on their faces, and another voice asked, "Where shall we seek?" and the answer was, "At the house of Euphemian." When Euphemian led the way to his home, the servants met him, and told him the beggar had died; and when they uncovered his face it was glorified like an angel's. And the Pope took the letter from the dead hand of Alexis, and read it aloud.

His family, overwhelmed with grief, watched beside his body many days, during which the sick and infirm were healed by touching his holy remains. On the spot where his father's house stood is now the Church of St. Alexis, within which are the marble steps beneath which he lived and died, and near them stands a statue of the saint, who is regarded as the patron of beggars and pilgrims.—DAVUS.

86. *What were the O. P. Riots?*

On the night of the 20th of September, 1808, Covent Garden Theatre was burned. A new theatre was built, and the opening announced for September 18, 1809, one year after the fire. Much expense was incurred, and, to make the opening attractive, Mr. Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Madame Catalani were engaged. In order to cover expenses, the managers decided to increase the admission-prices, putting them one shilling advance for boxes and sixpence advance for the pit. This announcement created great dissatisfaction, and a war-cry was at once raised. The subject was discussed in clubs and coffee-houses. Newspapers took it up. Kemble and Covent Garden were as often discussed as Napoleon and France.

The plays on the opening night were "Macbeth" and, for an after-piece, "The Quaker." The house was crowded, especially the pit. As soon as the curtain rose, the noise began. "Old prices forever!" rang through the house.

Mr. Kemble tried to deliver an address in honor of the occasion, but could not be heard. The noise continued through the five acts of the play. Magistrates read the "Riot Act" on the stage. The next night the same scenes were repeated, with the addition of placards inscribed "Old prices forever!" Constables seized the placard-bearers and carried them off. The next night more placards appeared. Mr. Kemble came forward and said, "What do you want?" A Mr. Leigh replied, "We want the old prices." This started another tumult. Horns, whistles, and watchmen's rattles were heard in every part of the house, and dogs were brought in, whose barking and yelping added to the confusion. Placards inscribed

Come forth, O Kemble,
Come forth and tremble!

and

Seventeen thousand a year goes pat
To Kemble, his sister, and Madame Cat,

were shown through the house. On the fifth night the placards were marked "O. P." for the first time. Another placard was,—

John Kemble alone is the cause of this riot:
When he lowers his prices, John Bull will be quiet.

On the sixth night Mr. Kemble announced that the theatre would be closed and a committee appointed to determine whether the prices could be lowered. This announcement was received with applause and a placard exhibited bearing the following:

"Here lies the body of new price, an ugly brat and base-born, who expired on September 23, 1809, aged six days. Requiescat in pace."

A committee was appointed, made up of well-known gentlemen, who, after conferring together, decided that the managers could not afford to return to the old prices. So the theatre was reopened, and this announcement made. The riots were then worse than ever. Party feeling was shown everywhere. Ladies appeared in the boxes with O. P. on their bonnets; O. P. hats for men were common; some wore waistcoats with O. embroidered on one lapel and P. on the other; O. P. tooth-picks were in fashion; O. P. handkerchiefs were waved at the theatre, so also were O. P. flags; O. P. medals were worn.

At a grand dinner given at the Crown and Anchor tavern to celebrate the victory of Mr. Clifford, a barrister who had espoused the O. P. cause, been arrested, and by some quibble of the law been released after being fined five pounds, Mr. Kemble appeared, and a conference was held. A treaty was signed which ended the O. P. riots and restored peace to the drama.

Mr. Kemble announced at the theatre that night that the old prices would be restored. This announcement was greeted with applause, and the next night a placard was exhibited, inscribed

"We are satisfied."

The contest ended on the 10th of December, after three months of disgraceful tumult.—OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

87. *Where are the two islands called respectively Jack-a-Dan and Kick'em-Jenny?*

These two islands are in the Windward group of islands which belong to the Caribbean division of the West Indies.

They are very small; indeed, they are little more than mere islets, which, while they are not sufficiently large and important to appear on any but the most elaborate charts, must be known and recognized by pilots cruising in those waters, in order that they may be avoided. Jack-a-Dan is only thirty-three feet above the sea, and lies in Hillsborough Bay, on the westward coast of the English island of Barbadoes, off what is known as the Hope estate, a large tract of land originally occupied by Sir Edward Hope and still in the possession of the Hope family.

Diamond Islet (probably so called from its shape), or Kick'em-Jenny, lies in the near vicinity. East of the west embankment of Hillsborough Bay is a strip of land, usually covered by twenty-one feet of water which breaks in a strong breeze.—DAVUS.

88. *Who was called the "Poet-Laureate of the Bees"?*

In a "History of the Honey-Bee," by W. H. Harris, published in London, in the first chapter occurs this passage: "In our own country [England] Dr. John Evans, who has been called the Poet-Laureate of the Bees," etc. In looking over an English Biographical Dictionary, I find that "Dr. John Evans lived in 1802, and wrote much about bees."—OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

LIFE.

THOU art more ancient than the oldest skies,
But youth forever glances from thine eyes;
Time wars against thee and consumes thy fires,
Yet wingéd thou from ashes dost arise.

Florence Earle Coates.

THE COURTESIES OF SUMMER RESORTS.

"WHERE are you going this summer, Helen?"

"I have not quite decided: either to Bar Harbor or York. Sarah always goes to Saratoga, and the rest of the family repair to Richfield to humor their gout and rheumatism: so, being fond of sea air, I am generally an odd sheep. Armine Neilson took pity on me last year and carried me off to Magnolia with her. She is perfectly wild about the scenery there, and says that there are no colors along the New England coast to compare with the 'tones' to be found at Magnolia. Except for the beauty of the place, however, and her delightful society, it was rather dismal. The house was packed with strangers, queer kind of people. Armine said that they were literary, artistic, and philanthropic. I should rather think they were! The girls wore their hair short, and their gowns ditto, and talked art, politics, and dress-reform, while the elders, most of them being on school-boards or prison-boards, discussed education and philanthropy, until I felt literally steeped in art and reform! Some of the artists were very nice, especially when they were separated from the rest of the fraternity; but when together they would rave for hours over a bit of beach, a single rock, or a ragged old mullein-stalk, until I was dead sick of color, tone, atmosphere, composition, and all the rest of the art jargon. I longed for somebody to be frivolous with. Armine wouldn't, and the short-haired girls couldn't. Some nice-looking people came afterwards, but we didn't know anything about them. There was positively no society in the house!"

Such a conversation as the foregoing naturally suggests a train of queries, as to what constitutes this vaunted society, what it is when found, and what it was designed for.

Society surely ought to mean the drawing together of agreeable and congenial people; but it does not always stand for that; for some occult reason it seems, quite as often, to mean the keeping aloof from persons whose social status has not been clearly defined. It has been charged against the Philadelphia matron, especially, that her social limitations are iron-barred, that she will have nothing to do with strangers unless their genealogical relations are satisfactorily established, and that it has never yet entered into her philosophy that there are many persons of refinement and culture in other cities whose surnames are unknown to her, and even persons worth meeting in unexplored portions of her own city. This is of course gross exaggeration, and it is unfair to confine such strictures to the Philadelphia matron, for are there not Boston and Baltimore matrons, and some New York matrons belonging to old Knickerbocker families, who are making the same sort of stand against the progress of the world?—hedging themselves about with aristocratic boundary-lines, that are as artificial as they are absurd in a country where our green-grocer's son may some day be our President.

Nowhere is this sort of feeling more noticeable, or more out of place, than in the hotels and boarding-houses in which so large a portion of the well-to-do among our citizens spend their summers. It may be a remnant of English conservatism left in some of us, or it may only be a remnant of the old Adam, but we citizens of the great Republic are apt to make ourselves a trifle absurd by

holding aloof from the people we meet, until all their bearings and boundaries have been established. We have even been known to stand off from persons because their appearance did not quite please us. The girls of the family may not have worn their bangs the regulation length; or their gowns may have been too flashy; or they may not have pronounced their *a's* properly; or the *père de famille* may have kept his hat on when, by all the canons, it should have been off. Forgive him, he may have been brought up a Quaker, and for the rest, wondrous thought!—there may have been something in our make-up that did not strike them as absolutely perfect. Even the aristocratic Sandwich-Islander has his little unconventional fancies about beads and bangles and head-adornments.

We once heard a lady, at a mountain resort, say, in a tone of great self-satisfaction, "I've been here for weeks, but I really don't know a soul in the house. I don't even know their names. You see, we have had our own party, and did not need other society."

Some ladies in the same house found delightful and congenial companionship, and would have missed some pleasant pages from the history of their summer if they had sat aside in gloomy and elegant seclusion while a number of very bright but quite unknown persons were playing games around the centre-table, or reading aloud to each other, or even comparing fancy-work on the piazzas after dinner, which is, as we all know, one of the staple amusements at summer resorts. This lady, who did not know any one in the house and did not want to know any one, must be an own cousin to the Philadelphia dame portrayed by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who is described as retiring gracefully from a sojourn of some weeks at a watering-place, during which time she had made a number of pleasant acquaintances from her own city, and saying, airily, "Good-by. I shall be sure to meet you at Moneymaker's some day." How many of us can read this without feeling self-condemned?

It seems as if the very fact of a woman feeling the necessity of making such a speech as this proves that there is something wrong at the very foundation of our social system, as if there were needed some code of etiquette for such occasions, or some teaching of common sense, to enable women to enter into pleasant and cordial intercourse with those whom they meet for a few weeks, at the seashore or among the mountains, without such intercourse presupposing future intimacy, unless all conditions are favorable thereto. It is often this dread of involving themselves and their families in an inextricable labyrinth of visits that makes so many women stand aloof from those whom they meet during their summer sojourns. And here is where men have the advantage of women: they can be hail-fellow-well-met with all the other men in the house, and have pleasant talks, and interchanges of opinion, and smoke together the pipe of peace, without having their future overcast with dark and lowering shadows of endless and wearisome calls, which begin in nothing and end in less than nothing. This is probably the reason why many sensible women are not sociable away from home. For the others who stand off, their motives reach deeper than our plummet-line can fathom. It may be that they entertain an insane idea that they are superior to most people whom they meet,—save the mark! Yet this must have been the idea of the sympathetic lady who represented herself as feeling so deeply for her next-door neighbor who was ill, that she really thought of calling to ask if she could do anything for her, and was only deterred from this act of benevolence by reflecting that in case of the recovery of the invalid she might consider her impulse of common humanity a visit and return it as

such. Surely, oblivion or death were the only alternatives that remained to this unfortunate lady, who, even by means of her sufferings, was not made worthy to enter into the sacred enclosure of her neighbor's visiting circle.

There is no loneliness so pathetic as that which a stranger feels in a large circle of people who know each other very well. Such cases of loneliness often occur at our summer resorts, and the new-comer, who stands on the outskirts of pleasant social life, needs only a hand stretched forth, a smile, a word, to feel that the world, which a moment before seemed so small and so cold, has broadened out to fair and generous dimensions, and that it is a place where the sun shines and the birds sing. It must be a woman's hand that is reached forth, for women are, to an almost unlimited extent, the arbiters of fate in social circles. A word or a glance from them often settles the status of some stranger for the entire season. Being powerful, let them be generous! The spreading about them of a pleasant and cheerful atmosphere is one of the important social missions of woman, and in no other position does she more charmingly reveal her nobility, tact, and sweetness than by drawing together those with whom she is thrown for weeks or months in hotel or boarding-house, and thus creating what may most truly be called society. Dr. Joseph Leidy, who knows so much of the habits of the infinitesimal forms of life, speaks with humorous gravity of the kindly disposition evinced by some of the tiniest living creatures to hand around their food to their fellows, saying that this is the dawning of the social instinct in these unreasoning atoms. It seems as if we who belong to the highest order of intelligence should find a positive delight in giving of our best, which is ourselves, and thus placing those around us "in harmony with their environment," which is the most comprehensive definition of human happiness that the philosopher has yet been able to give us.

It is not necessary for us all to have such an experience as that of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who entertained a nobleman all unwittingly, who came to him in the guise of a beggar, to know that we often lose rare opportunities in life by extreme exclusiveness, which, after all, is only a polite synonyme for narrowness and provincialism. If we cannot regale impecunious Hungarian exiles with cold mutton, and conversation fit for the gods, an opportunity is offered to most of us, once in a lifetime at least, to entertain some sort of an angel, unawares, although it may come to us as devoid of cherubic lines as was Mr. Hale's nobleman of quarterings.

The beautiful law of natural selection is surely a better guide in choosing companions than a comparative study of heraldic quarterings, and whether it be like choosing like, or finding delight in difference, as positive and negative attract each other, if only the selection be natural it is almost sure to be a happy one, and the more cosmopolitan we become in our ideas the more fully shall we realize that culture and experience create centres of interest for those who have learned from books and from life, no matter what part of the world or what section of the city they come from.

It is their broad education that renders travelled men and women such delightful companions. They are able to make themselves agreeable in any circle that they enter, because they have something to talk about that is not limited to the circumference of the lives about them. They touch no sensitive points, they stir up no personal animosities, because they take us into so wide a field that personalities are lost sight of, just as in distant landscapes small features become indistinct.

Is not this the true delight of conversation?—what Emerson calls “walking among the stars,” rather than being “pinned to the wall” by some petty discussion on commonplace subjects.

Anne H. Wharton.

MRS. CHANLER'S LAST NOVEL.

THE many admirers of Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler were perhaps astonished that she should have chosen an Italian background for this, her second sustained work of fiction. It is a long way from Virginia to the Villa Demarini, with olive-trees and ilexes on its lawn, not to mention “the ruins of a little marble temple.” But Mrs. Chanler makes the journey with a good deal of boldness and considerable artistic ease.

What chiefly surprises a reader familiar with “The Quick or the Dead?” is the extreme difference of method between that performance and “The Witness of the Sun.” In the first realism took shapes of so nude a candor that propriety rolled up its eyes and mourned a deliberated prurience. In the second the realism is constantly veiled by an idealistic mode of treatment that floods nearly every chapter with a golden languor and a scent of fresh-blown roses. Mrs. Chanler has chosen a *mise en scène* that is perilously old for the novelist of to-day. We have a sense that her inanimate material is too pliant beneath her hand,—that the path she treads has been foot-worn by numberless predecessors. A villa on the Mediterranean, with its music floating to us across bloom-wreathen porticos, with terraces glimmering in the moonlight, with sunsets dying beyond knots of pines, with orioles, orange-trees, and butterflies like living jewels,—we seem to have known all this a good deal longer ago than yesterday. We cannot help wondering a little why an American author should have chosen such a *locale* in this age, when it seems that half the novelist's battle is to find some attractive corner of even our Western hemisphere that has not been mercilessly “done.” Still, just as the beauty of Italy is its own excuse for being, so is the choice of Mrs. Chanler to be indulged on a similar ground. Verona must not be prohibited from all future poets because Romeo and Juliet once lived and loved there, nor the Hellespont because Leander once swam it with so impassioned a purpose. If again to “use” Italy is to tread a beaten track, Mrs. Chanler moves along, nevertheless, with a commendable grace of her own. After all, it is not so much this foreign encompassment that strikes us oddly. American story-tellers whose names are now enshrined in distinction have made their pages glow again and again with Roman, Venetian, or Florentine coloring, and yet have dealt, at the same time, in types of character saliently American. Mrs. Chanler has not done this. It would seem that she had not only changed her sky but her spirit as well, for there is not a personage in “The Witness of the Sun” that can be called less alien to these shores than its nightingales or its pomegranates. Ilva, Nadrovine, Madame Nadrovine, Lotta, Demarini, they are all European and make the tale sometimes read like a translation from Georges Sand. The dainty American who hates a novel that treats of his own country (and he is by no means as scarce a personage as might patriotically be imagined) will exult in Mrs. Chanler's new production. To him whose tastes regarding the lands in which his fiction shall be located are comfortably cosmopolitan,

this tale will speak chiefly through the intensity of its feeling and the opulent glamour of its poetry.

Not that it can be called a perfect piece of art, in spite of possessing so many lovely and eloquent passages, in spite of revealing that its creator has achieved a maturer and nicer tact than of old, and in spite of avoiding at nearly all times the least awkward excursion among *les choses qui ne se disent pas*. Before stating just where lies what is perhaps its pivotal mistake, I should like to record how charmingly many scenes in this novel are portrayed. The first meeting between Ilva and Nadrovine, after the former has become a grown-up young lady, is a bit of workmanship delicate and fanciful enough to stamp Mrs. Chanler as a poet if one had never seen a line of verse that she had written. "High-flown" it will be called by the matter-of-fact throng who unhesitatingly speak thus of such English masterpieces as "Ariadne" and "Signa,"—who would say it of "The Marble Faun," and even of "Corinne," if they dared. Such judges are worthy of all respect. They are not critics, but their effect upon the ultimate verdict accorded every meritorious work is not to be underestimated. Their sobriety measures by its disapproval, very often, the imaginative range of what is truly poetic in prose, and both because of their number and the gentle ferocity of their condemnation they are alike a reason why poetry goes out of fashion for a decade or two and afterwards triumphantly comes in again. The interview between the lovers, three days later, is wrought out with a still more felicitous charm. Ilva's confession that she knows of her own beauty and in a certain way both understands and appreciates it, finely harmonizes with the simple buoyancy of her temperament as already suggested and sketched. She is only seventeen years old, and she is brought into the society of a man ten years or so her senior, whose genius as a famous novelist she has begun ardently to revere. The author here exquisitely says of Ilva,—

"She seemed as much a child to him as she had done seven years ago in her brown holland frock and flowing mane. But she was not as much a child: *she was like a rose-branch on which some flowers are in full bloom and others yet in the bud.*"

All the descriptions of their early flirtations and love-makings partake of the same picturesqueness in simile and metaphor. Even Nadrovine's reflections concerning the dawn of his own attachment are tinged with the same prismatic hues: "How vigorous and spirited she had looked" (he muses) "while putting forth all that tirade against him! She reminded him of a young Caryatid who was fully capable of supporting the temple of her convictions. He fell to wondering how her lovely curves would express themselves beneath the folds of a Greek peplos. There should be a crown of red roses on her hair, some of their shaken leaves upon her breast, one of her long white arms sunk deep into thick grass." . . . Again he fancies her a sultana, and surrounds her "with Circassian girls, who fanned her with wonderful plumes that leaped like flames from long wands of ivory."

This kind of narrative is very different from the neat, close, demure style by which not a few modern writers have won celebrity in the present day. For them "color" is an element whose use gains all its force from little tiny outbursts that are promptly succeeded by a kind of repentant, self-controlled grayness. They are afraid of a polysyllable, too, as if it were a critic in disguise, and when they employ one it seems to fit into their surrounding text like the larger central stone in a mosaic of minute particles. But Mrs. Chanler, who

once erred in the reckless cult of illegitimate words and phrases, now swings to no opposite extreme in the matter of a conscious and disciplined "style." She still writes as if she had little care for style, so that her thoughts may be garbed in the airy verbal brilliancy which best becomes them. Her models, if she has any, may be said to belong to the past rather than the present. She is now and then extravagant, but it is an extravagance born of youthful fire rather than that hyperbole sometimes enmantling poverty and barrenness of conception. Occasionally she lapses into bathos, as in the sentence, "His throat . . . looked so sensitive in its brown clearness that the girl wondered the dancing flecks" (born of sunshine among leaves) "*did not tickle him.*" But such instances are rare, and a hundred graces like these repay us for the few that occur: "The western light was in her eyes and on her hair." . . . "The green lights of the first few stars shone down upon them through the rich haze, like glow-worms seen through a vast cobweb. Overhead was the sound of the wind in the pines and the call of the nightingales." . . . "Just let me say what is in my heart. I feel that what is there must run into your heart like a stream into the great sea. It is wonderful to think that I have your love,—I out of the world! It is as though a great star were to concentrate its light all on some little flower and say, 'I will shine only for this flower that I love.'" . . . "A lustrous quivering began to fill the air,—the light from the rising moon. White flowers appeared here and there from the shadows, *as the stars had appeared at first in the heavens.*" . . . "The hearts of most men are like the grates in inns, where the wood is laid ready for kindling; and the smile of any pretty woman is enough to set it in a blaze."

Here is quite a long paragraph of quotations,—almost a larger one than the present limited article should dare to afford. Yet there are many others, equally pungent and aromatic, that could be copied at random as these have been. Enough are given, however, to show the romantic trend of the entire little history, and if they seem to remind us of other pages in other fervid love-chronicles, we must remember that, after all, the romancist can no more do without his flowers and stars and moons and sunsets and breezes fluting amid foliage, than the sedate student of commonplace life can do without his gray tones, his timidly accurate managements of landscape, his careful and often stirring presentments of a smile, a frown, an intonation, a neck-tie, a stair-carpet, or a provincial tea-table. To the wider-minded watcher of literary developments—the observer unhampered by theory and anxious for the discovery of some one large law even amid chaos—all antagonistic modes and means have their due separate values.

The plot of Mrs. Chanler's novel may be briefly stated. Ilva Demarini, an Italian girl of good parentage, is beloved by Vladimir Nadrovine, a distinguished young Russian author. Nadrovine's mother, a woman of surprisingly youthful appearance and great personal fascination, adored by her son and adoring him in return, wholly disapproves of the proposed marriage. She believes that Vladimir will regret becoming the husband of a mere shallow-brained child, and she is also stung by a maternal jealousy that she makes little effort to master. One day, while Signor Demarini, the father of Ilva, is renewing to her the vows of an old attachment, she perceives her son standing between the folds of a near *portière*, and deliberately pretends to return the elderly Italian's passionate advances. Vladimir, wild with rage, challenges Demarini as soon as the latter has left Madame Nadrovine's presence. The duel takes place, and Vladimir kills the father of his intended wife. Ilva, though almost

crazed with grief, seeks the unhappy woman who is blamable for all her misery, and behaves toward her with the most angelic clemency. Madame Nadrovine, however, repulses her, and at the same time declares that she has no knowledge whither her son has fled. Afterward, with the aid of a detective, she finds out that he is in Paris, and joins him there. He is recovering from a long illness and in wretched surroundings. But already he has dedicated his future life to the priesthood, and, notwithstanding all his mother's prayers and protestations, he becomes a monk in the monastery of Alceron. Madame Nadrovine presently falls the victim of an illness brought on by exposure to the elements while following her son from Paris and beseeching him to change his gloomy resolve. We leave her still living, though shorn of her beauty and with all her pride in the dust. The fates of Ilva and Vladimir are happier, though in a way more tragic. By accident they meet on the sea-shore. Nadrovine (now Brother Félicien) is making a journey from Alceron to Vaudebec, a village ten miles distant, on an errand of mercy to a starving family. Here, after a mutual recognition full of the stormiest suffering on either side, the lovers are swallowed up by a quicksand and sink to death clasped in one another's arms.

There is plenty of drama in all this, and Mrs. Chanler has not seldom managed it most effectively. The visit of Ilva to Madame Nadrovine after Demarini's death and the flight of Vladimir is thrillingly described. The Russian woman's cruelty and distrust wound like slashes of knives, and the despair, supplication, and humility of Ilva are painted with heart-breaking pathos. This part of the tale reads as if it were a leaf torn from the final scenes of some such work as "Moths" or "Wanda." There is no self-restraint; all is a lava-like outpour of epithet and interjection. Such exuberance leaves no conviction of reserve-power behind it, for the dog-wood that uncloses to us fifty sudden and superb blossoms in a single day is indeed spendthrift beside the plants that delight us through successive months of the summer-tide with their sweet floral economy. It is precisely this abandonment and surrender in Mrs. Chanler's literary attitude which will conspire with her frequent gorgeousness of diction to keep certain courts of sanction closed against her. Not that she need ever choose to walk in them, for the groves which cluster there are pruned with an academic primness that would scarcely please her, and the statues on the terraces are all very decorously draped. There is a certain kind of English critic whom one can imagine as being extremely hostile to Mrs. Chanler. He is apt to write for journals like the *Saturday Review*, and certain words and phrases make him inwardly palpitate with wrath. His British phlegm is so great that he has a private resentment against the sunset whenever it presumes to be specially vivid of tint, and he holds in secret abomination certain effects of nature such as tulips, hollyhocks, and peonies, thinking them unpardonably vulgar. Adjectives like "superb" or "sculpturesque" or "opaline" he would enjoy seeing forever banished from the dictionary, and moonlight in literature he considers odious, not to say criminal. Any reference to the kind of kisses bestowed between lover and mistress he hates as a grammarian would hate a transitive verb with a nominative for its object, and the pen that dwells fondly upon a description of the lips, eyes, arms, or bust of a heroine he regards with no more consideration than if it had forged a check or slandered anonymously. Letters are for this person a partially-drained swamp, one tract of which has been made endurable by means of well-tended lawns and macadamized pathways, and one of which remains in its primitive state, full of

tiresome entanglements and flaring flowerage. This detested expanse he would call the Country of Fine Writing, and willingly leave it to the frogs that croak among its puddles and even to the sleek-winged birds that sometimes peck at its berries. Now and then a bloom, fairer and gaudier than the rest, lifts itself so high above its mates in the proscribed realm that he and his fellows, walking about between clipped box-rows, are forced to regard it from behind their dapper little eyeglasses. "Really a very fine sort of flower," they decide. And then, "Couldn't we get it out of there, somehow," one of them asks, "and make it grow here among these pretty parterres?" But no; they realize that this bold, brilliant thing will thrive nowhere else except in that same horrid Country of Fine Writing; so they draw out their note-books and make a little botanical memorandum of how such a splendid product unaccountably appeared "over yonder" amid those uncultured surroundings. And by and by, when the strange odor it sends to them on the breeze has passed away, and it has drooped and faded and is no longer visible, our dilettante gentleman and his friends talk of it as though it had actually been born among their trellised roses and trained honeysuckles and was indigenous to the mellow and oft-manured soil of their beloved garden-land.

A fate like this will be Ouida's, when her magnificent powers have become no longer living fact but dreaming memory. Her lustre and copiousness will be pointed at as the traits of a fiery genius where now they are too often derided as the eccentricities of a second-rate talent. Her faults will be forgotten, like the scars that worms make on the leaves of a glorious blossoming cactus. Critics will insist that she never flourished in the Country of Fine Writing at all, but lived and died amid the decorum of a more civilized floriculture . . . For truly (to drop allegory) there are some writers whose chaplets of fame are never braided by any hand save that of death. Sarcasm, while they live, blights their deserved laurels with her toxic scorn, and permits only those to rest on their tombs that she herself once tore from their sentient brows.

Not that Mrs. Chanler stands any chance of meeting so sad a doom. Her "Witness of the Sun" is resultant from an intelligence that has already proved itself curiously multiform, and while this novel may be said to deal somewhat daringly in the affluences loathed of the Saturday reviewer, she has given proof in previous essays at fictional writing that repression and expansiveness are interchangeable moods. The one mistake of her story, not long ago alluded to, might be succinctly expressed. No mother, described as loving her son with Madame Nadrovine's fondness, would have sought to lure that son into a duel with the father of his sweetheart for the purpose of breaking his engagement. Mrs. Chanler makes the mother horrified and conscience-stricken at the deadly result of the duel which ensued. She should have foreseen its possible consequences, no matter how secure her trust in the sinewy sword-arm of her treasured child. All this part of the novel is weakly melodramatic, and if it had been put into a play there is reason to believe that it would have tried even the patience of the most stoic-hearted "first-nighter." Little Lotta, too, is a child of the sort that never was, on sea or land. The pardon for her preposterous cleverness cannot be gained at the tribunal of romance; for romance is only life in holiday dress, and Lotta wears a masque that smells of the costumer's varnish and a domino scented with the patchouli of a French opera-ball. She is only nine years old, but she sometimes talks as if she had peeped into Guy de Maupassant and knew her Heine by heart.

It is evident that Mrs. Chanler has not bored herself with the loud and aimless discussions now so widely prevalent concerning this or that process of story-telling. She has looked into her heart (a wide, deep, and womanly one), and she has written with what often shines forth in her text as an eager and sweet spontaneity. For this naturalness and heartiness her work is greatly to be commended. She possesses a keen comprehension of the beauty and poetry resident in pure, self-immolating sexual passion. She has shown this quality before (sometimes, it must be confessed, a trifle too savagely and even sophomorically), and she shows it now with occasional poignancy of appeal and reminder. Largely gifted, she has still faults to unlearn. But the dry, cold air of professional cavilling has left her still vigorous and enthusiastic,—surely a most hopeful sign for her literary future. It is apparent in her that she has trusted confidently to her own resources and sought to borrow nothing from the persuasions of theory and the alarms of convention. It looks as if she had sensibly concluded that realism is a "fad" of the very literary artists who shout it at us, and that Zola (the one great master and consistent assertor of realism) is, after all, in the consummate force and radiance of the medium he employs, as much of an idealist as any of us. For the writer's art, like the painter's, all tends to a single goal,—expression. We may argue and wrangle with one another as we please, but the art of a work is not the thing said, it is the subtle or pregnant or divine way of saying it. The moralists frown,—and Baudelaire makes his "*Fleurs du Mal*" bloom tremulous and luminous out of dung. The idealists growl,—and Zola writes his "*L'Assommoir*," a tale that has made two continents shudder. The realists begin to scold,—and we read once more of Hester Prynne's adulterous, anguished hours. . . . Over all rises the unassailed image of Shakespeare. How long before the iconoclast will seek to overthrow even that? Soon perhaps, though he is now called moralist, idealist, and realist all in one. For only yesterday his greatness was lifted to the skies, and who knows but that to-morrow it may be flung back into the oblivion whence caprice has raised it?

Edgar Fawcett.

BOOK-TALK.

"THE Two Chiefs of Dunboy; or, An Irish Romance of the Last Century."
By James Anthony Froude.

Some years ago Mr. Froude gave several lectures in America on "The Irish Question," and he afterwards published three volumes on "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century." He is well versed in this subject; and any representation that he may give of the relations of Ireland to the governing country a hundred years ago must be fairly reliable. That a novel by Mr. Froude would be written in vigorous, picturesque English, would contain striking portraits, and would abound in caustic reflection, goes without saying. But it is very doubtful whether the presence of these things, together with a number of incidents as stirring and sensational as could be met with anywhere, will make this book popular. In one respect the story is almost unique. It is a romance without a love-scene from beginning to end. Where love is wanting there should be dramatic unity and life sufficient to compensate for the absence of so powerful an element of interest.

Dunboy is an estate in the south of Ireland, in the neighborhood of Bantry Bay, which will be remembered as one of the loveliest spots in all the Emerald Isle. It had for ages been in the family of one Morty O'Sullivan, who joined the ranks of the Pretender in 1745 and was outlawed, his estates falling into the hands of a Colonel Goring, who was intrusted by the English government with the protection of the coast from smugglers. These are the two rival chiefs of Dunboy. Both are men of remarkable character. Morty is a thorough Celt of aristocratic caste. The fire, pride, restlessness, and genius of past generations are in his blood, and fate brings him perpetually into conflict with the intruders on his ancestral inheritance. Colonel Goring is Irish too, but of a different strain; a disciple of Whitefield in religion, brave as a lion, and with a soldierly love of order and discipline. As a revenue officer he is strenuous in the fulfilment of his duty, and, owing to the seditious temper of the surrounding peasantry, he has daily to carry his life in his hand. He is treated with disgraceful ingratitude by the government, and finally falls by Morty's hand, who in his turn pays the penalty of his reckless life by a violent death.

Such, in few words, is the history of the two chiefs of Dunboy. Incidentally there is opportunity afforded the author for portraying the infamous corruption of the English government in the last century and for expressing the very low estimate which he entertains of the Irish character.

S. E. Bengough.

To all who believe with me that Ralph Waldo Emerson was the supreme representative of the highest type of man the New World has yet produced, the appearance of the modest and wholly delightful memoir by his son, Edward Waldo Emerson, will be the chief literary event of the year. It is such a proper personal exhibit as Emerson himself would have commended cordially. Its *raison d'être* is apparent in the generous illustration it affords of every phase of the philosopher's character. Mr. James Elliot Cabot satisfied us with a symmetrical and judicial biography; these unpretentious filial recollections are not a tribute, but a plain report, made to the ancient and honorable Social Circle of Concord, Massachusetts, of the life and conduct of Emerson as father, neighbor, villager, and friend. No one knew better than Emerson himself the value of literary biography of this kind: he was always searching his books and the conversation of his friends for the Intimate Glimpse. So we suspect he would approve the hospitable act of his son, in thus opening wide the front and kitchen doors of the Manse, that we may see the Seer at table, in his study, fetching an ear of corn from the cabinet to lure his horse from the field, or watch the long thin form now bent in the garden or again moving swiftly among the white pines on the shore of Walden Pond.

Simplicity and purity were alike the bases of Emerson's character and thought. He used to quote the Latin line,—

At mihi succurrit pro Ganymede manus.

He built his own fires, bringing armfuls of wood from the yard in all weather, as he needed fuel. He ate whatever was placed before him. "Rarely," says his son, "he noticed and praised some dish in an amusing manner, but, should any mention of ingredients arise, he always interrupted with, 'No, no! It is made of violets; it has no common history,' or other expressions to that purpose." Emerson's temperance was like his religion,—unconscious of itself,

natural. "Temperance that knows itself," he early wrote in his journal, "is not temperance. It is only prudence."

If all of us could be Emersons,—if we could live, as he did, forty-eight years in a village, working our way surely to the heart of nature and winning the heart of man, doing our civil duties with a healthy conscience, avoiding no responsibility, seeking always unostentatiously to make white our souls,—if we could do this only (a not impossible task), and do no more than Emerson, as an uncommon intellect, could do, it might some day be said of us that we belonged to the Elect of the Nineteenth Century.

But it takes a great man to do little things.

Melville Philips.

When a book reaches its twentieth edition in this age of numberless books it shows that it has the power within it to catch people by the throat. Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., twentieth edition) can hardly be called a novel, so thin is the veil of fiction, though it is issued in novel form. It is a somewhat fanciful essay in political economy, and contains a definite scheme for industrial reorganization. "Looking Backward" is "such stuff as dreams are made of," but the dreams are charming and hope-inspiring, not the nightmares that only too often haunt our modern fiction. A citizen of the nineteenth century dreams that he sleeps until the end of the twentieth century, entirely breaking the famous Rip Van Winkle's record, and wakes and resumes life in the year 2000. The present century, with all its undeniable social evils, is thus brought into sharp contrast with an ideal future which has worked out its salvation by means of an industrial revolution that has regenerated man within and without. Selfishness has died away by the wiping out of individual enterprises, and the state has become the sole employer of labor; the battle-flag has been furled, and all citizens of certain ages and capable of work are enrolled in an industrial army, each member of which receives equal wages. The plan, upon paper, of course works excellently, and every one is contented and happy. The scheme is very cleverly outlined, and that it is an attractive one is evidenced by the manner in which the book has been devoured. The man who said, "Hang posterity! what has posterity ever done for me?" awoke inextinguishable laughter, but the heart of the world is not with him, for, as Tennyson has put it,—

— the individual withers, and the world grows more and more.

We all are looking for better things in this life, even if we may not be sharers, and so every scheme that appears at all feasible for making the world better and happier at once awakens interest and hope.

"Contributions to Current Literature," No. 3, by W. H. S. (Samuel Usher, New York), is a collection of essays which show a remarkable catholicity of perverted judgments. We learn from this authority that Shakespeare is a "clumsy entertainer," not at all equal to Scott, that Tennyson has written "a good deal of milk-and-watery stuff," and that Matthew Arnold is "one of the most successful mountebanks of the age." Here, indeed, is the reverse of Don Quixote; not a hero tilting at windmills, but a windmill tilting at heroes. Yet we have no ill will towards W. H. S. His debonair frankness is charming. He has some ability. If he is young, there is hope for him. He *seems* to be very young.

Keats tells us that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and so in truth is a clever book. The Reviewer notices with pleasure a new edition of "Solid for Mulhooly," with illustrations by Thomas Nast (Gebbie & Co.). Shortly after Mr. Shapley brought out his keen satire, in 1881, the many-headed hydra of "boss rule" was scotched, but by no means killed. It is well to keep alive the spirit of opposition to this standing menace to our popular government; for the appendix to the present edition of the book shows that the "Mulhooly" element is still alive and kicking.

H. C. Walsh.

OUR RECENT BOOKS.

CHAMBERS'S *ENCYCLOPÆDIA* has established so wide a fame as a comprehensive and indispensable encyclopædia that hardly anything new can be said in its praise. The last edition, however, of which the third volume, from *Cata.* to *Dion.* is now ready, has been so enlarged and improved that it seems almost like a new work. The salient features, which made the old plan so widely popular, have been retained, but the articles have been greatly added to in order to embrace recent events and discoveries and the enlargements of modern knowledge. Both American and English editors have been at work upon this edition, and many well-known specialists have been contributors. The volume before us is especially rich in articles dealing with natural history. Of special American articles may be particularly noted those on Chautauqua, American Cheese and Cheese-Making, Grover Cleveland, Congress of the United States, and Dairy Factories. The edition is printed in beautifully clear text, and is profusely illustrated.

It is always a pleasure to see an old favorite in a handsome new dress, and the "Memoirs of Count Grammont, by Anthony Hamilton, edited with notes by Sir Walter Scott," seem almost to have acquired a new and superior flavor, decked in the resplendent garb of a recent and beautiful edition. The exquisite illustrations add much value to the work.—"Essays," by Henry T. King, embody a great deal of good, hard common sense, and practical views about men and things, evidencing a keen and sane insight into the follies as well as the virtues of the *genus homo*. It is a book stamped with virility and outspoken views.

Mrs. A. L. Wister touches nothing in the way of translation that she does not adorn. She selects her books with such admirable judgment that one is always sure of being richly repaid for the reading. Her last book, "The Alpine Fay," is a charming romance translated from the German of E. Werner.—Edgar Fawcett is prolific, but always interesting. His "A Demoralizing Marriage" is a brilliant picture, after the manner of an impressionist, of contemporary New York society life.—Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor, the well-known author of "On Both Sides," "Behind the Blue Ridge," etc., has collected a number of her clever magazine sketches and stories in a volume, well worth a perusal, entitled "A Shocking Example, and other Sketches."—Ouida's latest novel is entitled "Guilderoy," and is sure to find a large circle of readers.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, not content with his wide fame as a physician, is winning a high name also in literature. A physician has rare opportunities for the study of character, but it is not often that he possesses the literary ability to make his opportunities of service in the field of fiction. Dr. Mitchell possesses literary ability in a marked degree, and his last story, "Far in the Forest," besides presenting a graphic picture of life in the Pennsylvania back-woods before the war, gives the author opportunity to draw upon his ripe medical experience in the delineation of character,

Other recent novels upon the Reviewer's desk are "The Cost of a Lie," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, author of "In a Grass Country," "A Life's Mistake," etc.; "Jerry, and other Stories," by the author of "Molly Bawn," "Phyllis," etc.; "Red Beauty, a Story of the Pawnee Trail," by William O. Stoddard; "Dr. Rameau," by Georges Ohnet, translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, and "John Charáxes: a Tale of the Civil War in America," by Peter Boylston.

"A Plain Argument for God," by George Stuart Fullerton, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania, is, as it purports to be, the argument for God stated in plain language and suited to the average intellect. Philosophical terms and metaphysical quibbles are carefully avoided.—Appearing at a time when the marriage question is exciting such universal interest and debate, the attention which it merits and deserves should certainly be accorded to "Marriage and Divorce in the United States: as they are and as they ought to be," by D. Convers, S.S.J.E., assistant at St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia.

An excellent reading-book for the young learner is "The Beginner's Reading-Book," by Eben H. Davis, A.M., Superintendent of Schools, Chelsea, Mass. It contains a large number of very easy lessons, carefully graded, and so arranged as to aid in the exercise of the faculties of sight and memory, through which young children learn to read. The book is prettily illustrated and attractive.—Another book for the instruction of children is the "Primer of Scientific Knowledge," by Paul Bert, translated and adapted for American schools. This admirable little book is intended to serve as an introduction to the well-known "First Steps in Scientific Knowledge," by the same author.—All devotees of microscopy will hail with pleasure a new and revised edition of that standard work, "Practical Microscopy," by George Davis, F.R.M.S., F.I.C., etc. The work has been completely revised, enlarged, and brought as nearly as possible down to the present time, not only with regard to English instruments, but the scope of the work has been extended so as to include the apparatus in general use throughout Europe and in the United States. The book is profusely illustrated.—The latest volume of the "Practical Lessons in Nursing" series is "Diseases and Injuries of the Ear: Their Prevention and Cure," by Charles Henry Burnett, A.M., M.D. Dr. Burnett's leading position as an aurist cannot fail to give to this volume the authority of a standard work in its line.

EVERY DAY'S RECORD.

JULY.

JULY was the fifth month in the old Roman year, and was in consequence named *Quintilis*, from the Latin word for fifth. Julius Caesar had a personal interest in this month, from its being that of his birth, and after his death Mark Antony named it July, in his honor. In the old Alban calendar it had thirty-six days. Romulus reduced its length to thirty-one, Numa to thirty, while Julius Caesar, in his revision of the calendar, again gave it thirty-one days. The early Saxons called July *Hey Monath*, it being the month in which they usually mowed and made their hay-harvest. They also knew it as *Maed Monath*, the meads being then in their bloom. The "Dog-Days" of the Romans extended from July 3 to August 11, this being the period in which Canicula, the Little Dog, rose and set in coincidence with the sun. This is no longer the case, but the name is retained.

In swart July the sun has reached its greatest power, and perspiring humanity wanders up and down the land, seeking coolness and finding it not. Iced water, iced cream, iced everything except atmosphere, are the order of the day, and the time is perhaps not far distant when even the air will be iced, and man repose in comfort through the ardor of the dog-days. It is now that the annual summer heira from city to country reaches its fullest proportions. Far and wide throughout the land the crowd of pleasure-seekers scatters; to sea-shore or springs, to mountain and lake resorts, to quiet country farm-houses, to Adirondack woodland depths, to the haunts of angler and gunner, of poet and savant, of croquet- and tennis-lovers, of boatmen and cyclists, each in search of pleasure in his peculiar way, and each finding more bugs than beatitude.

Yet July has its charms. Though the green grass of the spring may be burned to a sober brown, yet the golden wheat-

fields are now in their prime of beauty, rippling and billowing in the wind, and breaking the distant landscape into great yellow squares, alternated with the fresh green of the young maize and the closely-cropped brown of the pasture-fields. Multitudes of birds are now with us, winging their way through the sun-illuminated air, or singing delightfully in the depths of verdant groves. Gay-winged butterflies float lazily from flower to flower, like feathers dropped from the wings of beauty; clouds of grasshoppers rise before us as we wander through the meadows; the chirp of the cricket is heard in the land; and, oh, misery! the lance-bearing mosquito has begun its terrifying hum.

Involuntarily now we seek the shelter of woodland depths, where many a bright wild flower blooms richly in the leafy shadows, and wander by the side of cool brooks, which now descend in tiny cascades, glittering in the lanced sunbeams which break through the trees, now gather into dark and quiet pools, in whose depths mayhap the speckled trout or the silvery perch rests in fancied security. In such scenes as this our modern Izaak Waltons lie and dream, anathematizing the luckless fish that destroys their cloud-castles by importunate jerks at the dangling line. Laziness now reigns triumphant; the world in its annual whirl has once more entered its Castle of Indolence, where day-dreams most do congregate, and where the shadow of work is the only phantom that can inspire dread.

In mid-July the tropics have invaded the temperate zones and are in full possession; winter seems ages away, a far-off happy land of memory; life swarms and swims everywhere, the lilliputian armies of the sunbeam; and man listlessly counts the passing days, and welcomes every cool breath of air as a happy harbinger of the good time coming.

EVENTS.

July 1.

1582. James Crichton, known as "The Admirable Crichton," was assassinated on this day. He was born in Perthshire, Scotland, about 1560, graduated as Master of Arts at the University of St. Andrew's when but fourteen years old, and could speak ten languages before he was twenty. He was handsome in face and person, excelled in most accomplishments, and during a Continental tour excited admiration by sustaining arguments on difficult questions against the scholars of Paris and other cities. The Duke of Mantua made him tutor to his son Vincenzo, a dissolute youth. One night Crichton was assailed by six persons in masks. He disarmed one of these, when, finding that it was his pupil, he returned the sword to Vincenzo, who at once plunged it into the heart of his tutor.

1614. Isaac Casaubon, a critic and scholar of the highest eminence, died. He was born at Geneva in 1569, became a professor of Greek in the college of that city, and acquired high fame for his great critical knowledge of Greek. Scaliger said of him, "He is the most learned man now living." He went to England in 1610, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

1690. The battle of the Boyne was fought. The contestants were James II., with the army he had raised in Ireland, and William III., with an English army. James was defeated, and an end was put to his efforts to recover the throne of England. Near Drogheda is a splendid obelisk, one hundred and fifty feet high, erected by the Protestants in 1736 in honor of this victory.

1801. The first steamer on the Thames made its trial-trip on this day. Its engine was a very simple one and its machinery very imperfect, but it moved at a speed of two and a half miles an hour against a strong current.

1845. The steamboat *Marquette*, when leaving her wharf at New Orleans, met with a destructive accident. All her boilers exploded simultaneously, about fifty persons being killed.

1851. The first steel guns manufactured in this country were completed ready for use on this day. They were made at Trenton, New Jersey.

1862. The President approved an act of Congress for the construction of a railroad from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. This was the first step towards the building of the Pacific Railroad. It was to have subsidies varying from sixteen thousand to forty-eight thousand dollars per mile, according to the difficulty of the section of country. It was also granted a right of way, four hundred feet wide, for the whole distance, and a grant of twelve thousand eight hundred acres of land for every mile of road constructed.

1863. The battle of Gettysburg, the most important battle of the civil war, began on this day. General Lee had invaded the North, in western Pennsylvania. General Meade, who had replaced Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, hastened to meet him. A collision took place on this day, in which General Reynolds was killed, and the advance division of the army pushed back to Cemetery Ridge, near Gettysburg. Here the army intrenched itself. On the 2d Lee made a vigorous assault on the Union lines, and a violent and bloody conflict took place, in which the Confederate army gained some little advantage in ground. On the 3d Lee opened a terrible artillery fire on the Union centre, which was followed by an infantry assault in force. This proved a complete failure. Many of the assailants were killed, many more taken prisoners, and the remainder driven back demoralized. On the 4th Lee gave up the effort, and began a hasty reverse march to the Potomac.

July 2.

1596. A serious earthquake took place in Japan. Several cities were destroyed, and thousands of persons perished.

1644. The battle of Marston Moor was fought, between Cromwell, at the head of the Parliamentary army, and Prince Rupert, commanding the royalists. The purpose of Rupert was to raise the siege of York, but he was so decisively defeated that the royalists never recovered from the blow.

1778. Jean Jacques Rousseau, one of the most celebrated of French writers, died. He was born at Geneva in 1712, and lived a life of much adventure and many

privations, due to his own irregularities and peculiarity of disposition. As a writer of philosophical fiction he possessed great originality, and the radical views expressed in his works produced a great influence upon French thought, and played their part in bringing on the Revolution. His most important works were "The Social Contract," "Emile, or Education," and his autobiographic "Confessions."

1843. Samuel C. F. Hahnemann, the founder of the homœopathic system of medicine, died. He was born in Saxony in 1755, and announced his new system about 1796, founded on the principle that in order to cure any disease we should employ a medicine capable of producing a similar disease in the healthy body. Hence the motto of the homœopaths, "Like cures like."

1850. Sir Robert Peel, an English statesman of great celebrity, died of injuries received from being thrown from his horse. He was born in 1788, entered Parliament in 1809, and soon became an important member. He entered the ministry in 1822, he and Canning being its ablest members. Peel was less brilliant as an orator than Canning, but was more solid and practical, and had greater influence. He became the recognized leader of the Conservative party, prime minister in 1834, and again in 1841 and in 1845. His popularity was great, and he would probably have soon been called to the head of affairs again, had he lived.

1880. Charles Bradlaugh, elected to the English Parliament from Northampton, had refused to take the oath of allegiance (not believing in God). He was not permitted to affirm. He persisted in his determination to take his seat, and Parliament finally gave way. On this day his affirmation was accepted, and he was admitted as a full member.

1881. President Garfield was assassinated by Charles J. Guiteau, who shot him in the back as he was entering the railroad-station at Washington. The assassin was a persistent office-seeker, of peculiar ideas, who had become exasperated by disappointment in not getting a foreign appointment he desired. He confessed to have dogged Garfield's steps for several days with the purpose of shooting him. Two shots were fired. One struck the President in the right arm, the second above the right hip. The wound was pronounced fatal at the time, but Garfield lived till September.

1886. An explosion of dynamite took place at the Atlantic Dynamite Works, McCainsville, New Jersey. Twenty-five hundred pounds exploded, killing ten persons and injuring a dozen others.

July 3.

1187. The Crusaders, under Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, were defeated near Tiberius by Saladin, and Jerusalem fell into his hands. It had been held by the Christians since 1099.

1863. A destructive earthquake visited Manila, in the Philippine Islands, on the 2d and 3d of July. About one thousand persons perished.

1866. The decisive battle of Sadowa was fought between the Austrian and Prussian armies. The battle was one of the greatest in modern times, there being about four hundred thousand men engaged. After a severe and protracted struggle the Austrians began a retreat, which soon became a disorderly flight. They lost about forty thousand killed and wounded, and twenty thousand prisoners. The Prussians lost about ten thousand. This victory gave Prussia the supremacy in Germany, and led to the legislative independence of Hungary.

1880. During repairs at the General Post-Office, Paris, a letter was found under one of the boxes which had been mailed fifty years before. It was forwarded to its address, and reached the person to whom it was written, though the writer had been dead for many years.

July 4.

1776. On this day took place one of the greatest events in American history, the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, with which the career of the United States as a separate nation began. The measure, which had been introduced by motion on June 7, was approved on this day by a nearly unanimous vote. The declaration was engrossed on parchment, and signed by the members of Congress at the beginning of August.

1778. The Massacre of Wyoming took place. A party of loyalists and Indians, led by a Tory named John Butler, entered the beautiful valley of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania. Most of the men were absent with the army. The fort, in which the inhabitants had taken refuge, surrendered, under promise of protection; but the Indians spread over the valley, set fire to the dwellings, and murdered most of the inhabitants. This massacre is the subject of Campbell's poem "Gertrude of Wyoming."

1804. Fisher Ames, a celebrated American orator and statesman, died. He was a member of the first Congress under the Constitution, and was distinguished for delicate wit and brilliant imagination in oratory. He was elected President of Harvard College in 1804, but declined from ill health.

1817. The work of excavating the Erie Canal began. It was three hundred and sixty-three miles long, and was completed in 1825.

1825. The Miami Canal, intended to connect the Ohio at Cincinnati with Lake Erie at Toledo, was begun. It was two hundred and fifteen miles long, and was completed in 1848.

1826. It is a remarkable coincidence that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who were members of the committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence, ardent advocates and signers of that measure, and both subsequently Presidents of the United States, died on this day, just fifty years after the adoption of the Declaration.

1828. The corner-stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was laid at Baltimore, with imposing ceremonies. This road, like the other early roads, was built of wooden rails, fastened to cross-ties of wood or stone buried in the ground. Flat bars of iron were spiked on the rails. This method was soon found to be dangerous, from the loosening of the rails, which would occasionally bend upward and be thrust through the bottom of the car.

1832. Six miles of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad were opened to travel. The cars were drawn by horses. During the next year sixteen miles were opened, and steam-power was adopted.

1834. A meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in New York, was broken up by a mob. The excitement spread, and Abolitionists were attacked in several other localities during this and the succeeding month.

1840. The first pig-iron produced by the use of anthracite coal was made this day.

1848. The corner-stone of the monument to General Washington, at Washington City, was laid on this day. This great monument, the highest in the world, reaching to a height of five hundred and fifty-five and a half feet, was completed in December, 1884, and dedicated on February 22, Washington's birthday, in the ensuing year.

1863. Vicksburg was surrendered to General Grant. The siege had continued since the latter part of May. Pemberton, the Confederate commander, was forced by starvation into surrender. On the 8th Port Hudson was surrendered to General Banks, and the whole Mississippi River was open.

1866. A terribly destructive conflagration broke out in the city of Portland, Maine, by which a third part of the city was destroyed, including the business portion. The loss was estimated at ten million dollars.

1874. The great steel arched bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis was publicly opened on this day. This bridge cost nearly ten million dollars, is over fifteen hundred feet long and fifty-four feet wide, and contains twenty-two hundred tons of steel and thirty-four hundred of iron. It is "pronounced by all the finest mechanical specimen of work in the world."

1876. This day, being the hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, was celebrated with unusual enthusiasm and display throughout the United States, and particularly at Philadelphia, the seat of the great Centennial International Exhibition of art and industry.

July 5.

1809. The battle of Wagram began, between the Austrians under Charles, Archduke of Austria, and the French under Napoleon. The battle continued on the 6th, ending in victory for the French. The slaughter was dreadful, and twenty thousand Austrians were taken prisoners. Peace soon followed, France gaining great advantages.

1814. The battle of Chippewa was fought. On the 3d Generals Scott and Ripley had crossed the Niagara River and occupied Fort Niagara. On the 4th an advance was made to the village of Chippewa, and on the 5th a battle took place, in which the British were defeated with a loss of five hundred men.

1830. The city of Algiers was taken by the French. This was the beginning of the French occupation of Algeria, though Abd-el-Kader kept up a defensive warfare till 1847, and there have been several insurrections since that date.

1852. The steamboat St. James exploded her boilers on Lake Pontchartrain, near New Orleans. More than forty persons were killed.

1886. The first through passenger-train on the Canadian Pacific Railway reached Port Moody on the Pacific coast. It had left Montreal on June 28.

1887. Several new quays at the town of Zug, Switzerland, suddenly sunk into the lake, carrying down twenty houses. A second land-slip carried down fifty houses. Over sixty lives were lost.

July 6.

1535. Sir Thomas More, an eminent English wit, philosopher, and statesman, was beheaded. His literary works comprised "History of Richard III.," and "Utopia," a work of fiction (in Latin) which described an imaginary commonwealth in the island of Utopia, whose citizens held all things in common. In

1529 he was appointed by Henry VIII., with whom he had become a favorite, lord chancellor, in place of Cardinal Wolsey. He opposed the divorce of the king and the marriage with Anne Boleyn, and was in consequence imprisoned, tried for treason, brought in guilty, and beheaded.

1685. The battle of Sedgemoor was fought. The Duke of Monmouth (natural son of Charles II. by Lucy Waters) had risen in rebellion on the accession of James II. In this battle he was completely defeated, and was made prisoner, in the disguise of a peasant, at the bottom of a ditch, where he lay overcome with hunger and fatigue. He was beheaded on July 16, 1686.

July 7.

1307. Edward I., one of the greatest of the warlike kings of England, died while on his march to Scotland, where Robert Bruce was in arms. He led a crusade to the Holy Land in 1271, conquered Wales between 1277 and 1282, gained possession of Scotland, brought to an end the rebellion led by William Wallace, and was on his way to quell a second rebellion headed by Robert Bruce when he died.

1415. John Huss, a celebrated religious reformer, was burned at the stake. He was a Bohemian by birth, and became a zealous advocate of the doctrines of Wickliffe, condemned the sale of indulgences, and assumed the position of a determined opponent of the Catholic Church. Summoned before the Council of Constance, and provided with a pass by the Emperor Sigismund, he was arrested on his arrival and condemned to the stake by the treacherous emperor.

1816. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a celebrated orator and dramatist, died. He was of Irish origin, born in Dublin in 1761. He wrote several plays, of which "The School for Scandal" is still a favorite upon the stage and is notable for its witty dialogue. He was brilliant as an orator, and acquired great fame by his speech made at the impeachment-trial of Warren Hastings, which is still regarded as one of the most splendid examples of eloquence upon record.

1856. A wharf at the foot of Reed Street, Philadelphia, gave way under the weight of a crowd of people, who were precipitated into the water, nearly thirty being drowned.

July 8.

1709. The brilliant and successful warrior, Charles XII. of Sweden, who had gained many successes against the Russian and Polish armies, was totally defeated at Pultowa, in the south of

Russia, by the army of Peter the Great. Charles fled to Bender, in Turkey, where he remained for several years under the protection of the Sultan.

1797. Edmund Burke, one of the most illustrious of English statesmen and orators, died. He was born in Dublin in 1728 or 1730, studied in Trinity College, and became celebrated for his wide-spread erudition. He began public life as a writer, and produced a brilliant essay on "The Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," with other works. He entered Parliament January 14, 1766, and soon became noted as an orator. He advocated conciliation during the American war, on which he made several brilliant speeches. At the outbreak of the French Revolution he opposed it bitterly, and wrote "Reflections on the Revolution in France," a work of extraordinary success and influence. His orations had the high quality that they were even more effective when read than when delivered.

July 9.

1386. A great battle was fought at Sempach, Switzerland, in which the Swiss gained a brilliant victory over Leopold of Austria and established the liberty of their country. It was at this battle that Arnold von Winkelried broke the Austrian lines by rushing against the points of their spears and gathering as many of them as he could within his arms, thus opening a way to victory for his fellows by his death. A statue to his memory was erected on the shore of Sempach Lake in 1886, the five-hundredth anniversary of the battle.

1850. President Taylor died, after being one year and four months in office. He was succeeded by Millard Fillmore. General Zachary Taylor gained the military fame which carried him to the Presidency by his successes in the Mexican War, and particularly by his brilliant victory at Buena Vista against great odds.

1850. A destructive fire broke out in Philadelphia, the flames sweeping over a densely-populated district and causing the loss of thirty-five lives. Three hundred and fifty buildings are said to have been burned, at a loss of one and a half million dollars.

1862. General Early, who had been sent by Lee on a raid up the Shenandoah Valley, defeated General Wallace on the Monocacy, in Maryland. He advanced to within a few miles of Washington, and had he hastened might have entered that city. On the morning after his approach, however, it was fully garrisoned, and Early was obliged to retreat.

1884. A great fire broke out in a wing of the old Alcazar Palace, Madrid, in which was placed the Royal Armory. The building was almost destroyed, but the most valuable of its contents, of great historical and art interest, were saved.

1887. The town of Henly, Wisconsin, which had been partly burned on June 28, was visited by another conflagration, which broke out in the theatre and caused the loss of seventeen lives, mostly of actors.

July 10.

1584. William, Prince of Orange, was assassinated. This brilliant military leader acquired great fame from his able defence of the Netherlands against the armies of Philip II. of Spain. The contest was continued from 1568 to 1584, in which year William was assassinated by Balthazar Gerard, a fanatical Catholic.

1794. David Rittenhouse, an eminent American astronomer, died. He was born at Germantown, near Philadelphia, in 1732, and, after Franklin, was the most eminent of early American scientists. He became, in 1791, President of the American Philosophical Society, to whose "Proceedings" he had contributed many valuable papers.

1832. The first steamboat to visit Chicago reached there in 1832, with General Scott and troops on their way to the scene of the Black Hawk War.

1836. The Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad first demonstrated that ascents could be made by locomotives. The upgrade from the Schuylkill had previously been made by the aid of stationary engines and ropes. It was also proved during this year, by an experiment on the Beaver Meadow Railroad, that anthracite coal was better than wood as a fuel for locomotives.

1876. The steamer St. Clair was burned on Lake Superior, twenty-seven lives being lost.

July 11.

1302. Robert, Count of Artois, who had defeated the Flemings in 1297, was defeated and slain at Courtrai, Belgium. This conflict was called the "Battle of the Spurs," from the great number of gilt spurs collected.

1708. The French besiegers of Oudenarde, Belgium, were attacked by the allied army under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and thoroughly defeated.

1804. Alexander Hamilton was killed by Aaron Burr, in a duel. Hamilton had attained fame as a general in the Revolutionary War, and afterwards as an orator and statesman. He was an ac-

tive member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and in Washington's first term was made Secretary of the Treasury, in which office he succeeded in restoring American credit and by his financial policy causing a rapid revival of trade and industry. The cause of the duel was Hamilton's opposition to the election of Burr, who was a candidate for the governorship of New York.

1882. The forts at Alexandria, Egypt, were attacked by the English fleet, and were silenced after several hours' bombardment. During the night Arabi Pasha withdrew his army, and Alexandria was set on fire by the refugees. Many foreigners were killed. The English took possession in the morning.

1887. Carlisle Graham safely passed the whirlpool at Niagara in a life-raft of his own invention. The principal feature of this was a large barrel, in which he was enclosed.

1888. A fire broke out in the Kimberley diamond-mine, South Africa, which caused the loss of two hundred and twenty-four lives.

July 12.

1191. The city of Acre was taken by the Crusaders under Richard I. of England and other leaders, after a siege of two years, with a loss of many officers and three hundred thousand soldiers of the besieging army. It had been taken by the Crusaders in 1104, by Saladin in 1187, was taken by the Crusaders in 1191, and by the Saracens again in 1291, when sixty thousand Christians perished.

1536. Erasmus, a celebrated Dutch scholar and philosopher, died. After attaining great fame as a scholar, he entered into controversy with Luther, whose radical course he disapproved. He is considered the greatest wit and most eminent scholar of the age in which he lived. He wrote several works which had a great sale.

1704. Titus Oates, the inventor of the famous "Popish Plot," died. Many Catholics were put to death during the excitement caused by his false declaration of a plot to murder the Protestants. He was finally convicted of perjury, severely whipped, and imprisoned for several years.

1871. A serious riot broke out in New York, between the Irish Protestants, or Orangemen, and the Roman Catholics. The Orange parade in celebration of the battle of the Boyne, which took place on this day, led to an assault by the mob. The military, who were protecting the parade, repulsed the assailants. During the affray sixty-two persons were killed and many wounded.

July 13.

1793. Marat, one of the leaders of the violent faction in the French Revolution, was stabbed and killed by Charlotte Corday. He, with Danton and Robespierre, formed the famous triumvirate of the Reign of Terror. He was much more ferocious and determined than his colleagues.

1798. The battles of the Pyramids, in which Napoleon defeated the Mamelukes and subdued Lower Egypt, were fought on this day and on July 21.

1832. The supposed source of the Mississippi was discovered by an exploring expedition under Henry R. Schoolcraft. It has recently been shown that a small lake, beyond Itasca, is the real source.

1846. A fire at St. Johns, Newfoundland, destroyed nearly the whole town, six thousand people being left homeless.

1854. A copy of the treaty which opened Japan to civilization reached Washington. It had been secured by Commodore Perry, who had been sent with a large naval force to Japan, with instructions to make every effort to obtain it. By its terms Japan was opened to American citizens for purposes of trade and to establish coaling-stations.

1863. The draft riots broke out in New York. Their instigating cause was the clause in the draft bill that permitted persons to purchase exemption for three hundred dollars. When the drawing began, a sudden attack was made upon the office, the wheel destroyed, and the building set on fire. The excitement spread rapidly, and attacks were made on the negroes, and on every one supposed to be concerned in the draft. There were few soldiers in the city, and the rioters had full control for several days. Buildings were sacked and burned, negroes murdered, contributions levied on stores, and after the first day the mob devoted itself to indiscriminate plunder. Several days passed before order was restored. More than one hundred persons were killed, and property to a great value was destroyed.

1865. Barnum's Museum in New York was destroyed by fire, with all its contents, comprising animals, curiosities, etc.

1882. A passenger-train was wrecked in Russia, one hundred and seventy eight of the passengers being killed and all the others injured.

July 14.

1789. The siege and capture of the Bastille, the famous state prison of Paris, occurred on this and the following day. The Bastille was levelled, and its governor

and other officers murdered by the populace. This event, the first step in the Revolution, is being celebrated by a great World's Fair at Paris, opened May 6, 1889.

1817. Madame de Staël, an eminent French authoress, died. Her novel of "Corinne," her descriptive and critical work on Germany, and other productions, have given her great fame, while as a conversationalist she was probably never surpassed. She excited the enmity of Napoleon, who banished her from France and kept her in exile for many years.

1853. The New York Crystal Palace, erected by private enterprise for an international industrial exhibition, was formally opened. It contained a large and attractive display, most of which was burned in the subsequent destruction of the building by fire.

1874. A destructive fire broke out in Chicago, which destroyed three hundred and forty-six buildings, the total loss being estimated at four million dollars.

1877. The most serious labor riot ever known in America began on this day, in consequence of a reduction in wages of ten per cent. on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The operatives of other roads quickly joined in the strike, and all movement of trains was forcibly stopped. There was soon a blockade of freight, militia was called out, and United States troops were sent to the points of trouble. Collisions took place in several localities, the most destructive being that at Pittsburg. The soldiers reached that city on the 21st, and were immediately attacked by the mob with stones, which they returned with volleys of musketry. They took refuge from the fury of the mob in a railroad round-house, which was quickly set on fire. The other railroad buildings and two thousand freight-cars were fired, the latter being pillaged. The loss of property by fire and pillage was estimated at nearly ten millions of dollars. Riots took place at Baltimore, Reading, Chicago, and other places, but the trouble was gradually quieted, and by the 30th nearly all the roads were in operation again.

July 15.

1880. A terrific explosion took place in Risca Colliery, near Newport, South Wales, probably caused by lightning. One hundred and nineteen men and boys were killed.

1881. A tornado in Minnesota desolated a tract one mile wide and forty miles long. Not a tree was left, while the destruction of crops and live-stock was enormous. Many persons were killed and wounded.

1881. This was one of the hottest days ever experienced in England, the thermometer reaching 98° in the shade at London. In Paris it reached 97°. In America there was a week of remarkably hot weather. At Cincinnati alone three hundred and sixty-three deaths from sun-stroke were reported within the week.

1887. At St. Thomas, Ontario, a freight-train ran into an excursion-train. The latter caught fire. Nineteen persons were killed, mostly by burning, and forty seriously injured.

1888. A terrific volcanic explosion occurred in Japan. Mount Bandai, a long-silent volcano, suddenly broke into eruption, half of the mountain being torn to fragments. A wide extent of country was covered with a mud-stream thirty to one hundred feet in depth, two hundred houses were demolished, and four hundred and sixty-seven persons killed.

July 16.

1779. The British fort at Stony Point, on the Hudson, was stormed and taken by an American force under General Wayne. The British lost six hundred men and a large amount of military stores. The American loss was less than a hundred.

1790. The District of Columbia was chosen as the American seat of government by Act of Congress. About sixty square miles north of the Potomac was ceded to the United States by Maryland, and forty square miles south of the river by Virginia. The latter was reconveyed to Virginia in 1846.

1850. Margaret Fuller, an American critical writer of great note in her day, was drowned in shipwreck. She had been married to the Marquis Ossoli of Italy in 1847, and on their way to America the vessel was wrecked on Long Island. She was highly proficient in literature and the languages, and of considerable power in literary and art criticism, while highly esteemed for her conversational powers and personal character.

1856. A serious railroad-accident occurred near Philadelphia, in which a Sunday-school excursion-train was wrecked by collision with another train. Five cars of the excursion-train were destroyed, and set on fire. Many of the passengers were burned to death, about sixty losing their lives, while many more were injured.

1857. Béranger, the most famous of recent French song-writers, died. His poems are clear and simple in style, and display an unusual facility in the happy mingling of gaiety and pathos. Many of them are still popular in France.

1884. An accident occurred on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln Rail-

way, England, through the breaking of an axle-bar. Seven cars were thrown down a thirty-feet embankment, killing twenty-five and wounding over fifty passengers.

1885. The public park on the American side of Niagara Falls was thrown open to the public. The ground had been purchased by New York State at a cost of nearly a million and a half of dollars.

July 17.

1429. Charles VII. of France was crowned at Rheims. This was in consequence of the freeing of France from English domination by the celebrated Joan of Arc, and was the triumph she had promised the king. She had broken the English power in France in less than three months.

1676. Marie de Brinvilliers, a French marchioness, notorious for her crimes, was executed. She had poisoned her father and two brothers, and many patients at the hospitals.

1790. The first sewing-machine patent was granted, to Thomas Saint, of England. This machine was said to possess many of the features of the modern successful inventions. Several other machines were patented before that of Howe in 1846. In 1882 Walter Hunt, of New York, invented a two-thread shuttle machine with eye-pointed needle. This machine embraced the essential features of that of Howe.

1793. Charlotte Corday was executed. She was born of a noble French family, and was a descendant of the celebrated dramatist Corneille. Believing that Marat was the main cause of the terrible excesses in France, she resolved on his assassination, and succeeded in stabbing him during an interview. She manifested a courageous and lofty spirit to the end.

1856. The Lake Erie steamer Northern Indiana caught fire and was destroyed. Of her passengers about forty lost their lives.

1885. During a building operation near the English cemetery at Rome two ancient Roman warehouses for receiving imports were opened. One was filled with decayed elephant-tusks, the other with lentils, which are supposed to have been used as ballast.

July 18.

1100. Godfrey of Bouillon, the illustrious leader of the First Crusade, died. After taking several of the Syrian cities, with much loss to the army, Jerusalem was captured in July, 1096. Godfrey was chosen King of Jerusalem, but he refused to accept the title. He is the hero of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."

1374. Petrarch, one of the most famous of Italian poets, died. He was born in 1304, became highly versed in classical literature, and succeeded in preserving the writings of many Latin authors. His own poems were of the highest beauty. Many of them were addressed to Laura de Sade, a lady for whom he entertained a Platonic affection. He composed in her praise fifty canzoni and more than three hundred sonnets.

July 19.

1588. The Invincible Armada, a great Spanish naval expedition designed to conquer England, which had sailed from Lisbon and been dispersed by a storm, entered the Channel off Cornwall on this day. It was immediately attacked by the British fleet, suffering severely in a series of engagements, and afterwards from storms. The enterprise proved a failure, the Spanish loss being thirty-five ships and thirteen thousand men.

1819. John Playfair, an eminent Scottish mathematician and astronomer, died. He was professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and wrote several works of great scientific value.

1824. Don Augustin Iturbide, Emperor of Mexico after the liberation from Spanish rule, was shot as a traitor, having returned to Mexico after he had been forced to abdicate and been banished.

1845. A highly-destructive fire broke out in New York, which burned three hundred and forty-five buildings, estimated at a value of nearly six million dollars. Four lives were lost.

July 20.

1543. The Pegasus, a steam-packet from Leith, England, was wrecked off the Fern Islands, fifty-two persons, including Mr. Elton, the actor, being drowned.

1864. General Sherman, having advanced from Chattanooga to Atlanta, forcing the Confederates back by flank movements, fought a sharp battle with the defenders of Atlanta. On the 22d another battle was fought, and again on the 27th, in which the Confederates suffered heavily and a flanking movement of Sherman's advance division was sustained. In August the town was completely flanked and Hood compelled to abandon it to Sherman.

July 21.

1794. At Wapping, London, six hundred and thirty houses were destroyed by fire, together with an East India warehouse in which thirty-five thousand bags of saltpetre were stored. The loss was about five million dollars.

1795. Robert Burns, the greatest of Scottish poets, died. This celebrated personage was the son of a farmer, and was brought up in great poverty. He became very irregular in his habits in later life, and intemperance had its share in carrying him off at the early age of thirty-seven. As a poet his productions were remarkable for simplicity and intensity, and show deep insight and rare humor. His "Tam o' Shanter" is destined long to remain one of the classics of the English language, and the same may be said of some of his shorter poems.

1809. Daniel Lambert, a famous English prodigy, died. He was five feet eleven inches high, and at the time of his death weighed seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. He was remarkable for his strength, and performed wonderful feats as a swimmer and pedestrian.

1861. The battle of Bull Run, the first important engagement of the civil war, was fought at Manassas, a few miles south of Washington. At first the Union army, under General McDowell, was successful; but, the Confederates being reinforced by General Johnston's force from the Shenandoah Valley, the Union troops gave way, and retreated in great disorder to Washington.

1880. An accident occurred at the tunnel which was being excavated under the Hudson River at New York. A part of it caved in, and twenty lives were lost. This work was subsequently abandoned, from the difficulties of the enterprise.

July 22.

1298. The battle of Falkirk, in which Edward I. of England defeated William Wallace of Scotland, was fought on this day. It is said that from twenty thousand to forty thousand Scots were slain.

1589. Henry III. of France was assassinated by a monk named Jacques Clement. He had applied to Henry of Navarre for aid against the Catholic League, and was killed while he and his ally were pressing the siege of Paris. He had the year before been excommunicated by the pope, on account of the assassination of the Duke of Guise.

1812. Lord Wellington totally defeated the French under Marshal Marmont near Salamanca, Spain. The French lost nearly six thousand men in killed and wounded, and seven thousand prisoners.

1880. The steam-yacht Mamie was cut in two by the steamer Garland, on Detroit River. Sixteen lives were lost.

July 23.

1403. Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, a son of the Earl of Northumber-

land, was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, in which he led a rebellion against the king. He is an important character in Shakespeare's play of "King Henry IV."

1784. A terribly destructive earthquake occurred at Ezinghian, near Erzeroum. The town was destroyed, and five thousand persons were buried in its ruins.

1842. The Bunker Hill Monument was completed. It is built of Quincy granite, is two hundred and twenty-one feet high, thirty feet square at base, and fifteen feet at top.

1869. The French Atlantic telegraph cable was completed, the American end being landed at Duxbury, Massachusetts. The European end had been landed at Brest, France, on June 17.

1883. A wharf gave way at North Point, Tivoli, near Baltimore, sixty-five persons being drowned.

1885. The volcano Cotopaxi, Ecuador, broke into violent eruption. Lava and stones buried the greater part of the town of Chimbo, destroying many lives.

1885. General Grant died. This distinguished commander was born in Ohio in 1822. Immediately after the outbreak of the civil war his great military ability was manifested. After winning a number of important victories in the West, he was made commander-in-chief of the Union armies in 1864, and conducted in person the campaign against General Lee until his surrender. He was President of the United States from 1869 to 1877. After the close of his Presidential service he made a tour of the world, and was received everywhere with great enthusiasm. He died of cancer of the tongue.

July 24.

1704. The Rock of Gibraltar was taken by the British. It was besieged by the Spanish and French in 1704, by the Spanish in 1720 and 1727, and by the Spanish and French from 1789 to 1793. All these efforts were attended with severe loss, and proved fruitless.

1818. The centre foundation of the Capitol at Washington was laid.

1870. The first through-car from the Pacific coast arrived in New York.

1883. Captain Webb, a celebrated swimmer, who had swum across the English Channel from Dover to Calais, was drowned in an attempt to swim the Niagara whirlpool. He was drawn into the centre of the whirl, and disappeared. His body reappeared four days afterwards, five miles down the river.

July 25.

1471. Thomas à Kempis, a celebrated German ascetic writer, died. His repu-

tation was founded on the well-known work "De Imitatione Christi," but it is an unsettled question whether he composed or only transcribed it.

1794. Baron von Trenck was guillotined. This remarkable person was imprisoned by Frederick the Great, escaped in 1747, and was imprisoned again from 1754 to 1768. He wrote his "Memoirs," an autobiography which became very popular. Going to Paris in 1792, he joined the Jacobins, by whom he was sentenced to the guillotine in 1794.

1799. The battle of Aboukir was fought, in which Napoleon, with five thousand men, defeated a Turkish army of fifteen thousand.

1814. Charles Dibdin, a popular English song-writer, died. Some of his songs have gained an enduring popularity, among them "Tom Bowling" and "Poor Jack."

1814. The battle of Lundy's Lane, near Niagara Falls, was fought between the American and British armies. The British were repulsed with heavy loss and their general taken prisoner.

July 26.

1666. A great naval battle took place at the mouth of the Thames between the English and Dutch fleets. The English gained the victory, the Dutch losing twenty-four ships, four admirals killed, and four thousand seamen.

1788. New York ratified the Constitution of the United States.

1805. An earthquake at Frosolone, Naples, caused the loss of six thousand lives.

1874. Very severe loss was occasioned at Pittsburg by the overflow of the rivers from heavy rains. About one hundred persons were drowned.

1886. A riot broke out in Amsterdam from the suppression of a popular game on Sunday. The game was an old but cruel sport known as "eel-snatching." The military were called out, and twenty persons killed and eighty wounded in the suppression of the riot.

July 27.

1759. Maupertuis, an eminent French mathematician, died. In 1736 he was chief of a party sent to Lapland to measure the length of a degree of the meridian. He was made by Frederick the Great president of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin.

1777. Jane McCrea, the daughter of a clergyman in New Jersey, was murdered by the Indian allies of Burgoyne, near Fort Edward. The circumstances of the incident aroused great attention, and it has become of historical interest.

1809. The battle of Talavera, between the British and Spanish armies under Wellington, and the French under Victor, was fought on this and the following day. The French were defeated, with heavy loss.

1812. A riot broke out in Baltimore in consequence of a newspaper, *The Federal Republican*, opposing the declaration of war against England. The office and printing-materials were destroyed. On the night of the 27th a house was attacked by the mob in which General Henry Lee, General Lingam, and many others were gathered to protect the editor. A fight took place, in which several persons were killed and wounded. When the military arrived, those in the house surrendered, on promise of protection in prison. Yet on the following night the prison was broken open, General Lingam killed, and eleven others seriously injured, eight of them being thrown out as dead. No one was punished for this outrage.

1822. The first strictly commercial paper south of Boston, *The New Orleans Price Current*, was issued on this day.

1840. A destructive earthquake at Mount Ararat overthrew more than three thousand houses and destroyed several hundred persons.

1844. John Dalton, an eminent English chemist, died. He is principally known as the author of the atomic theory, which is generally accepted in modern science.

1852. The steamer Henry Clay was burned on the Hudson, in consequence of the intense heat kept up during a race. Over seventy lives were lost.

1880. The Little Western, an American sail-boat sixteen feet seven inches long, reached Cowes, having crossed the Atlantic from Gloucester, Massachusetts, with a crew of two men. They were forty-three days in crossing.

July 28.

1540. Thomas Cromwell, Secretary of State under Henry VIII., was beheaded. He had been an agent of Cardinal Wolsey, whom he succeeded in the favor of the king. He was made Earl of Essex in 1539 or 1540, but excited the anger of the king by promoting his marriage with Anne of Cleves, whom Henry quickly resolved to divorce. Cromwell was charged with treason and heresy, found guilty, and executed.

1667. Cowley, an English poet, of considerable celebrity, died. "By his contemporaries he was more admired than any other poet of his age," but his reputation has greatly declined, and he is now but little read.

1794. Robespierre, the leader in the French "Reign of Terror," died by the guillotine. He triumphed gradually over all his opponents, sending numbers of them to the guillotine, and as president of the Committee of Public Safety gained almost unlimited power in France. He exercised his power with the greatest cruelty, sent multitudes of innocent persons to the guillotine, and finally provoked a combination of his opponents in the Convention. His arrest was ordered, he was declared an outlaw and attempted to kill himself, but was taken and executed with his immediate adherents.

1813. Wellington defeated Marshal Soult at the Pyrenees, and after a series of engagements, extending from July 25 to August 2, drove him into France with a loss of over twenty thousand men.

1883. A destructive earthquake visited the island of Ischia. The town of Casamicciola was almost completely ruined, with a loss of over two thousand lives.

1886. A theatre in the town of Tinnevely, British India, was burned, one hundred persons perishing in the conflagration.

July 29.

1578. Andrew Marvell, an eminent English satirical writer, died. He was an earnest reform patriot, and so keenly satirized the corruption of the administration of Charles II. that efforts were made to bribe him. Though poor, he refused the money offered. His death was attended with suspicions of poisoning.

1786. The first newspaper west of the Alleghanies was issued on this day at Pittsburg. It was called *The Pittsburg Gazette*.

1833. William Wilberforce, an illustrious English philanthropist, died. He was an active and able member of Parliament, and from 1787 to 1807 worked earnestly for the abolition of the slave-trade, succeeding in the latter year. He afterwards agitated for the emancipation of the West India slaves, but died before the passage of the bill.

1836. The office of *The Philanthropist*, an Abolition newspaper of Cincinnati, was attacked by a mob, pillaged, and the press broken and thrown into the river.

1883. James Carey, the informer by whose aid the Phoenix Park murderers were discovered, was shot on the steamer Melrose Castle, between Cape Town and Natal, by an Irish passenger named O'Donnell.

July 30.

1626. Terrible earthquakes occurred in Naples, in which thirty towns and

villages were ruined. The loss of life was estimated at the great number of seventy thousand.

1718. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, died. No greater reformer ever lived, and his services to the development of human freedom were of the highest value. Pennsylvania was purchased by him from the Indians, its true owners, and his colony established on principles of self-government that left little control in the hands of the proprietor. Those he had benefited treated him ungratefully, and the owner of a vast region in the New World found himself in prison for debt before his death.

1733. The first lodge of Free Masons in America was opened at Boston on this day.

1750. Johann Sebastian Bach, the most illustrious member of a family of great composers, died. His works are very numerous, and give him rank among the greatest of musical composers. Among his best productions are his oratorio "The Nativity," and "The Well-tempered Clavier," a collection of preludes and fugues.

1771. The poet Gray died. He occupies a high rank in English literature, both in poetry and in prose. His "Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard" is perhaps the most universally admired poem that was ever written, and its popularity bids fair to be maintained for many generations to come.

1784. Denis Diderot, one of the ablest of French writers on philosophical subjects, died. The great work of his life was the "Encyclopædia," on which he was engaged for fifteen years. It was a work of great ability, but excited much opposition from its infidel tendency. Diderot wrote several novels, essays, etc., and was imprisoned for his "Letter on the Blind, for the Use of those who see."

1864. A mine was exploded under the Confederate works in front of Petersburg. Great hopes were entertained from this mine, and the explosion was successful in destroying the works; but, owing to unwarranted delay in the advance of the charging column, the Confederates were enabled to bring troops to the imperilled point, and the assault was repulsed with great slaughter.

1866. Telegraphic communication between America and Europe was first established during this month. The Great Eastern sailed with the cable, and landed the shore-end at Valentia, Ireland. On the 27th Newfoundland was reached, and the shore-end landed there. The whole length of cable paid out was eighteen hundred and sixty-six miles. The first message was sent to Lord Stanley on the 27th, a message from the Queen of England to the President of the United States on the 28th, and a reply from the President on the 30th. The first attempt to lay a cable was in 1857; the second in June, 1858; the third in August, 1858. This was successful, and messages were sent across the ocean, but the wire soon ceased to transmit. The fourth attempt, in 1865, also failed, and the first really successful one was that of 1866. In September of 1866 the lost cable of 1865 was recovered and its laying completed. A French cable was laid in 1869, an English one in 1873 and two in 1874, and a second French cable in 1879.

1871. The steamer Westfield exploded at New York, causing a loss of one hundred lives.

July 31.

1556. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of Jesuits, died. He began life as a soldier, but, being wounded and crippled, directed his attention to religious subjects, became a popular preacher, and in 1584 formed his new order, which was sanctioned by the pope in 1540.

1875. The iron trestle bridge over the Genesee River, on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, known as the Portage bridge, was opened for traffic on this day. This bridge is remarkable for the rapidity of its construction. The old wooden Portage bridge was burned on May 6, 1875, the contract for the new bridge made May 10, and the first iron column raised June 13. On July 29 the bridge was finished, and the rails laid on the 30th. It contains one million three hundred and ten pounds of iron, is eight hundred feet long, and two hundred and thirty-four feet high.

1888. A volcanic outburst took place in the Philippine Islands, by which one hundred lives were lost and much property destroyed.

CURRENT NOTES.

SANITARY SCIENCE is making rapid strides in the right direction. Social Science has come to a point where it is found better to prevent a man from committing crime, than to try to reform him afterwards. So Sanitary Science is looking more to prevention than cure. Health is economy; sickness the reverse. Those who desire and appreciate health should be as willing to make an effort to secure it as they are to obtain the other good things which increase the pleasure of life. Pure food is essentially necessary to good health. That much food is swallowed which never should be taken into the stomach, to the detriment of health and happiness, is beyond a doubt. It is a matter of satisfactory reflection, that State and national governments are already enacting stringent laws for the protection of the people's health, particularly in the matter of adulterations whereby food is contaminated with cheap and filthy substances for the benefit of unscrupulous money-seekers and the ruination of the public health. Millions of people in the United States are daily consumers of bread artificially raised, yet one-half of these leavening powders are criminally impure. One of the most common adulterants is Alum, a most noxious drug. This and other caustic chemicals are used as cheapeners by adulterators of the public food, that their "catchpenny" schemes may prove more advantageous to themselves, regardless of the baneful effect upon the physical well-being of the consumers. It has been universally conceded that alum itself, when added singly to bread or other food, is positively injurious to health, and that its use must be regarded as reprehensible. It is unquestionably a harmful substance, acting as an irritant poison. The effect when taken in small doses repeatedly is irritating to the coating of the stomach, and to the kidneys. People often suffer from this, without knowing the cause which leads to such utter wretchedness. Men fall dead at their daily occupations, or linger along in the most acute agony, the victims of the nefarious adulterator's deceit. The eyes of the public are being opened to the frauds daily perpetrated, and the day is rapidly approaching when legislators will appreciate the wisdom of making it a crime with severe punishment to introduce harsh chemicals into Baking Powder and other food articles. Too great praise cannot be accorded to the Price Baking Powder Co., which has fearlessly arrayed itself on the side of the people, to protect them against the impositions practised upon them, and place within easy reach of all a powder which is alike healthful and economical. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder combines the highest degree of strength and purity, and for many years has stood the test, and been strongly endorsed by the Heads of Universities and Public Food Analysts.

PARTICULAR attention may be called to the frontispiece in this number, which is an accurate reproduction of a painting by no less an artist than General Grant. Probably few know that this hero of many battles had an artistic bent, to which he gave free scope in his hours of idleness. Grant was so silent a man that no one ever gave him credit for any talent beyond that of generalship. The war established beyond the shadow of a doubt his possession of a genius for the sword, and, later, pecuniary difficulties forced him to take up what has been called the mightier weapon,—the pen; and he showed that he could wield this also with ease and grace, and with most satisfactory results. The frontispiece proves that General Grant was no mean artist also; and perhaps if the war had not given free swing to his military genius, some of the lesser talents of this many-sided man might have come into greater prominence.

THE ancient legend of the Cedar of Lebanon, the timber-tree of the Temple built on Zion, is a very curious and interesting one. The story runs that Seth received from the angels three seeds of the tree that he saw still standing, though blasted, upon the spot where sin had been first committed. Taking the seeds away with him, he put them in the mouth of the dead Adam, and so buried them. The young trees that grew from them, on the grave of Adam in Hebron, were carefully tended by Abraham, Moses, and David. After they were removed to Jerusalem the Psalms were composed beneath them, and finally they slowly grew together and formed a single giant tree. This tree was felled by the order of Solomon, in order that it might be preserved forever as a beam in the Temple. The plan failed, however, for the carpenters found they could not manage the mighty beam. When they raised it to its intended position they found it too long; then they sawed it and it proved too short; they spliced it, but to no purpose, they could not make it fit. This was taken as a sign that it was intended for some other purpose, and they laid it aside in the Temple. On one occasion it was improperly made use of as a seat by a woman named Maximella, and she was at once enveloped in flames. She invoked the aid of Christ, and was driven from the city and stoned to death. In the course of its eventful history the beam became a bridge over Cedron, and, being then thrown into the stream of Bethesda, it gave to the waters healing virtues. Finally from it was made the cross of Christ; after the crucifixion it was buried in Calvary, and exhumed three centuries later by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.—The game did not become popular or fashionable in France until the reign of Louis XIV. The "Grand Monarque" was a great sufferer from indigestion, and his physicians advised him to play billiards for exercise. A billiard-table of the style of the day was erected in a room near the "Eil-de-Bœuf" at Versailles. Here the courtiers congregated and applauded the king, who, of course, always came out victorious. Madame de Maintenon was forced to attend the games in the capacity of marker, and recouped herself by quizzing his majesty when he missed. At that time the billiard-table was a clumsy affair: the cushions had no elasticity, the pockets were very wide, and the cues were devoid of tips. This rendered the making of many of the favorite modern shots impossible. Tips were invented by Mangin about sixty years ago. Until the year 1830 billiard-tables were square and very clumsy objects.

SUCCESS IN FIELD SPORTS demands muscular vigor, quickness of eye, and clearness of brain,—in other words, pure blood nourishing every organ and fibre of the body. This is why tennis-players, ball-players, and all athletes prefer Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any other, as an invigorator and blood-purifier. It removes that tired feeling, restores to the system the waste which it suffers through over-exercise, stimulates the digestive organs, and makes the weak strong. Ladies, especially those who are easily fatigued, find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an excellent tonic.

"Some time ago I found my system entirely run down. I had a feeling of constant fatigue and languor and very little ambition for any kind of effort. A friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did with the best results. It has done me more good than all other medicines I have ever used."
—F. MELLOWS, 102 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass.

"My daughter, now 21 years old, was in perfect health until a year ago, when she began to complain of fatigue, headache, debility, dizziness, indigestion, and loss of appetite. I concluded that all her complaints originated in impure blood, and induced her to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soon restored her blood-making organs to healthy action, and in due time re-established her former health. I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla a most valuable remedy for the lassitude and debility incident to spring-time."—NATHAN S. CLEVELAND, 27 East Canton Street, Boston, Mass.

"I suffered from headache, indigestion, and debility, and scarcely had strength to drag myself about the house. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has worked a marvellous change in my case. I now feel as strong and well as ever."—MRS. M. M. LEWIS, A Street, Lowell, Mass.

"I have found great relief from general debility in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood-purifier yet discovered."—H. D. JOHNSON, JR., 383 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

THE BEST DRESSING.—Ayer's Hair Vigor restores the color to gray hair; promotes a fresh and vigorous growth; prevents the formation of dandruff; makes the hair soft and silken, and imparts a delicate and lasting perfume. It is the "ideal" hair-dressing. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.



A CURIOUS PROPHECY.—A Belgian paper professes to have unearthed a really curious passage out of an old book in the State Library of Brussels. This book was published by Jean Stratus in Lyons in the year 1585, and contains a number of astrological "prophecies" much in the style of the more celebrated ones of Nostradamus; among these is said to be the following:

Tu dois vivre et mourir, ô Gaule, sous trois Bo.
Deux Siècles sous Bo I. tu haulseras, ô Gaule.
Tu corseras Bo II. ains te feras tombeau;
Puis sous mitron Bo III. Bis Clem elord ton rôle.

The meaning of these lines seems to be something like this: "Thou must live and die, O Gaul, under three Bo's. For two centuries under Bo I. thou shalt rise, O Gaul. Thou shalt raise up (?) Bo II., and thus shalt rend thyself into pieces. Then under Bo III. the baker, Bis Clem will end thy rôle." The explanation of the supposed "prophecy" is plain enough. "Bo I." is the Bourbon dynasty, which ruled France for two centuries,—from 1589 to 1789, from Henry IV. to the outbreak of the Revolution. "Bo II." is evidently Napoleon Bonaparte, and the "corseras" seems to be a play upon his Corsican origin. Lastly, who can fail to see that "Bo III.," the "baker," is Boulanger? whilst the "Bis Clem" who is to bring France's destiny to an ignominious end can only be Bis[marck] and Clém[enceau]. Such is said to be the prophecy published in 1585 by one Jacques Molan, Doctor of Laws and Advocate to the Parliament of Mâcon.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, who contributes an article upon "Literature in the South before the War," has played a prominent part in the Southern literary movement, as a writer of clever short stories and dialect verse. He is a descendant of General Thomas Nelson, of Revolutionary fame, and is related to a number of prominent Southern families, including the family of Amélie Rives. During his college days at Washington and Lee University Mr. Page distinguished himself principally as editor of the college paper. He subsequently read law at the University of Virginia, and now practises in Richmond. His leisure is devoted to literature. His first poem was published in *Scribner's Magazine*, in 1876. Five years later he wrote "Marse Chan," a powerful story, which won him immediate recognition. His chief successes since then have been the negro dialect stories of "Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin," "Meh Lady," "Polly," "No Haid Pawn," and "Ole 'Stracted." Mr. Page will follow up his present article in this magazine with another dealing with literature in the South since the war.

THE DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.—This title was given to the eldest son of the King of France under the Valois and Bourbon dynasties. The Counts of Albon and Grenoble assumed the title of Counts of Vienne, of whom Guy VIII. is said to have been surnamed *Le Dauphin*, because he wore a dolphin as an emblem on his helmet or shield. The surname remained to his descendants, who were styled Dauphins, and the country which they governed was called Dauphiné. Humbert II. de la Tour de Pisa, the last of the Dauphin dynasty, gave up his sovereignty by treaty to King Philippe de Valois in 1349. From that time the eldest son of the King of France was styled Dauphin. Since the dethronement of the elder branch of the Bourbons in 1830, the title of Dauphin has been disused. The last who bore it was the Duke of Angoulême, son of Charles X.

In reply to your request for my opinion of the GIESSHÜBLER WATER, both as a table and medicinal water, I would say that it belongs to the bicarbonated alkaline (sodic) waters, of which the waters of Vichy, Vals, and Bilin are well-known examples. The Apollinaris and Selters belong to the chlorinated sodic waters. This water is, however, much less alkaline than most of the springs of Vals, some of them containing 477 grains of alkaline bicarbonates to the gallon, while the Vichy waters contain from 322 to 380 grains. The GIESSHÜBLER contains only about 91 grains. I consider it, therefore, the best table water we have. It is in all respects a natural water, both as regards gaseous and solid constituents. Besides being palatable and having the merit of mixing perfectly with wine and spirits, I can recommend it for use here, because, owing to climate and much that is bad in our American *cuisine* and to other causes, lithic or uric acid and digestive derangements are extremely common with us; indeed, almost the rule. The alkaline bicarbonates which this water contains in moderate amount are valuable in acidity of the *primæ viæ*, while the manganese and iron are tonic. A very important characteristic in the prevention of and as a solvent of lithic or uric acid is the Lithia which the Giesshübler contains, it being a strong lithia water, containing a twelfth of a grain to the pint. I regard it as in the highest degree irrational and harmful to recommend any water or thing as a curative of any special renal conditions. I can only say that the Giesshübler has its uses in preventing certain renal difficulties, especially the formation of uric acid. I am glad that the water has been introduced here by your well-known firm. I have passed a good deal of time at foreign springs, and know how conscientiously and under what favorable circumstances the waters are bottled. I regret to say that medical hydrology has, up to the present time, received so little attention in this country, that I am not inspired with great confidence as regards some of our American bottled waters corresponding perfectly with the analyses that have been made by able chemists.

Yours respectfully,

H. B. MILLARD, M.D.

4 EAST FORTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, April 15, 1889.

(Foreign Corresponding Member of the Society of
Medical Hydrology of Paris, etc., etc.)

Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents for the United States and Canada, 6
Barclay Street, New York.

THE history of the origin of the phrase a *cordón bleu* is an interesting one. Henry III. of France was elected King of Poland on the day of the Pentecost, and upon the same day, by the death of Charles IX., he succeeded to the throne of France. In token of his gratitude he instituted the order of the Saint-Esprit, limiting the number of knights to a hundred, exclusive of the officers of the order. The collar worn by members of the order upon state occasions was formed of fleur-de-lys in gold, and suspended to it was a cross of eight points, with a dove in the centre; upon the reverse of the cross was a design representing St. Michael slaying the dragon. When the collar was not donned the cross was worn suspended to a piece of blue silk, called the *cordón bleu*. As time went on, it became the custom to call any one who had achieved eminence in his profession a *cordón bleu*. Finally it came to be applied only to cooks. M. Littré remarks that the blue apron formerly worn by cooks may have helped to earn for them this flattering designation.

ANDREW LANG, who has been turning out books in a very energetic manner of late, won his first literary triumph by a translation of the *Odyssey* which he made in conjunction with H. S. Butcher. The "Ballades in Blue China," and other poems, followed in quick succession, and won him an enviable reputation. He is tall and thin, and very delicately proportioned; his features are somewhat sharp, and he is nervous in manner. Mr. Lang has accomplished a vast amount of literary work. Besides his translations from the classics, which are very faithful and accurate, and his poetical works, he has published several entertaining novels and serial contributions to leading English periodicals, among which the "Letters to Dead Authors" are perhaps the best-known. He has also published many valuable papers on mythological subjects, and is an editorial contributor to the *Daily News*, which usually publishes two of his leaders a day. His last volume, "Lost Leaders," contains a number of these contributions to the *News*.

HORNBOOKS.—In this age of attractive books for the young it is difficult to conceive how tedious must have been the teaching of young children by means of the hornbook common in the last century. A specimen of this curious kind of book is thus described. "Its dimensions are nine by five inches. The alphabet, etc., are printed upon white paper, which is laid upon a thin piece of oak, and is covered with a sheet of horn, secured in its place by eight tacks, driven through a border or mounting of brass,—the object of this horn covering being to keep the book, or rather leaf, unsoiled. The first line is the cross-row, so named, says Johnson, 'because a cross is placed at the beginning, to show that the end of learning is piety.'" Another specimen is described as having a large cross, the criss-cross, and then the alphabet in large and small letters. The vowels follow next, and their combinations with the consonants; and the whole is concluded with the Lord's prayer and the Roman numerals. The Arabic numerals are not given. Some hornbooks were printed on horn only.

A CURE FOR STAMMERING.—Demosthenes is reported to have cured himself of this very embarrassing habit by simply putting pebbles in his mouth and shouting by the sea, but, however well this easy method may have worked in a particular instance, it has signally failed as a general cure. Stammering has come to be looked upon as a misfortune to be borne with resignation, for which there is no relief. This notion, however, needs to be exploded, for the many cures effected by the Institute for the Cure of Stammering and Stuttering, which is located at the northeast corner of Eleventh and Spring Garden Streets, show that under skilful management permanent and happy results can be obtained. The manager of this institution, Prof. E. S. Johnston, has numberless testimonials from people who have been cured of this very annoying defect after a course at the Institute.

In his "Domestic Manners of the Middle Ages" Wright says that in the fourteenth century "people had few spare chambers, especially furnished ones, and in the simplicity of mediæval manners guests were obliged either to sleep in the same room as the family, or more usually in the hall, where beds were made for them on the floor or on the benches. 'Making a bed' was a phrase true in its literal sense, and the bed when made consisted of a heap of straw with a sheet or two thrown over it."

"THE advertising of the **PENN MUTUAL LIFE** is exceptionally well written," said the editor of *Book News*.

Better if it is well read.

Is it too full of fact?

Is the color too bright?

Facts are something only as they mark tendencies.

Color—well, that may be due to a business which has its corner stone in sentiment. One does not drink wine from a skillet.

The one fact about the "**PENN MUTUAL LIFE**" which has marked its course since 1847, and fixes its tendency now, is that it is a policy-holder's company. It is owned by its members, ruled by them and for them, and its sole purpose to make life insurance safe and cheap. It has gone that way, goes that way, and is to go thus for all time.



The color is in its adaptations—in the diverse methods which enable every bread-winner to crystallize his sentiment, transmute it to a beneficent fact. He hopes and strives to create an estate for his family; death intervenes and prevents. Not so! It is done the day he gets a policy from the **PENN MUTUAL**. Nos. 921, 923, and 925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for publications.

It has recently been demonstrated that some articles of merchandise which have been before the public of England for the last half-century are nine times more used there than all other principal patent medicines put together. We refer to Beecham's Pills, which in order to meet the wishes and requirements expressed by Americans, many of whom already know their value, are now introduced in such a thorough manner that no home need be without them in America. We believe this shrewd and discerning people will soon join in the universal testimony that they "are worth a guinea a box," although they can be purchased of druggists for but twenty-five cents. These pills are round and will therefore roll. They have already rolled into every English-speaking country in the world, and they are still rolling. All sufferers from indigestion, flatulency, constipation, and all other forms of stomach and liver troubles have now this famous and inexpensive remedy within their reach; but should they find, upon inquiry, that their druggist does not keep **BEECHAM'S PILLS**, they can send twenty-five cents to the General Agents for the United States, B. F. Allen & Co., 365 Canal Street, New York City, who will promptly mail them to any address.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PREMATURE BURIAL.—The question of premature burial is exciting, of late, much interest in France. Many writers have begun a crusade against the present law which requires the burial to take place twenty-four hours after decease has been officially announced. M. Ramboson has recently published an elaborate treatise in which he gives data to prove that under the present system a serious risk exists of being buried alive. Many medical men declare that there is no infallible sign of death except incipient decomposition, which does not necessarily manifest itself before the third day. The question has a present interest over here on account of the late horrible Bishop case in New York, though this was not a question of burial, but of when a body may be safely cut up. If the French authorities are right, no autopsy should take place until the third day after death.

THE TRUE REASON—WASH-DAY MADE EASY.—There is reason in everything, but not every reason given is true. About washing clothes, for instance, common sense and the chemistry of every-day life teach us that certain things must be done, while others may be left undone. Clothes must be made clean, sweet, pure, and wholesome without either injuring the fabric or the hands of the laundress. If these objects can be attained, it does not matter as to what methods are used, and the soap or soap powder, no matter what it is called, that will admit of the most varied methods of use is the handiest. Some things, however, are important to observe. The dirt and all soap must be entirely removed from the interstices of the clothes, and all microbes must be destroyed. The only and easiest way to do this is by heating the water in which the clothes are contained to the boiling-point. The boiling water, by constant self-agitation, is forced through the interstices of the fabrics, and thus cleanses them from dirt, and disease-breeding microbes, as they can be cleansed in no other way,—and without in any manner injuring the fabric. As there is no royal road to learning, neither is there any easier, surer, or safer way of washing clothes clean and freeing them from all disease-breeding microbes or bacteria than by using PYLE'S PEARLINE, and to strictly follow the directions accompanying each package. Above all things, avoid any soap or soap powder that does not work to best advantage in hot water.—*American Analyst, N. Y.*

A BEAUTIFUL PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS IN WATER COLORS.—The manufacturers of the well-known Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil are issuing the most beautiful portfolio of Eight Artistic Studies (Birds and Flowers) that has ever come under our notice. This work is worth at least two dollars, but Messrs. Scott & Bowne, with their usual enterprise, have made arrangements whereby they can supply a copy by mail to any one who will write to them, enclosing twenty-five cents in stamps or post-office order. This is a chance seldom offered, and all lovers of art should avail themselves of it. Address Scott & Bowne, 132 & 134 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

AMONG the clever Californians in New York engaged in literary work is Mrs. Annie Toland. She corresponds for several San Francisco papers, and is a contributor to leading New York dailies. In California Mrs. Toland held a distinctive position as an amateur pianist. Besides remarkable musical abilities, she is a wonderful linguist. She speaks and writes, besides her own tongue, Persian, Danish, Spanish, French, German, and Italian.

